

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR

SEPTEMBER • 25¢

WIN

A TELEVISION SET!

15 PRIZES — SEE PAGE 32

Dinah Shore and Melissa



**Can You Help Young Dr. Malone
Solve His Marriage Problem?**

10 Television Features

Special Homemakers' Section — Nancy Craig, Penny Olsen

Look lovelier
with
Solitair



Gown by Ceil Chapman

Yours in *seconds*—a flawless, poreless-looking complexion! Solitair goes on easier, quicker. Its soft, smooth loveliness clings longer—without retouching. Introductory compact only 29¢. Larger sizes, 60¢—1.00. No finer quality at any price!

Solitair
cake make-up

Seven glamorous
complexion-flattering
shades

Contains Lanolin

SKIN-SAFE SOLITAIR! Protects against dryness. Only clinically tested make-up which leading skin specialists confirm WILL NOT CLOG PORES! Safe to use!

★ You'll find new, exciting loveliness in this *different*, feather-weight cake make-up. Solitair creates flawless complexion beauty—*quickly*. Goes on easily without streaking. Takes only seconds to apply! Hides each little blemish—yet never looks artificial or "mask-like." Stays fresh and lovely hour after hour without retouching. It's a complete make-up combining creamy foundation and "wind-blown" powder.



New beauty for your lips!

***FASHION-POINT LIPSTICK**

Try Solitair "Fashion-Point"—first and only lipstick with the point actually curved to fit the lips! Applies creamy-smooth color evenly—quicker. 39¢ and 1.00.

*U. S. Pat. No. 2162584



Three is Company... Four's a Nuisance

The moonlight... the whisper of the sea... the fire's after-glow... and the new man in your life, yours for the evening! Could there be any more romantic set-up? Yet Lily had been having a rough time of it from the start. Everybody... Bill in particular... seemed to be politely trying to avoid her. It was a case of three being company and four a nuisance—and she was the nuisance! The reason* for this neglect she would be the last to suspect. It can happen to any girl—even you—but quick! And without your knowing why.

How's your breath today?

No matter what your good points, they can be quickly forgotten when you have *halitosis (unpleasant breath). It can turn a winsome miss into a wall-flower, and change ardor to indifference... *just like that!* And the insidious thing about halitosis is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against offending? So many attractive people, popular people, make Listerine Antiseptic a "must" night and morning, and especially before any business or social engagement.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath... not for mere seconds or minutes... but for hours, usually. When you want to be at your best, don't trust make-shifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. While some cases of halitosis are of sys-

temic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri

BEFORE ANY DATE... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



... IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

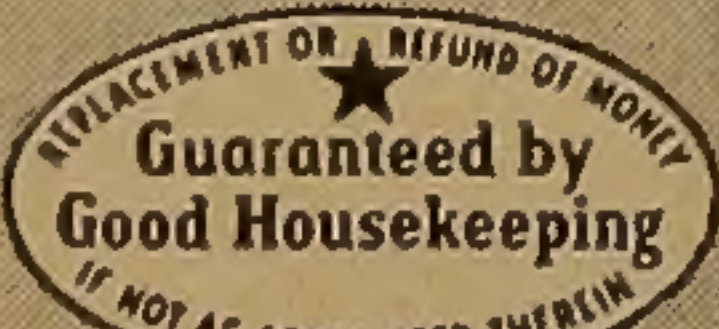
Poof!
there goes
perspiration



Now try Stopette—the deodorant that changed a nation's habits!

Millions now spray perspiration worries away with amazing Stopette Deodorant in the famous flexi-plastic bottle.

A quick squeeze checks annoying perspiration, stops odor. You never touch Stopette . . . hardly know it touches you. Wonderfully economical, harmless to normal skin or clothes.



Wonderful for men, too!

2 sizes: 2 1/4 oz. \$1.25; 1 oz. 60c.
At cosmetic counters everywhere.

JULES MONTENIER, INC., Chicago

Stopette
THE ORIGINAL
SPRAY DEODORANT

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Member of The TRUE STORY Women's Group

Still-to-come warm weather

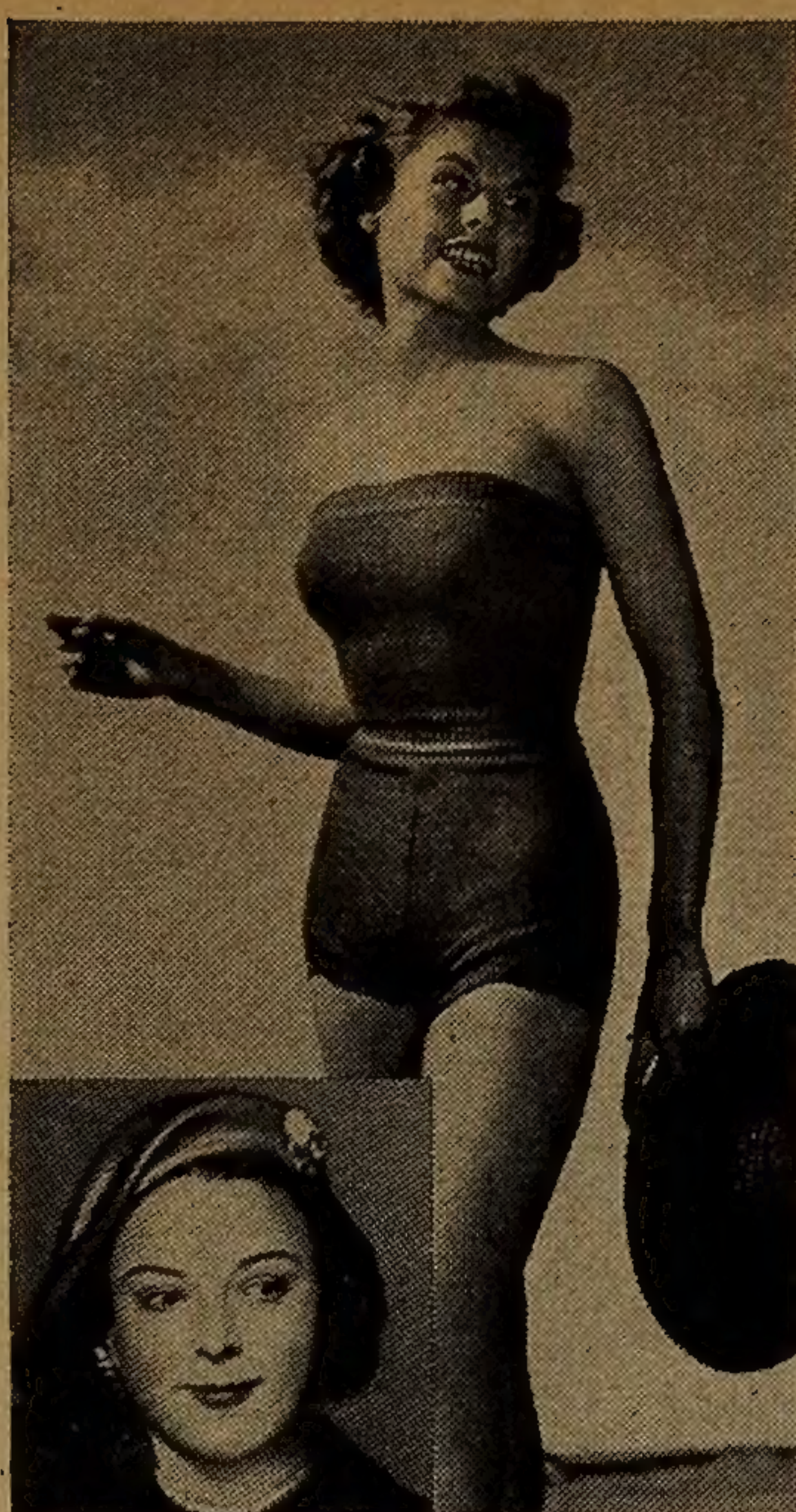
For vacation days to enjoy

For the first fashions of fall

All day, any day, every day



CAROLYN SCHNURER, well-known designer: "My collections reflect wonderfully slim and slender lines. But that's no problem if you wear a **PLAYTEX** under *everything*. It's invisible under the scantest swimsuit."



TINA LESER, famous for originality: "My advice is—wear a **PLAYTEX**, the girdle that slims you where you need slimming, moulds you, holds you in complete comfort—and fits invisibly under the slenderest clothes."



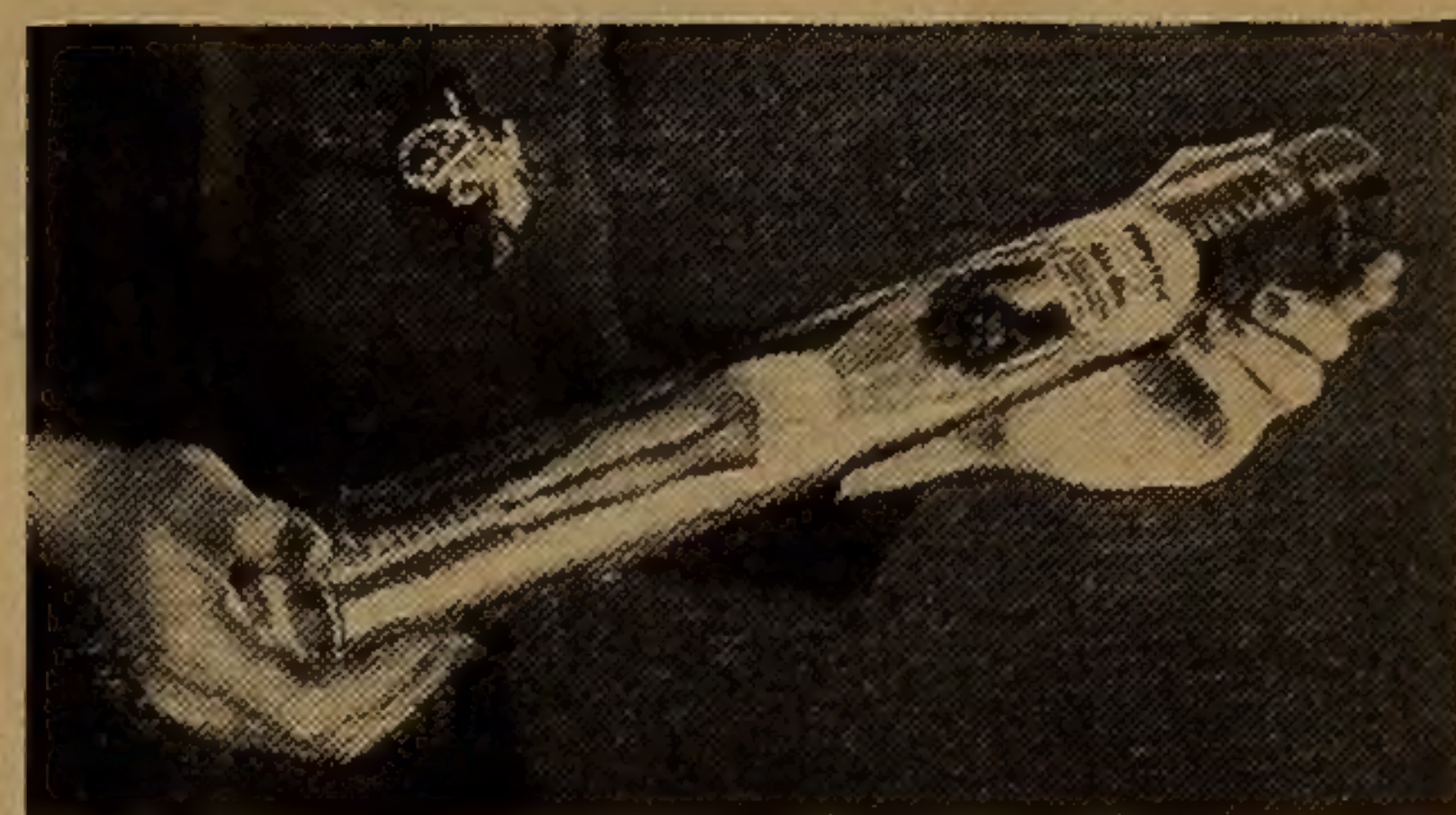
CEIL CHAPMAN, New York designer: "The supple lines of this new silhouette make a woman look younger, more alive! And what an easy figure to have—with **PLAYTEX**. It gives the illusion of no girdle at all."



MAURICE RENTNER, known for his fashions: "Every woman can have the slender, youthful silhouette with a **PLAYTEX** Girdle. It trims away inches, moulds your silhouette, combines power with comfort."

Here's the girdle that leading fashion designers praise
for every season, every occasion, every time of day!

INVISIBLE **PLAYTEX®** PINK-ICE



PINK-ICE washes in ten seconds, dries with a towel, ready to wear again immediately. Made of tree-grown liquid latex, **PINK-ICE** moulds your figure comfortably, whether you're sitting, standing or walking. In panty, panty with garter, and garter girdle styles at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

In **SLIM**, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES, \$3.50 to \$3.95

In **SLIM**, shimmering Pink Tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . . \$3.95 to \$4.95

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park ©1950 Dover Del.

MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY NEW LATEX PROCESS, **PLAYTEX PINK-ICE** DISPELS BODY HEAT, SLIMS YOU IN COOL COMFORT.

have a

"party hair-do"
all day long



with

Gayla
HOLD-BOB
bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do.

Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully—keep hair-dos lovely—easy to open—hold better.

There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use
Gayla HOLD-BOB *than all*
other bobby pins combined



GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED
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Naturally!



Mindy Carson enhances her natural beauty by a simple hair-do and a minimum of make-up.

Mindy Carson wants to be herself! "Whenever I dress or apply make-up," says Mindy, "I look in the mirror and ask myself if I am making the most of my type."

And, no wonder! Ever since she started her NBC radio show, Mindy Carson Sings, everybody has tried to talk her into changing her natural appeal to a more glamorous one.

Mindy has flatly refused. "I just can't do it," she explains, "why, it wouldn't be me."

One good look at Mindy reveals she is right. Her soft, natural beauty is highlighted by her simple hair-do and subtle make-up application. Mindy has proven that it doesn't pay to copy another woman's type. Study your own face and figure, and then concentrate on the make-up and clothing that are best for you.

When Mindy was a little girl, her mother emphasized the importance of a smooth, immaculate-looking skin, and she's never forgotten it. Mindy knows that make-up can't take the place of basic cleanliness. In fact, she cleanses her face at least three times a day. Mindy has also learned that heavy, exaggerated make-up is fine for the stage or special evening wear, but it's taboo for daily living. She uses a make-up base, powder, rouge and lipstick in careful moderation.

As for Mindy's hair, she likes it short. "I'm just not the type for lots of curls around my face. I was a short hair enthusiast long before it was accepted as the fashion, because I knew the style was right for me."

Mindy washes and curls her own hair, too. She can't stand that "just set" look.

RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

*Beauty insurance
pays high dividends
if, like Mindy, you
make naturalness
your policy*



To emphasize her pretty mouth, Mindy brushes on her lipstick.

The pretty singer's eyes get special attention every day. In addition to a very light application of mascara and eyebrow pencil, she carries a small eyebrow brush to use through the day. She never has to worry about straggly brows spoiling her appearance.

Since Mindy is a mere five foot three inches, she is extremely careful to choose clothes that are designed for the small figure. Because she feels she is a tailored type, most of Mindy's clothes have straight, simple lines.

She believes that every woman should always try to include some extracurricular out-of-doors activity in her schedule. Her favorite pastime is golfing, and she heads for the links whenever she can.

Mindy Carson makes the most of her type whether at work or play. Learn to know yourself, and you can, too!

BY DORRY ELLIS

Best Deodorant News Ever!

New finer Mum more effective longer!



**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that cause underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



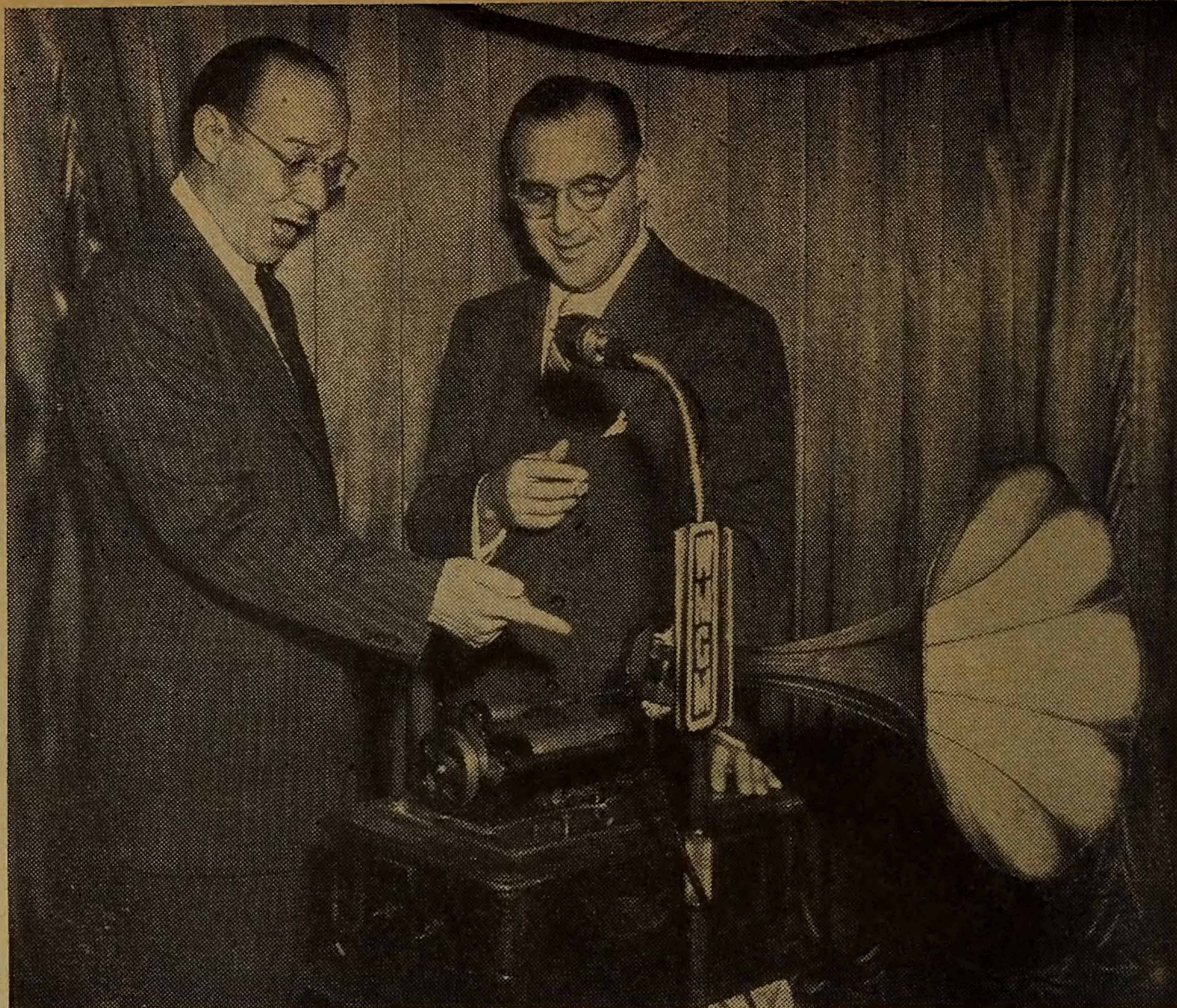
Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down future bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM**
cream deodorant

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

from BASEBALL to BANDSTAND



Ex-sportscaster Ted Husing, now a disc jockey for WMGM, and Benny Goodman (r.) examine an early gramophone from Columbia Records' museum in Bridgeport, Conn.



The Husing Bandstand, heard Mon.-Sat. at 10 A.M. and again at 5 P.M., features a "no guests, just good music" policy.

The first big name in another field to become a disc jockey, Ted Husing started a nation-wide trend—and he is one of the few who survived it. His WMGM Bandstand program, now in its fourth year, is notable among deejay programs for its no-guest appearances policy. Timing is meticulous; emphasis is on good music. Husing's consistent plugging of the oldtime jazz beat is one of the major factors in the spread of the current Dixieland craze in the east.

Though the greater part of his time is now devoted to the Bandstand (Monday through Saturday from 10 A.M. to Noon and from 5 to 6:30 P.M.), Husing still takes on occasional major sports assignments. This year, he covered both boxing and football. For the first president of the Sports Broadcasters Association, sportscasting is too much a part of Husing's life for him to desert it completely.

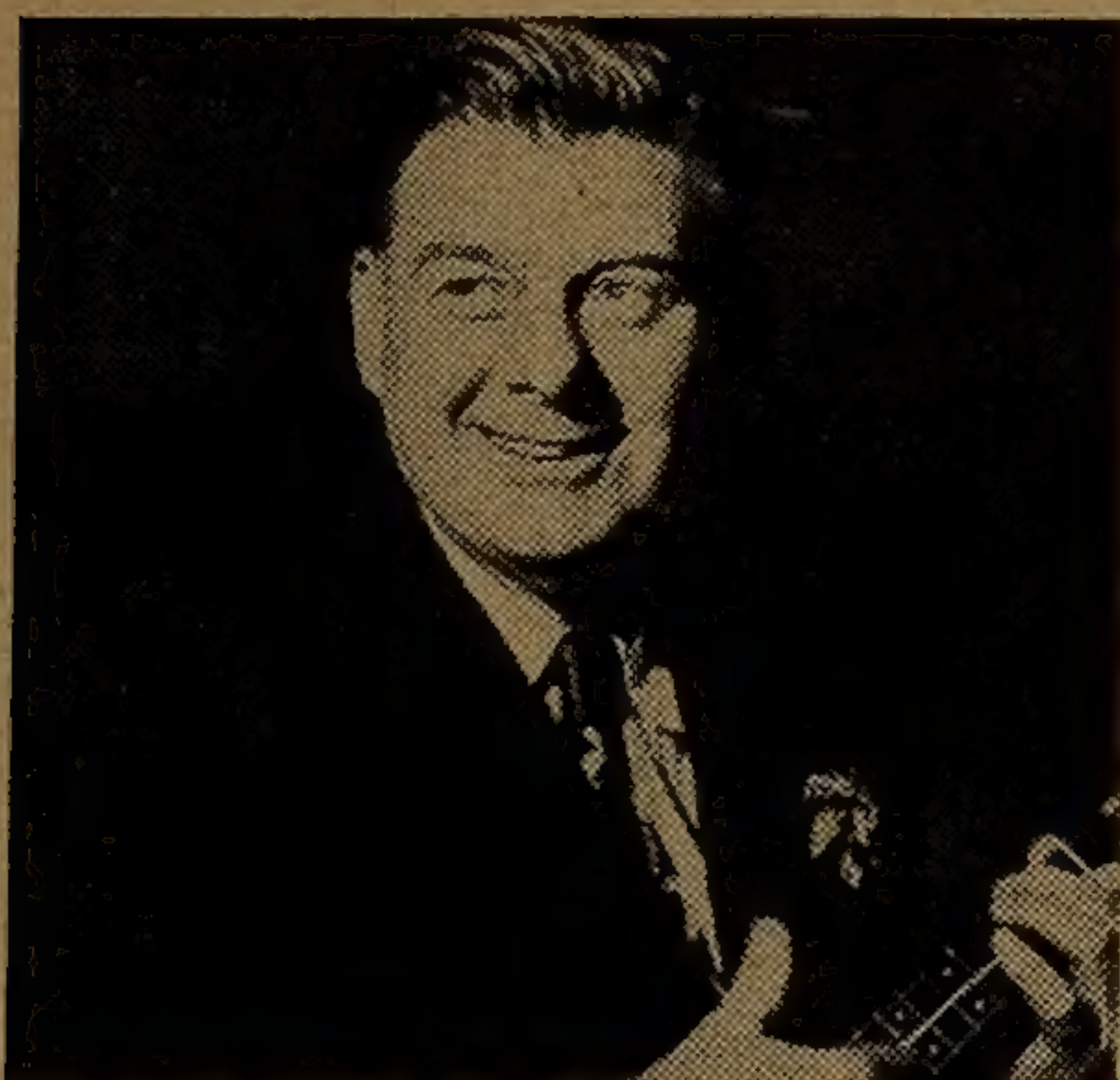
Christened Edward Britt Husing after his father's favorite fighter, he was nicknamed Ted by a childhood sweetheart. He attended Stuyvesant High, Pace Institute and Columbia Extension, all in New York City, participated in all major sports and was a member of the all-State football and soccer teams.

After a stint as payroll clerk with a New York corporation, he left home to hitch-hike all over the United States. Having learned to fly with the Students Army Training Corp during World War I, he worked as a pilot with Aero-Marine Airways, but was transferred to Miami after a crack-up. Lonesome for the bright lights, he returned as a "flying cop" with the N.Y.C. Police Department. An outside loop and he was looking for another job. Next he was drawn to Florida during a land boom. When it collapsed, he returned to New York.

He won an announcing audition at WJZ in 1924 over 619 applicants because, he says: "I could talk longer and louder than any of the other boys." In 1927, he joined CBS as a sports announcer, a post he retained there until he began his WMGM stint in 1946. It was Husing's CBS broadcast of the burial of war-ace and polar-flier Floyd Bennett at Arlington Cemetery that gave the brand-new station its first boost and saved it from flopping.

With his wife, Iris, and his five-year-old son, Duke, Ted lives in a four-story house in Gramercy Park, which he and his wife remodeled themselves.

Coming Next Month



Everyone knows who this is. You'll know him better when you read the surprise story in October's issue.

So much has been written about Arthur Godfrey that you may very well wonder if there is anything more to be known about him. The editors of RADIO MIRROR wondered, too. But what they found out convinced them otherwise—it'll convince you, too. What it is is a surprise—you'll have to wait until next month to find out. It's well worth waiting for, though, so look for it, together with pictures of Arthur, in the October RADIO MIRROR which goes on the newsstands Friday, September 8. It might be a good idea to reserve your copy now, for you won't want to miss the other exciting features scheduled for next month's issue. You'll find a tender story by Morton Downey's mother. It's called "My Two Generations of Downey Children," and there are color pictures to go with it. There are color pictures of Gene Autry, too, together with a story about him. RADIO MIRROR also has sent its photographer to Marie Wilson's home and he came back with delightful pictures of Marie, her husband, her dog, her family. You surely won't want to miss seeing these.

Next month marks the debut of another new feature in the pages of RADIO MIRROR, the daytime serial fashion page. There, in color, will be the new fall styles as worn by Joan Alexander, who portrays Della Street in Perry Mason. This new feature will carry information about where you can buy these fashions.

* * *

Your old friends will be on hand in October, too—Art Linkletter's Nonsense and Some-Sense, Daytime Diary, the Bonus Novel, another chapter of Radio's Own Life Story and the Inside Radio listings. Look for the October RADIO MIRROR on the newsstands, Friday, September 8. Happy reading!

Are **YOU** a
"ONE-TIME" Date?

SEE PAGE 79

Paid Notice



ESTHER WILLIAMS, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor Musical "PAGAN LOVE SONG"

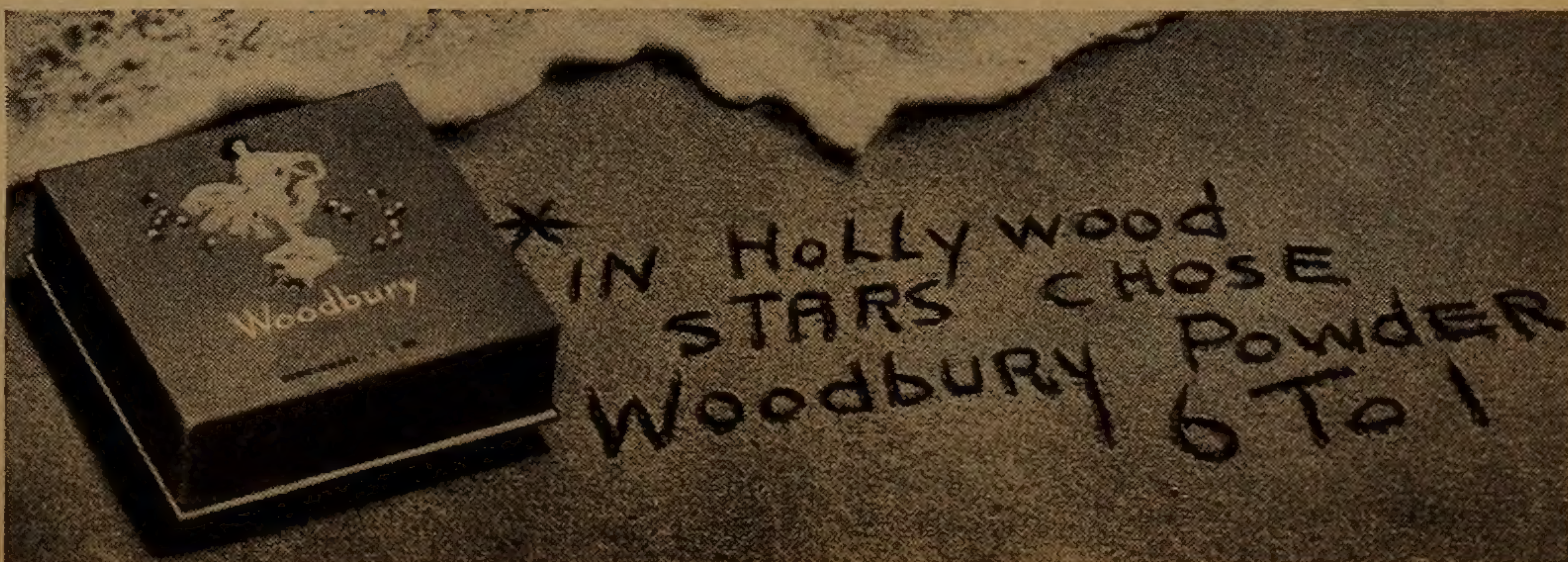
Don't look now...

You're at Malibu Beach, near Hollywood, when your eyes stumble on a beauty to rival Esther Williams! It is Esther Williams with Ben Gage! Lucky her head is turned. You can see she's as beautiful as Technicolor insists. Psst, Esther knows you're staring! Her complexion is glowingly groomed with Coquette, exciting new golden rachel shade of satiny Woodbury Powder.



there's
Esther Williams ...

Esther is one of the Hollywood stars who chose Woodbury Powder 6 to 1 in response to a recent survey.* A unique ingredient in Woodbury Powder gives the smoothest, satiny finish. No "powdery look"! Magically warm, infinitely fine in texture, enchantingly fragrant, it clings for hours! 8 heavenly shades glorify every skin type. 15¢, 30¢, \$1.00, plus tax.



People brought their problems, mostly marital, to the Good Will Hour; John J. Anthony tried his best to solve them.



Part IX: High, low or middle

brow, the medium had something

for everyone as it reached

more and more people each year



RADIO'S

1936: Everybody was saying "Knock-knock, who's there?" The word "pixilated" came in with the two wonderful zany old girls in Gary Cooper's "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." Trailers began to crowd the highways. *Gone with the Wind* was published and jumped to the best seller list. There was big news on the radio. The C.I.O. split away from the A.F. of L. The newly-formed United Automobile Workers started a new thing, the sit-down strike in a forty-four day demonstration. H. V. Kaltenborn covered the Civil War in Spain, and went so near the front lines that the crackle of machine guns was heard behind his words. Hitler marched into the Rhineland, and the largest radio audience ever assembled to that date tuned in to an international broadcast that started with the portentous BONG of Big Ben in London. It was Edward VIII's farewell to the Empire. In every quarter of the globe, streets were deserted and telephones were silent as the whole world waited by the radio. Who does not remember the high solemn drama:

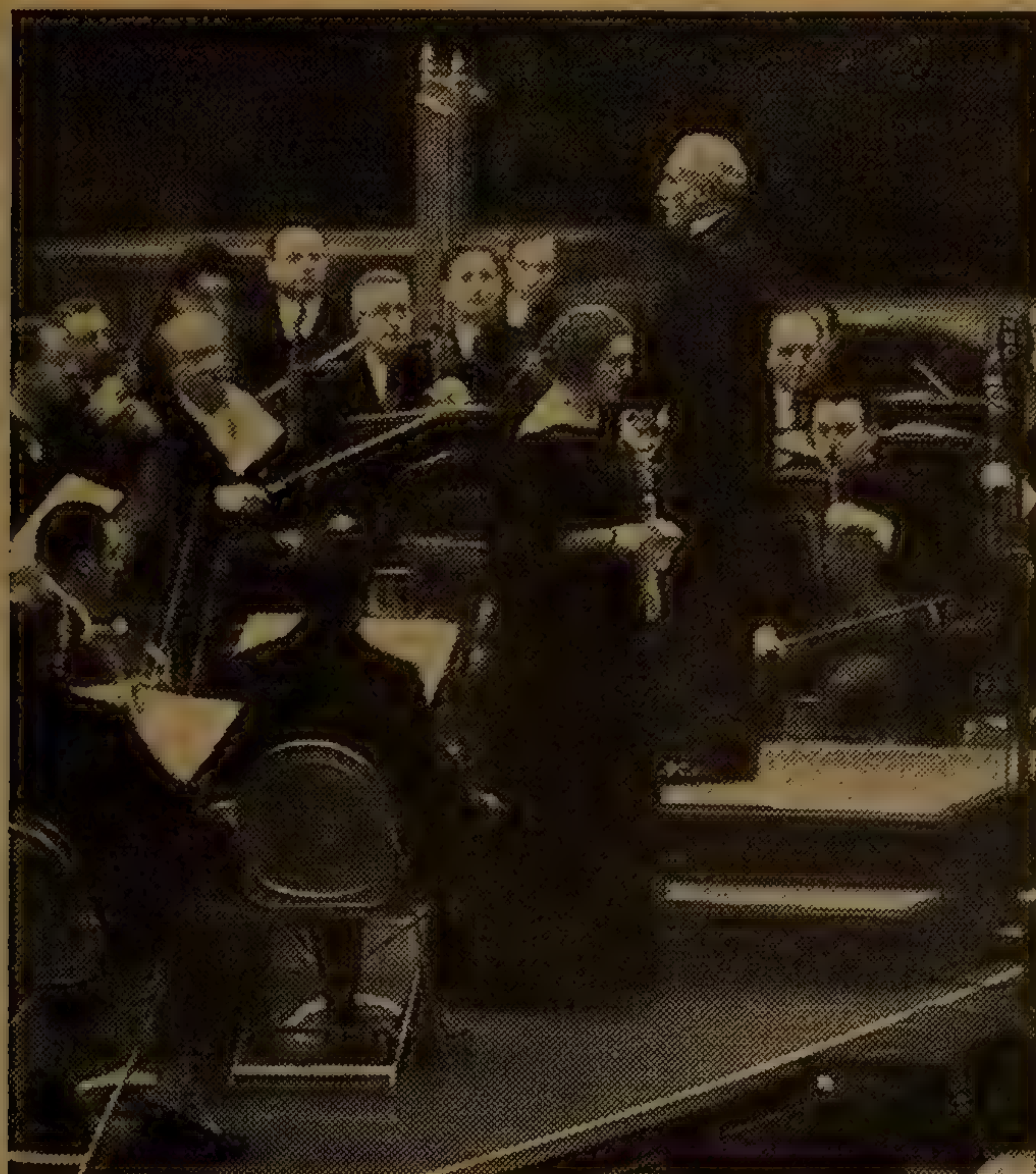
"At last I am able to say a few words of my own. I have found it impossible . . . to discharge my duties as King as I should wish without the help and support of the woman I love . . . and now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. God save the King!"

Roosevelt, already nicknamed "that man," was re-elected by a landslide over Governor Landon of Kansas, sweeping all but two states, and the new wisecrack was, "As Maine goes—so goes Vermont." Radio took another vast step forward when the opening of the joint session of Congress was called at the unprecedented hour of nine p. m. so the nation could hear the President's report.

This was the year that a (Continued on page 18)

Baby Snooks, Fanny Brice's creation and Daddy's little problem, first romped onto the air in '36.

Toscanini's baton has guided the NBC Symphony since 1937. It was the first orchestra created expressly for radio.



The dazzling intellects displayed on Information, Please belonged to Clifton Fadiman, John Kieran, F. P. Adams.



OWN LIFE STORY



Remember the "invasion from Mars?" This is the man who commanded it—Orson Welles, the then boy wonder.



As real to their admirers as anyone made of flesh and blood are Edgar Bergen's creations, Charlie and Mortimer.

By LLEWELLYN MILLER



MEET the MILLERS



Bill and Mildred exhibit a roast prepared on their twice-weekly TV show.

You can't beat food as a topic of conversation. That's why **Meet the Millers** is one of the most popular local programs on WBEN-TV—especially among the station staff. The Millers provoke comment in many ways in addition to the mouth-watering manner in which they prepare anything from a tossed salad to stuffed squab.

Should you happen to be in the lobby of Hotel Statler in Buffalo and chance to see a pleasant couple laden with a roast of lamb and vegetables on a platter, don't think they're heading for a picnic. They are William and Mildred Meeker Miller on their way to the eighteenth floor to present their twice-weekly afternoon program.

There probably is no couple in local television anywhere with more story material than the Millers. When Thanksgiving Day rolls around soon, chances are that many of the Miller fans will be eating one of the turkeys raised by them, even though there is little mention of their fabulous industry on television. The Meeker-Miller turkey farm at Colden, near Buffalo, is the largest in Western New York. This year they are raising 7000 of the gobblers. Bill was president of the New York State Turkey Growers Association for 1944-1948.

But don't let this high-sounding title frighten you. Bill and Mildred aren't new to show business. Bill was a Broadway dancer and Mildred his accompanist. They made frequent radio and TV appearances last winter before starting a noncommercial series with only a hot-plate for preparing foods.

They had one sustaining program when the Iroquois Gas Corporation took over sponsorship of the show and surrounded the Millers with the most modern of ranges, refrigerators and other accessories. The corporation even ran a gas line up eighteen stories to the studio for the food demonstrations. Another eighteen-story story: After the telecast, a dishwasher from the Statler kitchen picks up all dishes used in preparation or display and more than 8,000 of their recipes are distributed weekly by their sponsor.

For health and show-business, the Millers have traveled from Texas to California to New York City, cooking in all climes and under all conditions, since their marriage in 1935. For health reasons, Bill forsook the song-and-dance stuff in 1941 to settle down in Hayes Hollow Road, Town of Colden, for peace and quiet.

They love to cook and their enthusiasm permeates their program. "We want to make people so enthusiastic about preparing food that they'll create their own recipes or improve on ours," says Mr. Miller.

GIVE enough for all



Tex McCrary and Perry Como present Community Chest film to Eloise Walton.

Radio and television stars Tex McCrary and Perry Como are the principals in this informal but momentous presentation ceremony. Here they are handing over "Penny Parade," their five-minute melody-movie, to an appreciative Eloise Walton, Audio-Visual Services Director of Community Chests of America.

Tex produced the film and Perry stars in it, along with a chorus of school kids, who help Perry make the musical point that the pennies add up to the dollars which help support a multitude of Red Feather health and welfare services which are dispensed by means of money collected through 1250 Community Chests all over the country.

Script, music and lyrics were the work of Paul Tripp, better known among TV-conscious small-fry as "Mr. I. Magination," in collaboration with song writer Ray Carter.

Tex, Perry and Paul are only three of many outstanding stars of radio and television who are devoting talent and time to help put the Red Feather campaigns over the top this fall. Young and old viewers are slated to see "Penny Parade" in Community Chest towns served by television.

The "red feather," which has been in use since 1945, is the national symbol of the Community Chests and Councils of America. The Red Feather agencies provide services vital to the welfare of the American people—services which include placing children in foster homes rather than orphanages; safeguarding health and providing medical care; helping the aged and preventing the break-up of homes.

Through these, and other, services, four out of ten families in Community Chest areas benefit directly and the entire community benefits indirectly because when whole families get into trouble, the entire community feels it.

ARE YOU *lovely...*
OR LONELY?

SEE PAGE 19

Paid Notice

One of these Twins has a Toni, the other has a \$20 permanent. Can you tell—*

WHICH TWIN HAS THE TONI?



Hair styles by Don Rito

Look closely! Compare the shining softness . . . the live, long-lasting "spring" . . . the lovely *natural* look of both permanents. Which is which? You can't tell! Not even experts can find any difference between the \$1 Toni and the beauty shop wave. Because a Toni looks as natural, feels as soft—is actually *guaranteed* to be as beautiful and last as long — as a \$20 wave (*including sham-

poo and set.) Your Toni has that natural look from the first day. There's *no frizz!* Even if your hair is baby-fine, bleached or tinted, Toni's gentle Creme Waving Lotion leaves your wave as satin-soft and easy to set as Nancy Fletcher's (at left.) You can be *sure* of this — for only Toni has given over 93 million natural-looking waves to *all* types of hair. Try a Toni—you'll love it!

*Toni alone, of all home permanents —
looks so natural, feels so soft!
That's why more women choose Toni than
all other home permanents combined.*

Here's the reason! Toni contains an exclusive blend of the very same waving ingredients used in most expensive beauty shop lotions. Yet Toni costs . . . only

with SPIN curlers \$2.29



Toni

HOME PERMANENT

R
M

ONLY NEW ODO·RO·NO CREAM GIVES YOU ALL THESE ADVANTAGES!

- 1 Stops perspiration quickly—safely.
- 2 Banishes odor instantly.
- 3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees full 24-hour protection.
- 4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily—even right after shaving.
- 5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
- 6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets caked or gritty as ordinary deodorants often do.
- 7 Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the safest, most effective, most delightful deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, N. Y.



Don't trust your charm to outdated, ineffective deodorants. Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in the deodorant field for more than 30 years.

New
ODO·RO·NO
CREAM

The deodorant without a doubt



**GUARANTEED
FULL 24-HOUR
PROTECTION!**

*More cream for your money.
New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.*



By JOAN DAVIS

In the May issue of RADIO MIRROR, this column printed the problem of Mrs. H. L., who asked advice on whether or not to sell her home. Of all those who sent sound and useful advice to Mrs. L., the letter of Ila Merle Norris, of Lubbock, Texas, has been chosen as the best, and RADIO MIRROR's check for \$25.00 has been sent to Mrs. Norris, whose letter appears on page 15.

Below is this month's problem letter. What is your answer to it? Your letter may win \$25.00.

Dear Miss Davis:

Today is my thirty-ninth birthday and this may be the answer to the greatest need for advice which I have ever experienced in my life; I have no immediate family to advise me.

My husband—seventeen years older than I—divorced me five years ago and took custody of my three children. At the time he felt that he had "outgrown" me, as he had become very wealthy and I believe the egotism which was always part of him was the real reason for the divorce. At least, he never found any other whom he deemed worthy of sharing his life.

At no time since the divorce has he contributed in any way to my support. I was left to work out my own salvation. I did not find the going easy. My children were, and always will be the ruling interest in my life.

Now, my former husband has met with business reverses and his health is very poor; he is in real need, both financially and physically. He has asked me to return to the small town where he lives and work as housekeeper for the children and himself. I know there will be no monetary recompense for me, for despite his troubles he remains basically the same. I fear I would be misunderstood in the town, possibly ostracized, and such might be detrimental to the children. I have very little money and am bewildered but not licked.

G. M.

Now here are other letters which, because of their general in-

WHEN A GIRL

terest, I have chosen to answer this month.

Dear Joan:

Although I enjoyed keeping company with the opposite sex I never thought of marriage. I worked hard and saved my money. I lived with my mother so, before going overseas when I was twenty-eight, I bought a home. Mother said she knew I would come back and when I met the "right" girl I would have a home to bring my bride to.

I did—I met her overseas. At first everything seemed O.K. on the surface. But soon Mother began resenting Delina. Why, I can't imagine. She is sweet, thoughtful, and an expert housewife.

Then Junior was born. She resented him even more. We are now expecting our second child. Delina is no longer the carefree girl I brought home. She doesn't complain, but she is sad. The doctor said her mood isn't good in her condition. But I can see why. Everything she does Mother would do different.

Am I a man or mouse, you ask. Well, my mother spent a fortune to bring me back to health when I was a boy. Others gave up but not Mom; she watched over me day and night. I am torn between two loves. We were going to get an apartment. Mother was sick over it and said she would move. My sister offered her a home. Then she said I wanted to get rid of her because I no longer needed her. I really can't afford to keep up two homes. Mother isn't young any more. I can't put her out.

I hope you can help me. I thought war was h—, but this mental anguish is even worse. Sometimes I wish I hadn't come back. Please help me.

W. R.

Dear W. R.:

I think that you must discount your mother's care of you, when you were ill as a child, more than you seem to. You must remember that any mother who has a normal feeling for her child will do everything in her power and means to keep that child alive. Not just your

MARRIES

mother—*any* mother. Your wife, for instance, should your child fall ill, would undoubtedly act in the same way. I'm sure your mother did not consider it a burden, nor her duty, but a joy to help you. Bearing in mind that she acted only as any normal woman would, I think you will be able to view your problem with a less prejudiced eye.

I don't know enough of your financial situation to be able to advise you in exact terms. But I do strongly urge that you break the group now living together into two units, however you manage it. Remember that this is your married life, and your wife's, and that the coming years are the best ones you'll have together—the early
(Continued on page 15)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problem concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR will pay \$25

to the person whose problem letter is chosen and another \$25.00 will be paid to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. Letters must be postmarked not later than August 25. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The name of the winner will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



Pepsodent removes FILM— helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is caused by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.



Life on their forty-acre Pennsylvania farm provides more than enough conversational fodder for the eleven programs aired each week by WFIL's Mary and Howard Jones.

Keeping up with the JONESES



Too many cooks? Not in the Jones family, where co-operation is the byword. They share air shows, too.

Thornton Wilder, in his well-remembered play, "Our Town," included a homey scene in which Dr. Gibbs, the husband, confessed to his wife after years of marriage that his chief fear at the outset had been that they would one day run out of conversation. So far, WFIL's Mary and Howard Jones have not encountered that problem, and between them they find conversation for eleven radio programs each week—a total of six hours and forty-five minutes on the air.

As "Farmer Jones," Howard conducts a half-hour farm news program on Philadelphia's WFIL Monday through Saturday at 6:00 A.M., and Mary is always on hand to lend vocal assistance. The show is aired from their forty-acre farm near Niantic, Pennsylvania, about fifty miles from central Philadelphia.

Mary presents her own program of comment and interviews from the WFIL studios Monday through Friday from 1:30 to 2:15 P.M. On these broadcasts, Howard is a far-from-silent partner, sharing microphone duties with his talented wife.

What do they find to talk about? Well, for one thing, their life on the farm—and their daily mail indicates that the listeners love it. But one of the principal reasons for their popularity is their guest-interview schedule, which includes personalities ranging from foreign diplomats to any man on the street who has an interesting story to tell. Topics vary from world politics to the care and feeding of domestic animals.

Both Mary and Howard are in constant demand as speakers, but they manage to spend enough time at home to enjoy the rustic life of their Pennsylvania surroundings. Together they have remodeled and redecorated a number of Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouses, one of which serves as their present home. Their other hobbies include gardening and the raising of livestock.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

(Continued from page 13)

years of marriage, the joy of raising your children. You have a right to happiness in those years, and peace, and a pleasant life. So does your wife. Your mother had those years—and no woman has the right to live them twice, at the price of the happiness of others.

Dear Joan:

I am a widow, age fifty-two, and all my children are grown and married except one. She is getting married in June. My problem is this: All of the children are married to men earning average salaries. They have children of their own. They seem to think that, as I will be left alone, I should rent out my home and take turns living with each one. (I've four.) All my life I've devoted to my kiddies and now at last, I can have a life of my own. It will be hard to earn my own way but I can do it. Somehow I feel that I don't want to live as they suggest. They tell me it's the only way and it would help out as they could have a few free evenings at no cost for a baby-sitter. I've always said no house is large enough for two families and I think it best to try to live alone in my own home. I don't feel as if I owe my children anything now. What do you advise?

Mrs. E. M.

Dear Mrs. E. M.:

Hurray for you! Considering the very large number of letters which come to me asking for help on the "mother-in-law problem" this one of yours is doubly welcome. My dear, make any sacrifices necessary to maintain your freedom—you'll be doing yourself a favor, and doing your children one, too. There's very seldom room under one roof, as you say, for a family and an in-law, although she may be the very nicest in-law in the world!

And here is the best answer to the May problem.

Dear Mrs. H. L.:

I am in sympathy with your husband's views. I admire him for wanting a home of his own, and I would not want to put money into a home I felt belonged to someone else.

I don't think it would be necessary to sell the home you have now. You could live in it until your new home is completed. Then you could rent it and let the rent pay for it. I am sure your husband would not object to this as it would be the children's property. You could deposit the rent money to be used for their education after the debt on the house had been cleared.

As for giving up things, there are many things in life more important than hardships—courage, pride and self-respect. And if a few burdens come your way, just say, "I am going to endure this, so my husband can keep his self-respect, without which he wouldn't be worth loving."

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!... Show him how much lovelier
your hair can look... after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness...



Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Jars: \$2, \$1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

- 1 **Leaves hair silken soft**, instantly manageable... first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.
- 2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.
- 3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean**, free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you—after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

TONI TWINS

Discover New Shampoo Magic



Soft Water Shampooing Even in Hardest Water



"We found the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo the first time we used it," say lovely twins Marcelle and Jeanne Pastoret of Long Island, N. Y. "Our hair was so delightfully soft . . . as if we washed it in rain water. And that marvelous softness makes it lots easier to manage, too."

You, too, will discover *Soft Water Shampooing*. . . the magic of Toni Creme Shampoo! Even in hardest water you get oceans of creamy lather that rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Never leaves a dull, soapy film. That's why your hair sparkles with all its gleaming natural highlights. And it's so easy to set and style.



TONI CREME SHAMPOO

- Leaves your hair gloriously soft, easy to manage
- Helps permanents "take" better, look lovelier longer
- Rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly
- Oceans of creamy-thick lather makes hair sparkle with natural highlights

Enriched with Lanolin



INFORMATION BOOTH

Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—if there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York. We'll answer if we can either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign your full name and address and attach this box to your letter.



Joan Tompkins

ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

Dear Editor:

Whatever became of that wonderful program, *Against the Storm*? I thought it was the best serial on the air. Would you please publish a picture of the girl who played Siri? Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mrs. C. M. C.

Against the Storm, which won the coveted Peabody Radio Award, has long been waging an uphill fight to stay on the air. It was last heard October 21, 1949; Joan Tompkins played Siri.

* * *

AWARD WINNER

Dear Editor:

I am a constant listener to *The Right to Happiness* and I would like to know who plays the part of Miles Nelson. Is he heard on any other program?

Carrington, N. D.

Miss G. M.

It's John Larkin, who was voted "favorite daytime actor" in the RADIO MIRROR Awards for 1949, who plays Miles Nelson. Mr. Larkin also is heard in the title role of *Perry Mason*.

* * *

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me who plays Reed Bannister in *Big Sister* and who owns the voice that sounds so much like Arnold Moss? He is heard quite often on Grand Central Station.

Dayton, Ore.

Mrs. L. E. S.

Reed Bannister is played by Ian Martin and the man who sounds so similar to Arnold Moss on Grand Central Station is none other than Mr. Moss himself.

* * *

TALL ORDER

Dear Editor:

Would you please tell me who took the part of Phil in *Aunt Jenny* and who plays Tom Morley in *This Is Nora Drake* and Jerry Malone on *Young Doctor Malone*? I also would like to know how I can get the copy of RADIO MIRROR which had an article and pictures of Hilltop House.

Dallas, Tex.

L. S.

It's a tall order, but here's the information you want. Phil was played by Bill Quinn; Bob Readick is heard as Tom and Sandy Becker is Jerry. For the August '50 issue with the Hilltop House feature, write to Back Issue Department, RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.



Sandy Becker

Smooth Lip Loveliness that Lasts!



Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick

**8 fashionable shades that
go on, stay on, without smearing!**



*In smart new
Swivel Case*

**Only
25¢**

Smoothly, evenly does it with exciting Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick—never a fear of a rub or smear! So clinging, creamy, caressing, your lips take on a *new* look . . . an *alive* look . . . one that says, plain as day, “I dare you”! And of course no other lipstick, at any price, betters Cashmere Bouquet’s range of fashionable reds. Get Cashmere Bouquet today, and then, try to go back to your previous brand. Yes, you’re sentenced for life . . . but you’ll love it!

*Face Powder; Hand
Lotion; All-Purpose
Cream or Talc—
make sure it’s
Cashmere Bouquet!*



Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Only one soap
gives your skin this
exciting Bouquet

And—

New tests by
leading skin specialists
PROVE the amazing mildness
of Cashmere Bouquet
on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types... Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother... flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".

**Cashmere
Bouquet**

—In a New Bath Size
Cake, Too!



Now—At the Lowest Price In History!

Radio's Own Life Story

vaudeville ventriloquist, Edgar Bergen, took his dummy to the Lambs' Club one evening to put on a show for his fellow actors, never dreaming that the date was to change his whole life. Before this it had never occurred to anyone that a ventriloquist had a future in radio. What would be the point if you couldn't see the dummy? It would just sound like two actors talking, wouldn't it? What would be different about that?

Rudy Vallee was in the audience, and he had another idea. Six months after playing a guest spot for Vallee, Bergen had his own air show and he and Charlie McCarthy were on their way to Hollywood fame as well.

Edgar was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1903. His father was a Swedish immigrant who ran a dairy farm in Decatur. When he was eleven, young Edgar spent a quarter, earned helping around the farm, for *Hermann's Wizard Manual* and made life miserable for his family by impersonating all kinds of little men who weren't there. A sketch that he drew in a high school history book was used as a model by a Chicago whittler, Theodore Mack, who carved Charlie's head for thirty-five dollars. Charlie was so successful in helping Bergen earn his way through pre-medical courses at Northwestern University that his master abandoned the idea of graduating and went into Chautauqua instead.

They were just another routine act, getting none too many bookings, until Charlie began to cut up one night when the future looked black and he had nothing to lose. It was their last show at the Chez Paree in Chicago. The manager had not renewed their contract, and they did not have another. The few late customers were frankly indifferent until Charlie, made reckless by their uncertain prospects, reared back and sneered at his partner, "Who ever told you you were funny?"

Bergen attempted to quiet him, but Charlie refused to shut up. "You better go back to the farm," he snapped. "I'll get by, but you're all through, brother, all through." He followed this attack with some pointed personal remarks about the audience. The more impertinent Charlie became, the better people liked it. The talk died down, the laughter built up. The manager came rushing around to extend the engagement, and a new star was born.

This was the year, too, that Fanny Brice made her big hit with Baby Snooks on the air and everybody went around saying "Huh-wy, daddy?" for a long while. Herb Shriner was getting his start as Harmonica Herb on a barn dance program, Hoosier Hop, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He was seventeen years old and had a long way to go before he was chosen "the most promising young star of tomorrow" in 1949. Phil Harris, already famous as a dance band leader, joined Jack Benny's show. So did Kenny Baker, after winning Eddie Duchin's Texaco Talent Contest. Bob Burns was signed for the Kraft Music Hall, starring Bing Crosby, and stayed until he started his own Arkansas Traveler in 1941, adding many wonderful new characters to the colony of the air.

Robin Burns was born in Van Buren, Arkansas, in 1896. At six years he was playing (Continued on page 78)

"Does a Working Wife Cheat Her Family?"



Portia Manning, heroine of Portia Faces Life, heard M-F 5:15 P.M. EDT, NBC, sponsored by General Foods.

Here are the names of those who wrote the best letters of advice to Portia Manning, Portia Faces Life, in May's daytime serial problem

IN May RADIO MIRROR, reader listeners were told in brief the story of Portia Manning, of Portia Faces Life, and were asked the question: "Does A Working Wife Cheat Her Family?" RADIO MIRROR editors have chosen the best answers from the letters and checks have been sent as follows:

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS to: Mrs. Merle H. Mock, Guthrie, Oklahoma, for the following letter:

A woman like Portia, who works outside the home in order to protect that home, cheats her family of nothing but poverty and tragedy. Especially so if there is a Miss Daisy for a home-keeper. Our pioneer mothers often left their children to work in the fields—to further the family welfare.

A wife and mother who works only to escape domesticity does cheat her family. Even more important, she cheats herself. By evading the twenty-four-hour-a-day job of moulding her children's characters and personalities, she cheats herself of a priceless reward—a lifetime of memories.

FIVE DOLLARS each for the five next-best letters in answer to the question has been sent to:

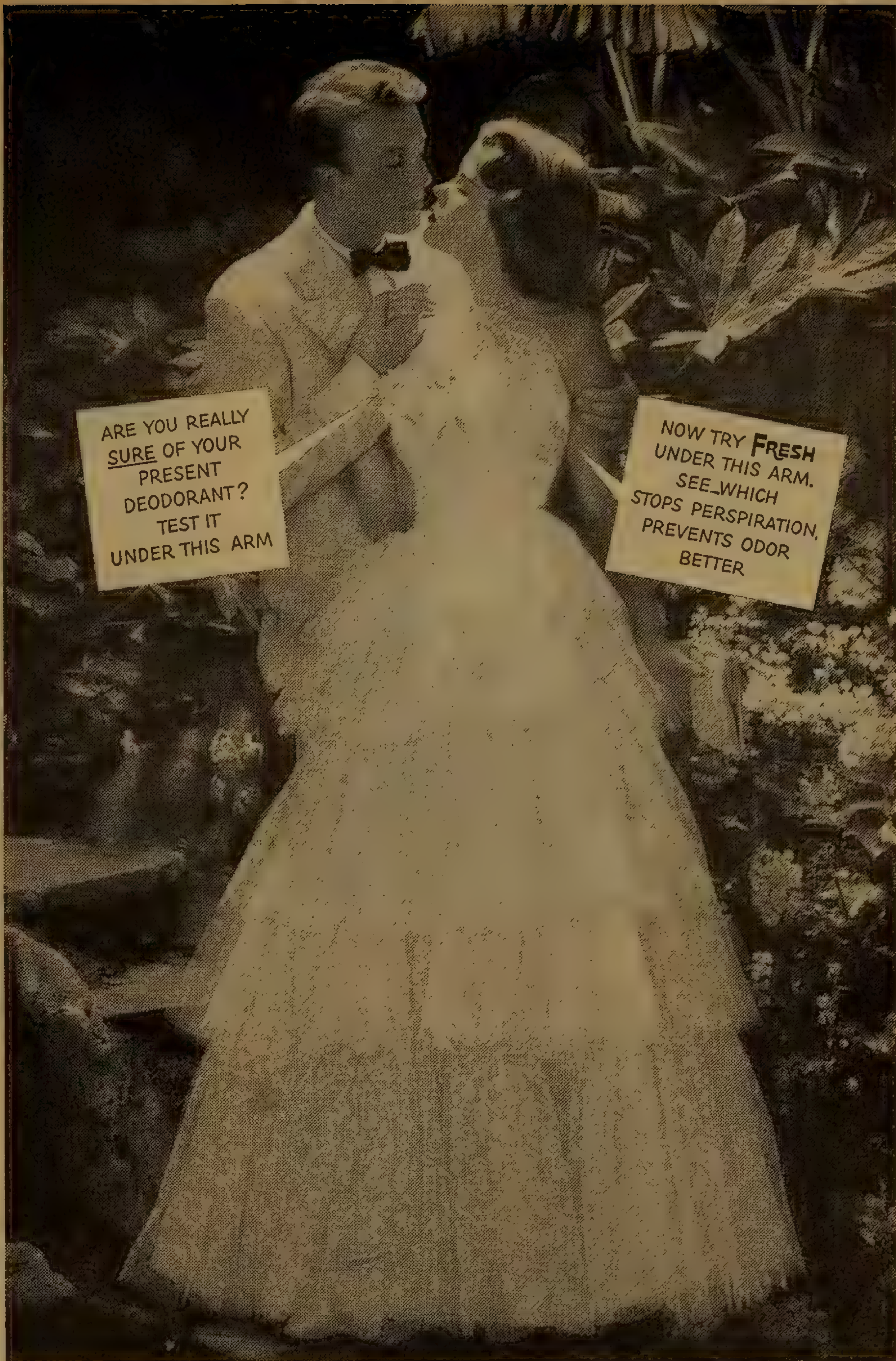
Mrs. Walter Ackerman
Chicago, Illinois

Miss Bertha Newhoff
Versailles, Kentucky

Mrs. Grace Crowe
New Orleans, Louisiana

Mrs. Helen M. Burnham
New Britain, Connecticut

Mrs. C. B. Gillespie
Valley Falls, Kansas



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!



For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.



Conductor Mishel Piastro (Symphonette—nightly, MBS; Sun., CBS) readies a score with aid of Amber.



Eileen "I'd've Baked A Cake" Barton and "Robert Q." preview a song for CBS' Wed. night ABC's of Music.



By BOB POOLE

The Bob Poole Show is heard M-F at 11:15 A.M. and again at 3 P.M. EDT on MBS stations including WLEW, Erie, Pennsylvania; WHK, Cleveland, Ohio.

There were twelve Page sisters who grew up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which makes it quite obvious that Patti Page could never be called "spoiled"—no matter what happens on her theater and night club dates. Fact is, Patti's first job on a radio station was as staff artist—the pen and pencil kind—even though she had auditioned for the job as staff vocalist. And, as is often the case in show business, it was only when the regular girl singer quit that Patti got her big chance.

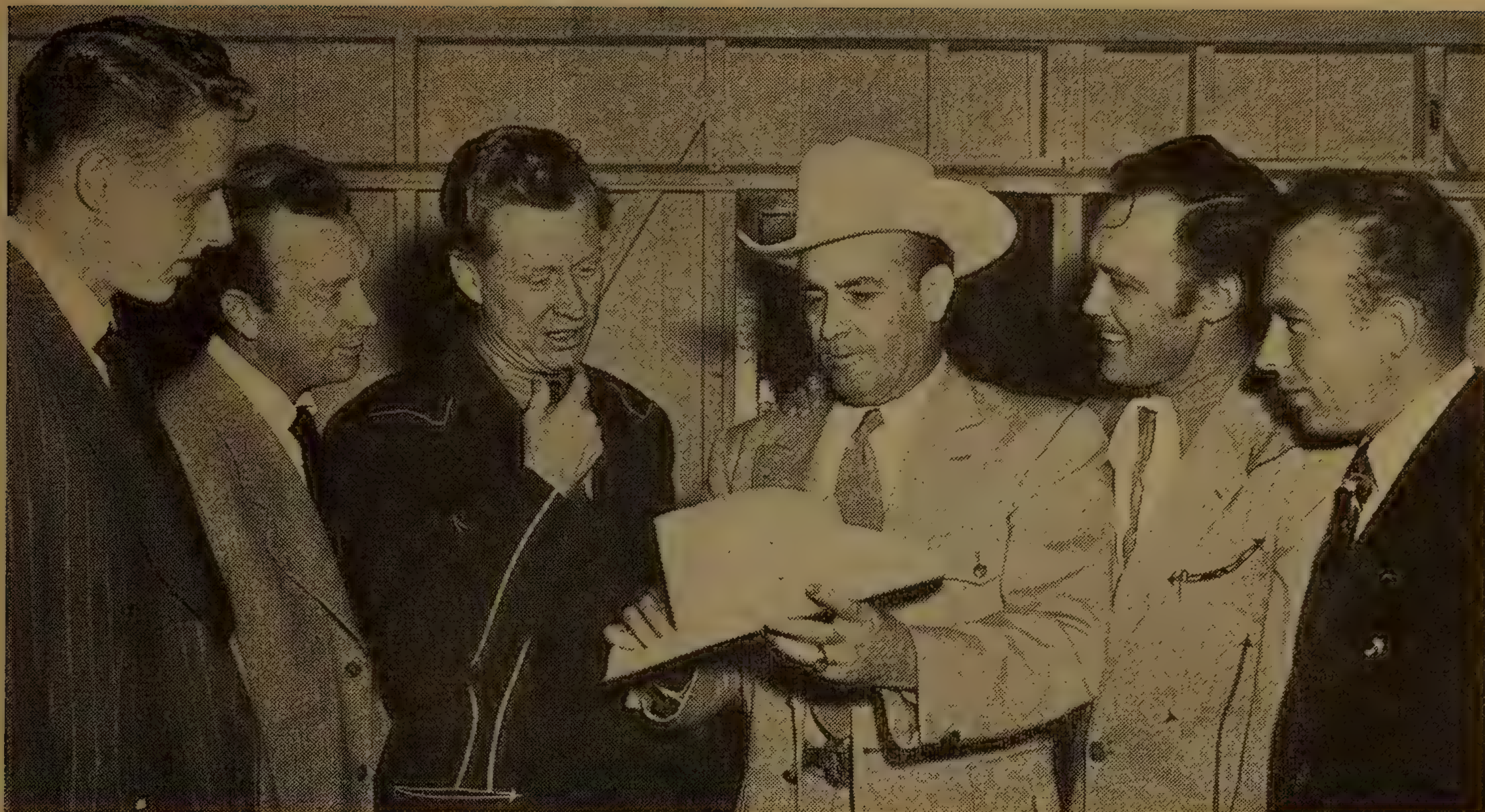
However, none of the people who had faith in Patti's ability have ever been disappointed. She moved from the local station through the regular channels in working toward the top in popular singing. Her moves included singing with a touring dance band, a spot on Don McNeill's "Breakfast Club," her own show on CBS and one on ABC. While in Chicago, Mercury Records spotted Patti as the right kind of girl singer for a company seeking to build its own name artists. Mercury's success with Frankie Laine and Vic Damone was enough to convince Patti. And Patti's success on her first few records was enough to convince Mercury.

Most recently, Patti was teamed with Frankie Laine on a series of record dates and a lengthy run at New York's Paramount Theater. But the eleven Page sisters still in Tulsa are convinced that this is only the beginning.

* * *

Columbia Records has arranged for the dancing set to get their toe-tapping tunes in the exact sequence that they are played by the big bands appearing in

the MUSIC



Wax-spinners Stewart Cornell, Red Rowe, Red Harper, Hank Penny, Lloyd Bouse inspect hat presented to Columbia Records' Western artist Bob Wills at a party given for him and his Texas Playboys by local (California) disc jockeys.

ballrooms. Called the "Dance Date" series, the new group of long-playing records, which feature Tony Pastor, Xavier Cugat, Les Brown and Hal McIntyre, consist of four danceable tunes on each side of a platter. Just as in the ballroom, most songs are instrumentally performed, with no interruption between numbers. A polished floor and a good imagination does the rest.

* * *

What may well have been the longest and most expensive three-way telephone conversation recently took place with Paris, New York and Seattle as the originating points. And nothing was decided after all the palaver! It happened when a Parisian theater owner tried to get the Ink Spots to appear at his show places. The quartet, at the time, was in the State of Washington, their manager was in New York and the theater-owner in his office on the Champs Elysee. Even at this late date, it's not certain whether the foursome will be able to squeeze in the proposed appearances.

* * *

The newest addition to America's disc jockeys is Chief Traynor Halftown, a full-blooded Seneca Indian. The Chief replaced Bosh Pritchard on WDAS, Philadelphia. Bosh is also a professional football player with the Philadelphia Eagles. This is the Chief's first assignment as a platter-spinner, but he's been a singer and entertainer on Buffalo, New York, York and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, radio stations. The Chief, by the way, is actually the head man of the Seneca tribe on the Cornplanter Reservation in Pennsylvania.



Pretty songstress Jane Froman makes even an ordinary dressing room look like something in a movie.



LIFE OF THE PARTY

If a radio man is known by the companies he keeps on his sponsor list, WXXW's Bill Hickok belongs to the electronic elite. The zaniest performer this side of Betty Hutton, with the most entertaining sense of nonsense since Lewis Carroll, he's sold solid to such impressive advertisers as Ford, Borden, and Mennen. His friendliness, sincerity, personality and fine singing voice have attracted to his show one of the two top early-morning platter-chatter audiences in the area in two years.

One excited little girl, a thirteen-year-old polio victim, put it this way: "Gosh, Bill Hickok talked to me on the radio last night. *He talked right to me.* Told me to keep my chin up and played a song just for me."

The twenty-six-year-old disc jockey was born in Andover, Massachusetts, and the down-East flavor is still apparent in his broad "a" and rabid addiction to the Red Sox. After school at Phillips Academy and a short sentence in a five-and-dime as a floor walker, the Air Forces took him to the South Pacific as an aerial photo topographer, but his own mobile map put him in Special Services. When his superiors saw him keeping his buddies in non-scheduled stitches, they transferred him to the morale and entertainment unit.

After the war "Hicky" landed a job at WHAI in Greenfield, Massachusetts. An NBC Recording Division representative named Addison Amor heard him singing over a popular dance record and was sufficiently impressed to wangle him a job in New York recording—only suddenly Mr. Petrillo banned the making of records. So Bill went to work for WCOP in Boston, then WCON, Atlanta, and, finally Albany's WXXW, where he does three early morning stints between 6:00 and 8:55 A.M. and another in the evening from 6:00-6:30 P.M.

You never know what's coming next on a Hickok show, but neither does he. Impulsively he'll throw away the commercial script and say,

"Wait a minute, folks. I'll show you how good this dog food is. I'll eat some myself," proceed to open the can then and there, spoon a mouthful of the stuff, and eat it with mouth-watering relish. Or he'll announce, "I've got just one thing to say to you today about Dobler Beer. It's the beer that made Milwaukee jealous."

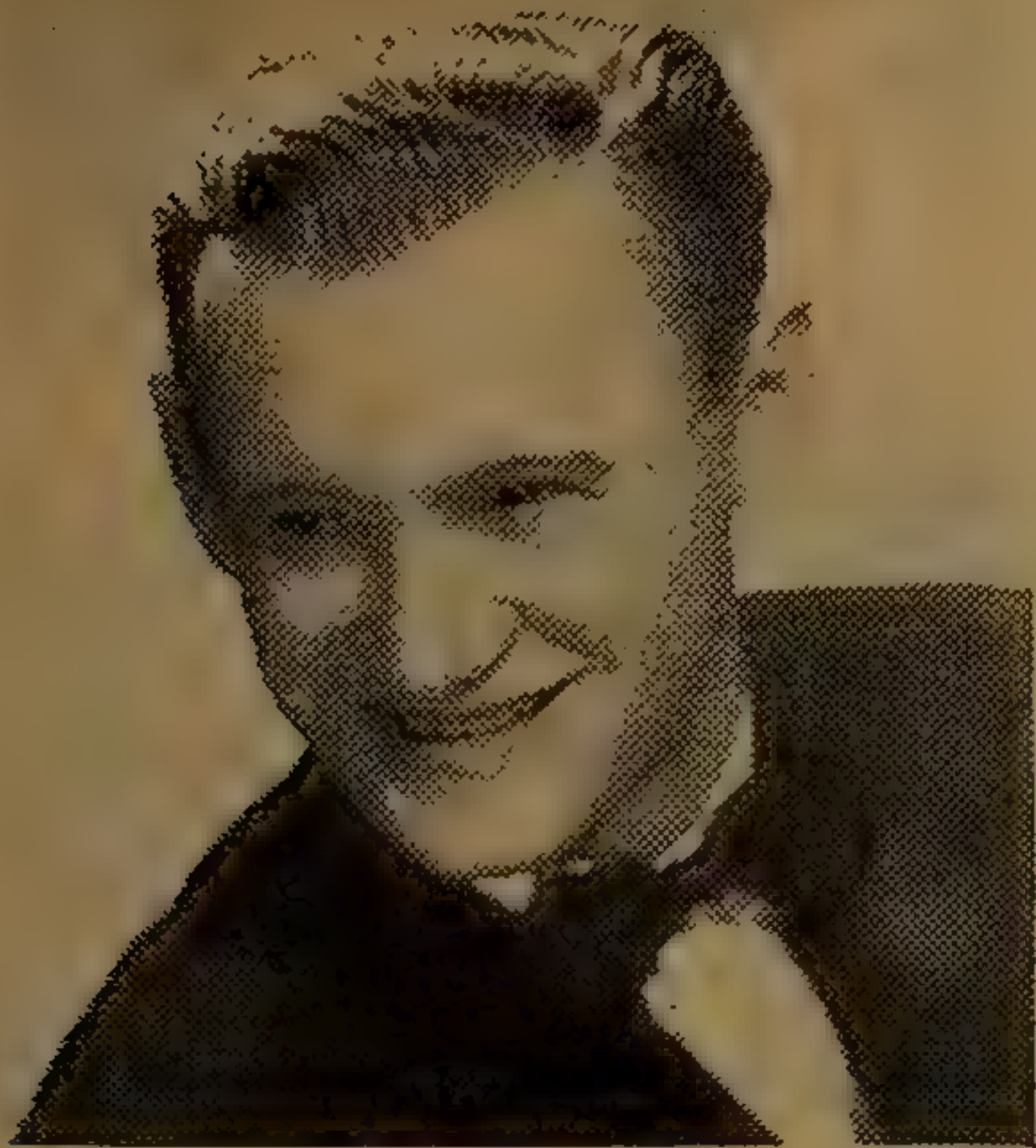
He makes all the noises an inventive set of vocal chords can devise. In a metallic basso-profundo he says he's "Freddie, the friendly Ford fender." Or he may offer "little known facts about little known facts" or hold an insane conversation with his "little people," characters produced by playing a 33½ rpm recording at 78 rpm; or he'll cajole his mythical dog, Hooper.

The hundreds of letters Bill's fans write him every week, surprisingly literate, prove that he's a family institution from Poughkeepsie to Plattsburg. His is not a solely teen-age audience: many of these letters tell how whole family groups like to listen together and many a businessman has become a Hickok fan.

One morning Bill was commiserating publicly with his 6:00-6:45 A.M. listeners for having to rise and shine so early. On the spur of the moment he organized "The Earliers' Club" and invited his fans to join. He promised to send them membership cards inscribed with the club motto, "United we stand; divided we oversleep." A few weeks later his membership list was 2,500 names long and he had enrolled factories, stores, fire departments, and post-offices. Applications for membership are still pouring in from practically every city, town, and hamlet between the Canadian border and the Catskills.

Ask Bill to explain his popularity, and he'll say: "I dunno. Guess I just hold 'em in the hollow of my head." That's Hickok—not a straight line in his conversation. But the gag's wrong. There's far from a void in Willy's head. He's as smart as they come in the mike-and-tonsil trade. He has to be in order to be the life of the party every time he hits the air.

Collector's Corner



By SAMMY KAYE

(Sammy Kaye came close to becoming a civil engineer, but that profession's loss was music's gain. Today, Sammy is one of America's top band-leaders. On radio, his Sunday Serenade on ABC has gained quite a following, and so did his "So You Want To Lead A Band" feature.)

In my many years of record collecting, I have accumulated discs which pleased me greatly at the time of purchase, but many of them were "mood" purchases and no longer rate. The ones I have listed here are sure to remain lifelong favorites of mine.

1—"Marie" by Tommy Dorsey. Bunny Berrigan does a trumpet solo on this one that will be hard for anyone to top.

2—"Cry Of The Wild Goose" by Frankie Laine—perfection in musical arrangement and singing.

3. "Begin The Beguine" by Artie Shaw—another perfect musical arrangement which justified Shaw's claim to fame.

4—"Shine" by Louis Armstrong. Anything Louis does is a favorite of mine.

5—"Boo Hoo" by Guy Lombardo. This Lombardo disc exemplifies the sweet style so important in the dance band field.

6—"Prisoner of Love" by Perry Como. Como is good on practically everything, but this one, in my opinion, is his best.

7—"White Christmas" by Bing Crosby. This combination has made a great song an institution.

8—"Waltzes of Victor Herbert" by Paul Lavalle. Herbert's many fine waltzes are at their "Sunday best."

9—"My Hero" by Ralph Flanagan. Ralph, who is a former arranger with my band, is easily one of the best in the country as indicated by this wonderful waxing.

10—"In The Mood" by Glenn Miller. I like most recordings by the late Glenn Miller. This, in particular, is indicative of his fine band.

"This mud-pack was no beauty treatment!"



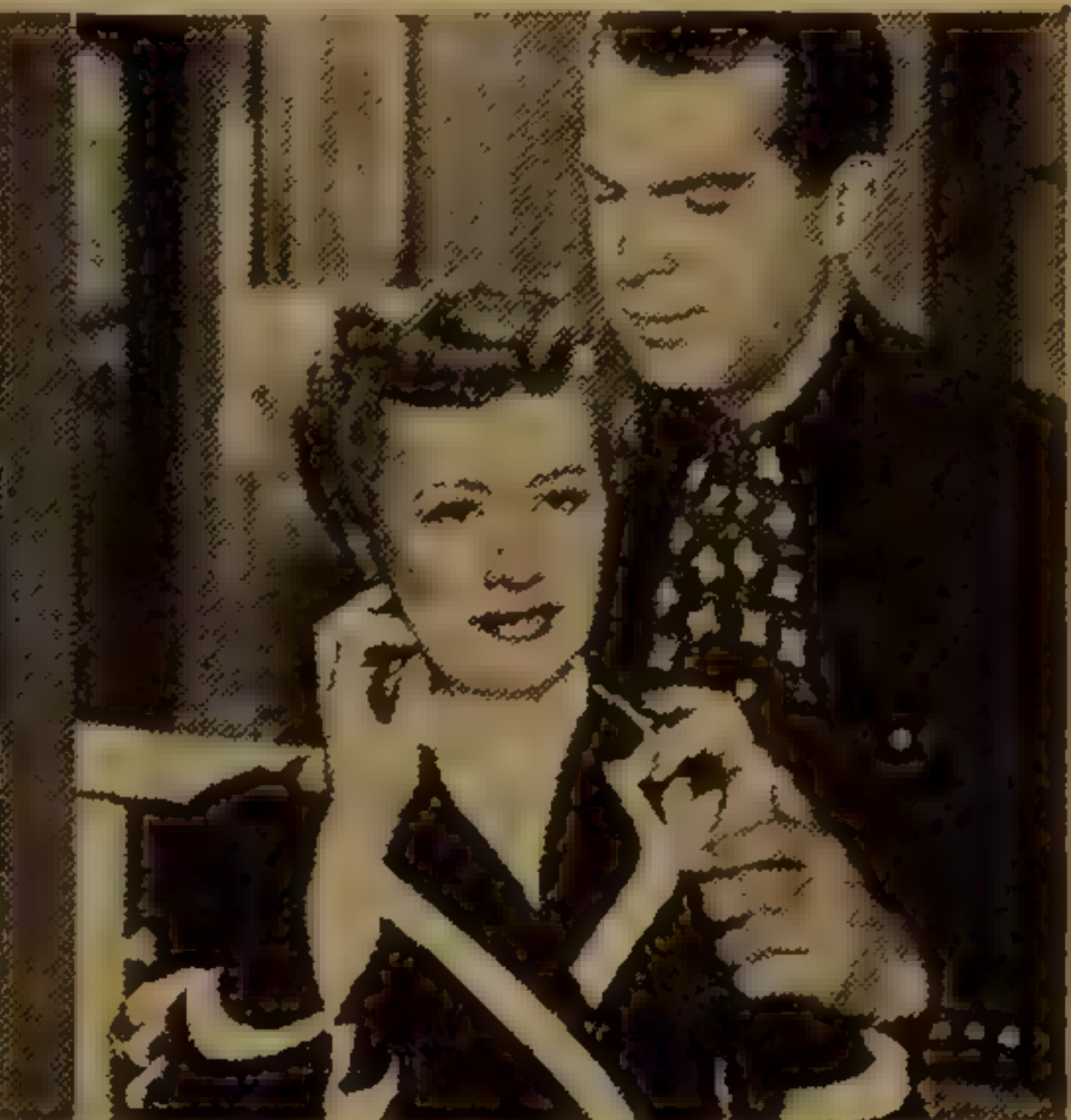
We spent 5 hours rehearsing and retaking this scene in "Come Share My Love." The cold, wet mud left my hands taut and rough...



A dust storm sandpapered my hands and face...



But Jergens Lotion kept my skin smooth and soft...



So it was lovely in close-ups with Fred MacMurray.



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by the upper layers of the skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand). It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat skin with oily film (right hand).



Prove it with this simple test described above...

You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world
Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax)

JULY Reader's Digest

REPORTS THE RESEARCH
WHICH PROVES*
Brushing Teeth
Right After Eating with
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
STOPS TOOTH
DECAY BEST

**Better Than Any Other Way of
Preventing Tooth Decay According
to Published Reports!**

Read July Reader's Digest for the results of "one of the most extensive, costly and practical experiments in dental history"! The toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. And read this, too: Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped tooth decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! Yes, the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history!

**No Other Toothpaste or Powder
Ammoniated or Not
Offers Proof of Such Results!**

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.

ALWAYS USE
COLGATE'S TO CLEAN
YOUR BREATH WHILE
YOU CLEAN YOUR
TEETH—AND HELP
STOP TOOTH DECAY!



*Colgate Dental Cream was used
exclusively in this scientific research.

TRAVELER OF THE



Hugh Herbert and emcee Tommy Bartlett share Gladys Meyer's delight as she holds the puppy given to her by Welcome Travelers to replace her lost pet.

Little Gladys Meyer lives on a farm near Richmond, Illinois, a small town right on the Wisconsin border. Anyone who saw her would say that she was a typical farm girl. She's twelve years old and a trifle shy, with natural blonde hair, a rosy complexion, deep-set eyes and a serious look on her face. But she isn't typical.

Gladys had a dog, and she loved it with all the affection a shy farm youngster can lavish on a pet. The fact that her dog destroyed some chickens in the neighborhood didn't lessen her love a bit, but the dog had to go.

Gladys knew that the verdict had been just, but justice wasn't pleasant. She missed her dog and her natural shyness turned to sad brooding. The Meyer family joked with her and tried to cheer her with her favorite delicacies, but Gladys wasn't hungry and she didn't think the jokes were funny. She had lost a friend—a friend she couldn't forget.

The Meyers were concerned about their daughter. They aren't wealthy people and a trip to Chicago represented a major expenditure, but Gladys brightened momentarily at the suggestion, so the trip was made.

With her mother and grandmother at the broadcast, her somber face stood out in sharp contrast in our audience of nearly a thousand travelers. She was so appealing that we had to talk to her.

"Why are you traveling?" I asked

her—and I nearly dropped the microphone in astonishment at her answer. "To forget," she told me solemnly.

Tears rolled down her cheeks when she told me the story of her dog, and our audience suffered right along with her. When it came time to give her a remembrance of her appearance on Welcome Travelers, I handed her a puppy we'd bought in a hurry from a Chicago kennel—and I don't think I ever had a more rewarding experience than seeing her happy face as she took the dog.

We gave her some other gifts too, and sent her to lunch and dinner as our guests—or thought we did. But Grandma was too tired for the meals and sight-seeing tour we'd arranged, so the Meyers went back to Richmond. But Gladys, her mother and brother returned on Saturday as we learned from the following letter Gladys wrote:

"Dear Tommy, I am awful sorry that I couldn't send a clipping of the Richmond paper because they said they lost the story but I am sending a clipping of the McHenry paper about me. I have been training the dog now. She sits up for food and shakes hands. I had to call her a different name because she is a female. Her name is Traveling Lassie. I want to thank you for the things you gave me.

"We went to Chicago yesterday to finish my prizes but didn't have time to take the dinner at night. My

MONTH

By TOMMY BARTLETT

Welcome Travelers, heard from the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman (M-F 10 A.M. EDT NBC) is sponsored by Procter and Gamble.

mother didn't have money to pay for a taxi to take us to the depot because she lost thirty-three dollars and didn't have any more money to spend. But the policeman at the Grayline station gave us a dollar to help us from the train home."

Mrs. Meyer sent me another letter. "Could you give me any information as to how I could get the name of the policeman who helped me last Saturday when Gladys, Philip and I went back to Chicago to take the Grayline sight-seeing tour, the luncheon and dinner. I lost a thirty-three-dollar check and didn't discover the loss until about three o'clock when I went to have it cashed. I was in quite a predicament because I was depending on the check getting us back home. I went to a policeman on State street and told my story. He offered to help me, so I accepted enough for street car fare back to look for the check. It hadn't been found, but the fellow who took our tickets for the sight-seeing tour remembered us. He gave me a dollar to get us to the railroad station, as we had very little time left. That was why we missed the dinner. The policeman wouldn't give his name but I did get his number from his cap. His number is 7652. Where would I be able to get his name? I'd like to send his money back, too."

Things happen to Gladys—things like being interviewed on a network radio show and getting a new puppy and getting a second trip to the city—even unpleasant things like being temporarily stranded—and I have a hunch that things will keep on happening wherever she is.

She may even be surprised some Sunday before long by unexpected dinner guests. My last letter from Mrs. Meyer said, "I wish I could have all of your Welcome Travelers staff out here for dinner. I like to bake pies and pumpkin is our favorite. Gladys likes cherry pie."

Tommy likes *any* kind of pie—and if my mouth keeps watering, our Travelers of the Month will have a visit from this traveler sooner than she expects.

Don't
"Just Wash"
your
hair

Condition it

with **NEW DRENE** shampoo



The sure way to Natural Sheen-Natural Softness

How lovely your hair will look when you use this exciting New Drene Shampoo with Conditioning Action! For New Drene does far more than "just wash" your hair. It actually *conditions* as it cleanses . . . conditions your hair to thrilling natural sheen, natural softness!

Your hair is so wonderfully easy to manage . . . it's so clean, so soft, so responsive to your hands. No other shampoo has this Conditioning Action. Get New Drene today!



- ① Cleans hair and scalp like a dream—yet it's gentle, non-drying, baby-mild!
- ② Leaves no dulling soap film, so needs no special rinses. Removes loose dandruff!
- ③ Makes billowy, fragrant lather instantly—even in the hardest water!

NEW DRENE
NOW WITH
Conditioning Action!

ANNOUNCING

Get The Complete Kitchen Companion

THE FIRST ISSUE OF A WONDERFUL, NEW, USEFUL MAGAZINE

GOOD COOKING

Here at last is the home magazine which completely understands your food and cooking problems. It is a magazine which you will keep by your side day-by-day throughout the month, breathing new life and satisfaction into your daily routine.

You, as an American housewife, spend more than one-third your waking hours on food. Nearly half your day goes to marketing, planning meals, preparing and serving them and, of course, cleaning up afterwards. You not only spend one-third your *time* but also one-third your *income* in preparing some 4,380 meals a year.

That's a lot of cooking, so why not let GOOD COOKING show you the way to tastier, more nutritious and attractive meals.



GOOD COOKING

ON NEWSSTANDS WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23

IN THE FIRST EXCITING ISSUE

Good Cooking's Check-List of Recipes for September

On The Table

Home Is In The Kitchen

In The Market Place

Help Your Refrigerator Do A Good Job

Shopping Is A Homemaker's Business

Mrs. Henry Aldrich's Cooking Keeps Henry Down On The Farm

Menu For The Month

How To Can Tomatoes

There Is More Than One Way To Cook Eggplant

Dish Of The Month—Harvest Chicken Stew

"Garlic Is Awful!" vs. "Garlic Is Wonderful!"

You Can Set A Smart Table From The Five and Ten

From Grandmother's Cookbook—Pickles and Relishes

Cookies from Cake Mixes

Little Girls Love Playing Hostess

Come To Dinner

Savory Meat Loaf

It's Grape Time

Taste Test

The Just Married Cook

Casseroles To Please The Inner Man

Back To School—With A Good Lunch

What Every Home Bartender Should Know

The Kitchen Bookshelf

They Eat Well In The Southwest

Housedresses Designed To Fit You

These Embroidered Placemats Are Easy To Make

Demi Tasse

A KUKLA, FRAN and OLLIE vacation letter

*— a page for Radio Mirror
readers from the
summer album
at Dragon Retreat*



Some days Burr, Kukla, Ollie and Fran just lounged in the sun, sopping up every ray.

Monday morning

Greetings, Television Friends:

It's time for us to leave Dragon Retreat, splitting up for separate vacation trips around the country. However, before we go, I must tell you what happened yesterday.

We'd planned just a nice, quiet picnic, because we'd had all the excitement we wanted on Saturday night when we presented our annual pageant, The History of Dragondom on the North American Continent. We had a large audience, for in (Continued on page 76)



Fletcher Rabbit, more energetic than most, took his little rake out into the garden.



Mercedes worried lest the Colonel's sessions in the sun completely dehydrate him.



Ollie thought it would be fun to be buried so Kukla shoveled sand right up to his neck.



Buelah was a real heroine when Madame's canoe got caught in the swift current.

Look



The happy Montgomerys:
George, Missy and Dinah.

at me NOW!

By DINAH SHORE

Polio! It could have stopped
her but she didn't let it. This is the
unknown story of Dinah's fight against
an enemy that turned out to be
a blessing in disguise

I had infantile paralysis when I was eighteen months old! I will always carry the marks of it: a right foot a whole size smaller than my left, a right leg which I must exercise faithfully to keep it in symmetry with the left one.

A few years ago, I wouldn't have admitted this to my best friend, let alone in print.

I had kept my "handicap" a dark secret. People wouldn't like me, a "perfect" man wouldn't marry me, I told myself, if they knew I was "different" from other girls.

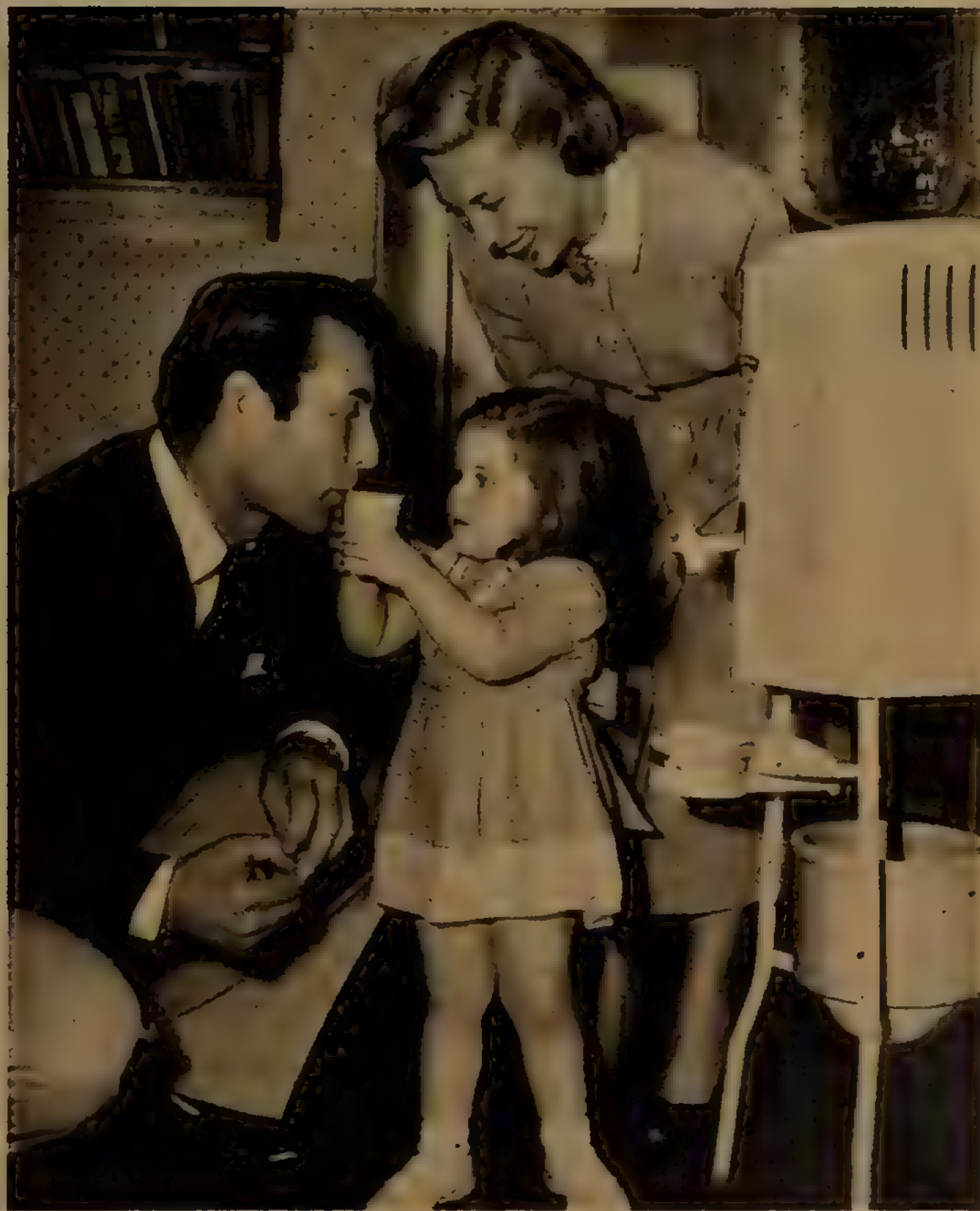
It was so ridiculously silly. I know that now. But I didn't know it, at least I didn't admit it, until I met George Montgomery and fell in love with the man.

Through George I came to realize that my "handicap" had long ago turned into an asset.

It all came out one Sunday night a few months before we were married. We were all sitting around—the three girls with whom (Continued on page 103)



Missy's pals, Arabella the cat and Mike the puppy, make it five in the Montgomerys' San Fernando Valley home.



Polio may have been the turning point in Dinah's own life, but she fervently hopes Missy will be spared it.

I LOVE

And why not? With a wife like Bo, a mother like

Fay *and* his studio audiences, Tom Moore just can't help it!

By TOM MOORE



Tom met Bo at a party when he was fourteen. They played postoffice, fell in love and have been there ever since.



Tom and Tom, Jr. tease Bo constantly, but they say she never lets it get in the way of her good humor.



Tom's wife, Bo, left, and his mother, Fay, are the two women in particular that make Tom love all women in general.

I got a letter the other day from a Seattle listener saying, "Dear Tom: Don't ever quit your smooching. Even when we're a thousand miles away from the studio, we all love it."

I hereby answer that letter publicly. "My dear listener: That's the one thing I can assure you will never happen. When I come dashing into the studio at the opening of Ladies Fair, make a bee line for the prettiest woman I can spot in an aisle seat and kiss her, I ain't kidding. I'm getting just as big a kick out of it as the audience. I might as well confess—I love ladies."

Now before you get any strange ideas about me being a guy with a roving eye or envision me as the original wandering husband, I want to explain a little further.

I love *all* ladies because of a *particular* lady named Bo, and because of another extra-special lady named Fay. The first is my wife and the second is my mother.

With two women like that in a man's life, he can't help thinking all women are wonderful.

It was, of course, the lady named Fay who gave me my start in this direction. She's tiny, spirited, and so beautiful I can well understand why my father fell in love with her at first sight. My father, Thomas McNutt, was a member of a minstrel troupe, adept in songs and softshoe, quick with the usual "Mr. Bones" jokes. It didn't take Fay long to see through the blackface. After they were married she joined the company, playing piano, writing their songs, arranging their music. I'm not stretching the truth when I boast I was cradled in a theatrical trunk. When growing children finally anchored my parents at Mattoon, Illinois, Fay helped my father switch from being a footloose troupier into a substantial business man. As a charming hostess, she did her share to build up his real estate and insurance agency.

Ladies



Kissing the ladies is the activity Tom seems to enjoy most on his program, Ladies Fair, which is heard Monday through Friday, 2 P.M. EDT on MBS. It is sponsored by Miles Laboratories, makers of Tabcin. The Tom Moore Show is broadcast on Station WGN in Chicago and is heard Monday through Friday, 10:30 A.M. CDT.

With such a mother, I wasn't very old before I started wondering how I would ever find a wife to compare with her. A more pertinent worry might have been how I would find a girl who could put up with me. Strangely enough, I found her when I was fourteen, and stranger yet, it happened when we were playing postoffice.

I was quite condescending, I recall, about attending that particular party, for at a boy's gawkiest age I was also suffering from an over-inflated ego due to regarding myself as a professional entertainer.

I had bridged the voice change from boy soprano to booming baritone by learning to play drums, and now that I could again sing without suddenly sounding like a bullfrog in duet with a squeaky fiddle, I was doubling in a dance band. In my opinion, a performer of such stature should have outgrown kid parties, but my mother made me go.

Very superior in my bell-bottomed pants, white silk muffler and bearskin coat, I tramped along through the raw early Spring night. My ears were cold, I remember, for I'd succumbed to the new fad of going bareheaded.

Anticipating a dull evening, I punched the doorbell and was ushered into a parlor where all the girls sat stiffly on one side of the room and the boys on the other. I picked a vantage spot to survey the opposition and noticed that the prettiest girl in the room was a little blonde in a bright sweater. Her name was Bo Woods.

We danced a little and we sang a little. The girls giggled and the boys squirmed and then some one said, "Let's play postoffice."

I kept my eye on little blonde Bo, and it did not please me when she got a number of "letters." When my turn came to go into the darkened room, I had a plot seething. I sent out word that for Bo (Continued on page 85)

TV

JINGLE

Do you want a beautiful new television set in your home?



A man who's served up on Toast,
A CBS Sunday night boast—
Of the Town he's M.C.,
And he'll always be

The non-smilingest man, coast to coast.

HIS NAME IS: **ED SULLIVAN**



There's a lovely lady named Faye
We wouldn't mind viewing all day.
Her figure and face
Set the women a pace—

We'd guest on her show without pay!

HER NAME IS: **FAYE EMERSON**



Sid's program is full of surprise,
And always a treat for the eyes.
A part of the time
His fun's pantomime,

A viewer will laugh till he cries!

HIS NAME IS: **SID CAESAR**

Come fall—or what's known in this business as “the fall season”—there'll be a lot of well-remembered faces coming back on your television screens, and lots of new ones, starting new shows. You'll be missing a lot if you haven't a television set so that you can sit back and enjoy all the really wonderful entertainment that the TV networks and your local stations carry, all yours for just the flip of a switch and the turn of a dial. (Shows like our own Toast of the Town for instance, and lots more—I am mighty proud of Toast, think we have a really good, well-rounded program for you each week, but I don't say it's the only show on the air!)

Now, of course, one good way to get a TV set if you haven't one already—or to get a replacement, if yours is one of those old-timers with the postage-stamp screen—is to go to a dealer and put cash on the line. Here, on this page and the three following, is another way—an easier-on-the-pocketbook way, if you're good at writing last lines for limericks. Everyone's done that at one time or another—why not have a try at it now? RADIO and TELEVISION MIRROR and the Sylvania people got together to work out a swell contest, with plenty of worthwhile prizes. All you have to do is write one last line, say why you'd like to win a TV set. There are lots of examples of limericks with the last lines already filled in, to help you, and you'll find the rules carefully explained. For inspiration, take a look at the prizes. Read over the sample limericks. Then grab a pencil and write your own last line for the contest limerick—and good luck to you!



BY
ED SULLIVAN

Toast of the Town, with Ed Sullivan—heard Sun. 8:00 P.M., EDT, on CBS-TV. Sponsor: Lincoln-Mercury.



In a lovely new house with a view
Lives Johnny—his wife, Penny, too.
They've programs galore
And will have even more,

Bringing added pleasure to you.

THEIR NAMES ARE: **JOHNNY AND PENNY OLSEN**

JAMBOREE

Here's a lots-of-fun contest with Ed Sullivan as M.C.—and 15 TV and radio sets as prizes!



◀ FIRST PRIZE

Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television: beautiful console, 19 inch television screen, combination TV-radio with mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this first-prize television set is \$645.00.



CONTEST JINGLE

He'll make you roll in the aisle,
This man with the side-splitting style.
Called Mr. TV,
A top comic is he—

HIS NAME IS:



A cigarette salesman is he,
A vendor of soup and of tea.
But better than these is
He does as he pleases—

While leaving his sponsors at sea!

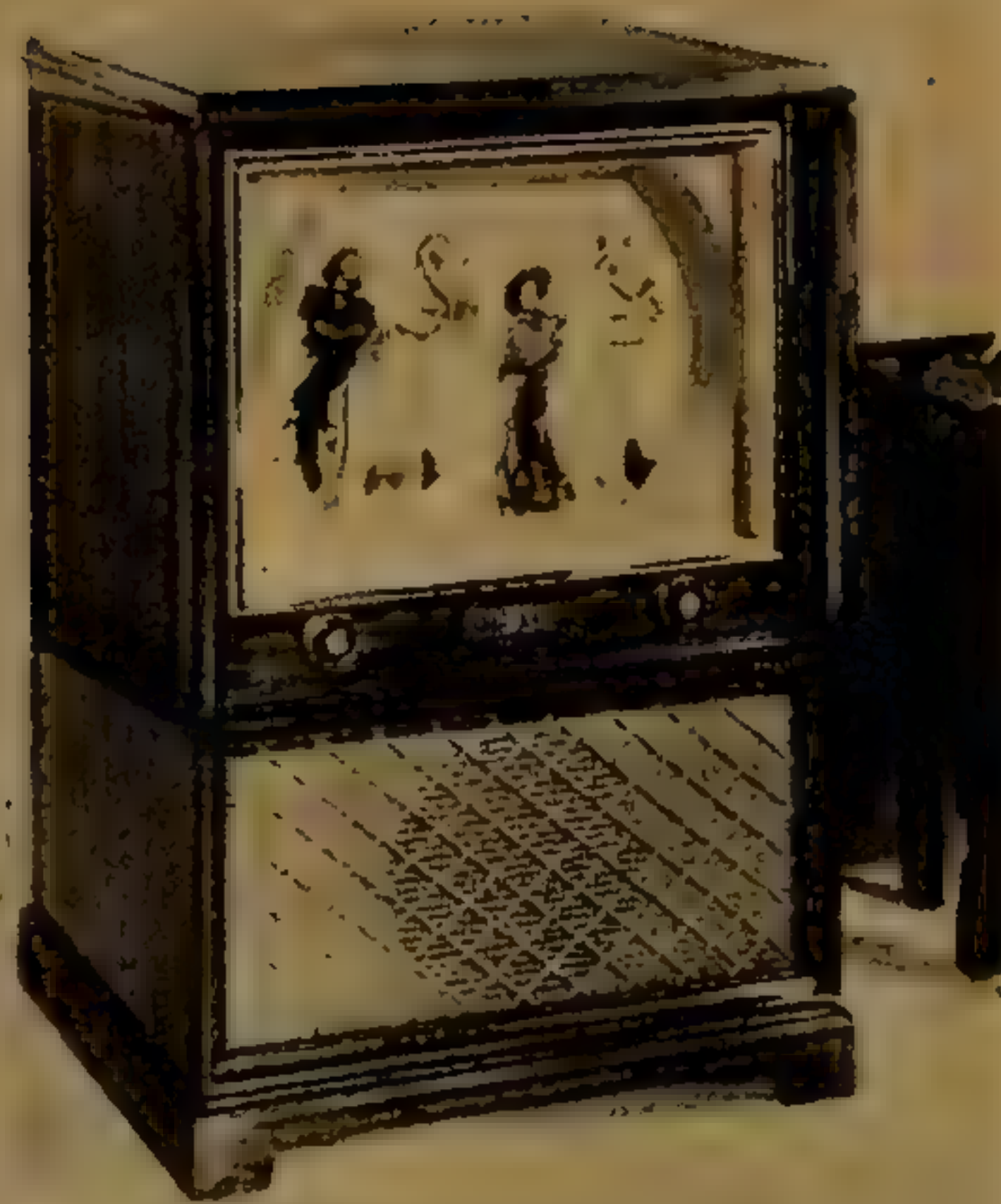
HIS NAME IS: **ARTHUR GODFREY**

TURN PAGE FOR RULES AND PICTURES OF SYLVANIA TV SET PRIZES ▶

TV JINGLE



Third Prize: Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television—console model combination radio and television, with a 16 inch screen. Walnut or mahogany cabinet. Approximate retail value of this prize, \$450.00.



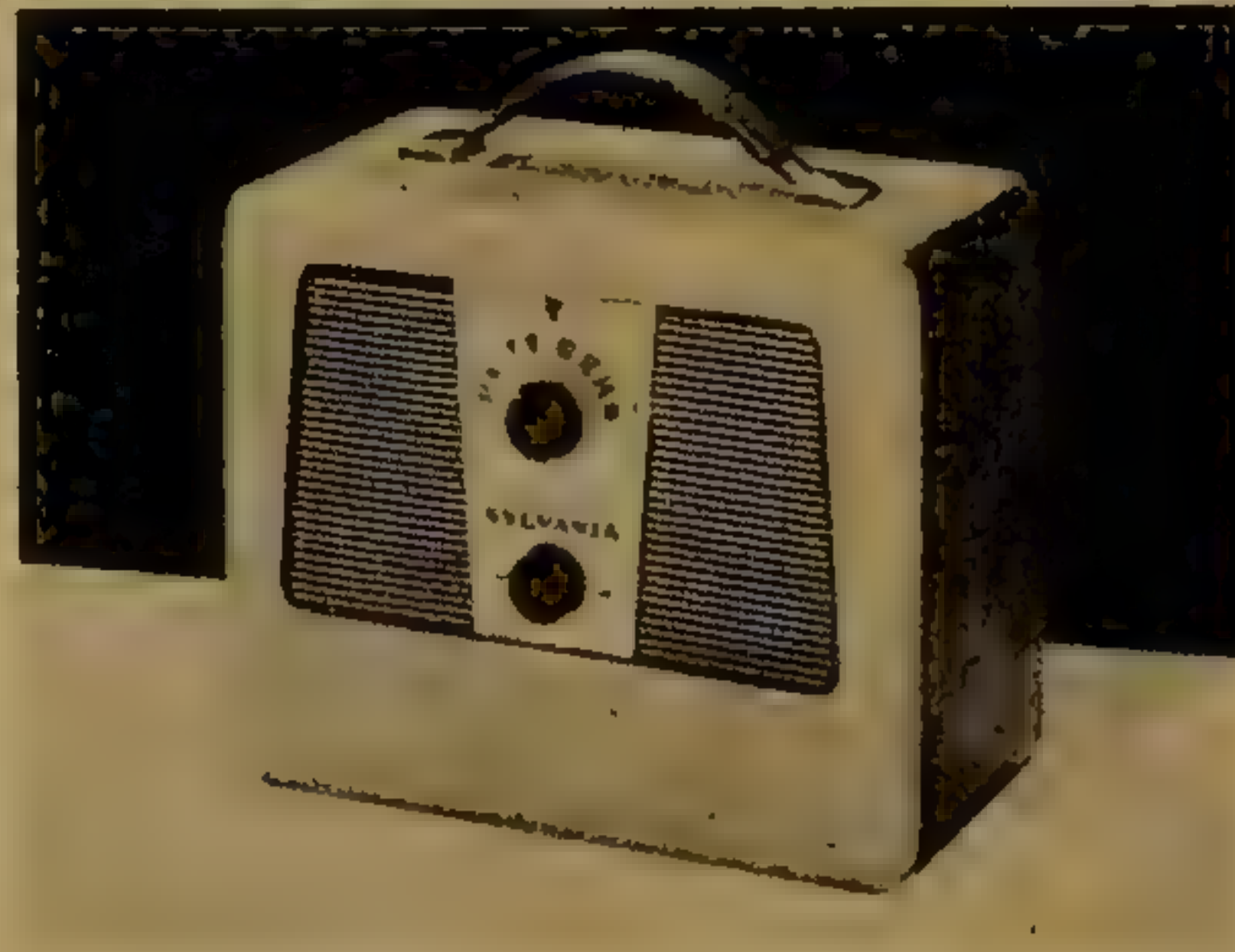
SECOND PRIZE
Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television console, with a 19 inch screen. Winner may choose mahogany or blonde cabinet. The approximate retail value is \$540.00.



Fourth Prize: Console is mahogany cabinet, with 16 inch screen—Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television. Your jingle answer may bring it into *your* livingroom! Approximate retail value, \$350.00.



Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Prizes: Sylvania "Studio Clear" clock-radios to waken you tune-fully. Colors: 9th, white, 10th walnut; 11th, black. Value \$35.00 each.



Twelfth Prize: Sylvania "Studio Clear" three-way portable radio, AC, DC, or battery. Wonderful on vacation or to use all year around. Retail value, \$30.00.



Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Prizes: Sylvania "Studio Clear" table model radios, in white, walnut, black. Approximate retail value of these is \$18.00 each.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Think of a good last line for the "Contest Jingle" printed on page 33 and repeated on the opposite page. Your last line should end in a word which rhymes with "aisle" and "style." Decide the name of the TV personality pictured with the jingle.

2. On the coupon on page 35 or on a separate piece of paper, fill in the last line you have written for the jingle, and also the name of the TV personality pictured with it. Complete, in 25 words or less, the statement: "I would like to win a television set because—". Be sure to fill in your complete name and address. If you do not use the coupon be sure your entry has all the information called for in this rule.

3. Sole judges of this contest will be Ed Sullivan, M.C. of Toast of the Town, and the editors of Radio

and Television Mirror. Entries in the contest will be judged on originality and aptness of last lines submitted, plus correct identification of the TV personality. In case of duplication of last lines the entries will then be judged on the originality and sincerity of the completed statement; in case of duplication of statements, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

4. Entries must be postmarked no later than October 20, 1950. All entries become the property of Radio Mirror and none will be returned, nor can the magazine undertake to enter into correspondence concerning entries.

5. Entries should be addressed to Jingle Jamboree, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

JAMBOREE



Sixth Prize: to please any entertainment-minded youngster from eight to eighty—Sylvania "Movie Clear" console Television with 14 inch screen, mahogany cabinet. The approximate value is \$240.00.



FIFTH PRIZE

In a mahogany cabinet, this Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television, with 16 inch screen, will harmonize with any furnishings. Approximate retail value of this prize, \$310.00.



Seventh and Eighth Prizes: just alike: Sylvania "Movie Clear" Television in table model mahogany cabinet, with a 14 inch screen. Approximate retail value of these TV sets is \$190.00 each.

Here is my last line for the Contest Jingle:

The name of the man pictured with the Jingle is:

I would like to win a Sylvania set because:

(Complete this statement in 25 words or less)

MY NAME IS

STREET AND NUMBER

P.O. OR BOX

CITY

ZONE

STATE



CONTEST JINGLE

He'll make you roll in the aisle,
This man with the side-splitting style.
Called Mr. TV,
A top comic is he—



GIVE and TAKE

Magnetic emcee John Reed King finds that it's fun to do both, but—

by Catherine

Cooking under three pairs of critical feminine eyes doesn't fluster John at all.



John Reed King has the stamina of a steam engine, and he needs it. The handsome, husky quizmaster of Give and Take roars through the day, tireless, gay, spouting wisecracks whether he is entertaining an audience of three at lunch or three hundred in the studio. Then he goes home to a whirl of activity involving family, friends and half a dozen hobbies that he rides with the same verve and bounce that make Give and Take the top-rated daytime quiz.

Where does he get the fuel for this incessant show of high spirits? "From people," he says. "They're more fun than anybody."

It's a wisecrack, but there's truth in it. King is as friendly as a Great Dane puppy. That is why he has fun with people . . . his interest in every person he meets is genuine. His audiences know it the minute they hear his booming voice and hearty laugh. Within five minutes of the time he grabs the microphone, he

Give and Take, with John Reed King, is heard Sat., 1:30 P.M., EDT, CBS, sponsored by

John Reed King in action, emceeing Give and Take, makes a dynamic look tame by comparison.



The Kings live in quiet suburban Scarsdale, New York with their daughters Joanna, who is twelve, and Julianne, ten.

MAN

and this is confidential—he'd much rather give!

Clelland

also has grabbed the confidence and affection of everybody within range. The result is that his entire audience, from the most dignified matron to giggling teenagers are happy to join the free-wheeling clowning. No one regrets it. Though some of the gags he is inspired to pull on contestants are hilariously funny, he never uses ridicule for a laugh or the embarrassment of one person for the amusement of many.

John's day starts early. With his wife, Jean, and daughters, Joanna, twelve, and Julianne, ten, he lives in a large Colonial house in Scarsdale, a semi-country community within an easy drive of New York. He is up at the crack of dawn to drive the two little girls to school after family breakfast.

If he has a daytime rehearsal or show—which happens three or four times a week—he flashes into the studio for a conference first with "Uncle Jim" Brown and the half dozen others who (Continued on page 74)



Home is one place John wishes he could be at more often. When he is, he's likely to be found catching up on conversation with Jean or painting a canvas for admiring Julianne.





IT PAYS

Being lazy, Jo says, doesn't mean doing nothing—it's just doing things you have to do, want to do, at your own pace!

By JO STAFFORD

The legend is growing, I hear tell, that I am a lazy girl.

My friends put it more kindly—they say I'm *relaxed*—but I have even been described with that rather curdled word “phlegmatic.”

So I am sauntering into print—as a lazy girl. I couldn't rush into print of course—to answer these ugly charges. But not to deny them.

I am a lazy girl—and of all of my accomplishments, with the one exception of singing, this laziness or relaxed-ness, if you prefer, is the one of which I am proudest.

I'm happy, on account of it, and productive—three concurrent network radio shows, a full recording schedule, and a book on American folk music in the writing is a pretty full schedule of work for a Miss Lazybones. I'm pretty sure I'm going to be around on this earth a lot longer because of it, and more importantly, I'm going to have a wonderful (Continued on page 91)

Jo Stafford is on Club 15, Tues., Thurs., at 7:15 P.M., EDT, CBS, sponsored by Campbell's Soups, and the Contented Hour, Sundays at 10 P.M., EDT, CBS, sponsored by Carnation Milk.

TO BE *Lazy*



Time-saver: Jo puts on morning makeup while having first—and second and third—of her daily twelve cups of coffee.



She's turning out a book on folk music, with collaborator Fred Heider. Jo likes to work late—but get up late, too.



Organization—the old place for everything and everything in its place theory—saves precious time for being lazy.



Another of Jo's live-long prescriptions: a lengthy, luxurious bedtime bath. Her preparations are supervised by Bobo.



Anne Malone asks:

“Should a threatened marriage be

Torn between love for Anne and love for Jerry, little Jill's situation is one that many youngsters face today.

*When a marriage
nears disaster, what about
the child? Can you help
Young Dr. Malone
and his wife
solve this problem?*

Young Dr. Malone and his wife, Anne, have been separated for about two years. During this time Jerry has become Director of the Institute for Rural Research in New York—largely through the influence of Lucia Standish, the chief stockholder of the Institute, who is interested in Jerry personally as well as professionally. Meantime Anne is superintendent of a clinic in their home town, Three Oaks.

Jerry was impressed by New York, by the importance of the position offered him, and by Lucia, and he accepted the job even though he knew Anne didn't want him to. The greatest point of contention between Anne and Jerry has been their differing interpretation of Lucia's motives, and when Anne has visited Jerry in New York, it has been argument about Lucia and her intentions which has sent Anne back to Three Oaks each time helpless, hopeless—and further estranged from Jerry than ever.

Sam Williams, prosperous Three Oaks businessman, is a constant admirer, but Anne keeps the relationship on a basis of friendship. One of her greatest worries is little Jill, and the fact that she is being deprived of a father's love. Anne decides it would be wise to have Jill visit Jerry regularly, and arranges to have Jerry pick up the little girl and take her back to New York for a vacation. Meanwhile, Mother Malone, angry because of Jerry's actions, has poisoned the child's mind against her father. Jill refuses to go with him. Lucia, hearing of this, convinces Jerry that it was Anne who turned Jill against him. Lucia—without Jerry's knowledge—visits Anne, discusses divorce. Anne tells her angrily that if her husband wants a divorce he'll have to ask for it himself.

Each month, RADIO MIRROR asks its reader-listeners to help their daytime serial favorites solve their problems. To Anne Malone, the greatest tragedy of all this is Jill's. She asks herself whether it's wise to make every sacrifice—close her eyes to Lucia's schemes and to Jerry's blind, stubborn acceptance of them in good faith—in order to preserve the Malone family relationship intact for Jill's sake. What, under the circumstances, will be best for Jill?

Radio Mirror Will Purchase Readers' Answers To The Question: "Should A Threatened Marriage Be Held Together For the Sake of the Child?" To Writer of Best Answer, \$25; Five Next-Best Answers, \$5 Each.

What do you think about this problem? State your answer and reasons in a letter of no more than 100 words; address to Young Dr. Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. The editors will choose what they feel to be the best letter—basing their choice on originality and understanding of the problem—and will purchase it for \$25.00. They will purchase the five next-best letters for \$5.00 each. No letter will be returned; opinions of the editors will be final. Letters must be postmarked no later than Sept. 1, 1950. This coupon should accompany your letter.

held together for the sake of the child?"

Johnny and Penny Olsen ask you:

“PLEASE NAME OUR



Having achieved their dream of a home in the country, the Olsens don't mind at all being fenced in.

*It's a simple place,
it's a quiet place. And all
it needs is a name*

NEW HOME⁹⁹

The Olsens, Johnny and Penny, have moved into their dream house. The real home they have longed for ever since they were married. The little place in the country they talked about so many years. The peaceful haven they always hoped to find.

It's everything they wanted in a home, and there's only one problem. They don't know what to name it.

Maybe they would, if they could take time enough from their five-day-a-week Rumpus Room television show and the Johnny Olsen Luncheon Club radio program, personal appearance tours, and their new household chores. Maybe, if there were more time to make little lists, to talk over names . . .

At this point, over good, steaming coffee served in Penny's precious heirloom cups, we suggested that RADIO MIRROR's readers might like to share in naming the Olsens' house. So Penny and Johnny have turned it into a contest, and hope you'll join in it. You have the same chance as anyone else to come up with a name they will love and be grateful for.

And to help you help Johnny and Penny, here is the story of the house that needs a name.

You leave Grand Central Station in New York by express train and in forty minutes you're at Stamford, Connecticut, where you pick up Johnny's car, parked near the station, drive about (*Continued on page 82*)

RULES FOR CONTEST

If you'd like to help Johnny and Penny Olsen name their new home, if you'd like to win \$25.00 for suggesting the best name (there will be additional prizes of \$5.00 each for the five next best names), then send your idea for a name, together with a statement of twenty-five words or less telling why you think this is a good name for the Olsen home to Olsen Home Name, c/o RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y. All statements become the property of RADIO MIRROR; none will be returned. All entries should be accompanied by this coupon and postmarked not later than Sept. 1, 1950. Winners, to be determined solely by the editors of RADIO MIRROR and the Olsens, will be announced in the November issue.



Old meets new with the heirloom spinning wheel silhouetted against the spanking modern picture window.



Olsen fans have been generous with advice on gardening. Johnny and Penny enjoy each and every letter.



Is there anything better than breakfast in the country? Johnny and Penny can't think of a thing.

Ive



nothing against men, but—

Lovely, loquacious

Eloise has never

been one to

keep an opinion

to herself—

especially if it's

about a man!

by

ELOISE McELHONE

Now, don't misunderstand me—I've been in love frequently. But it's difficult to stay in love because the more you know about a man, the worse it gets. Some day, of course, I hope to get married—and there are a lot of requirements I hope Mr. Right will fill. Meanwhile, let me list a few Mr. Wrongs I definitely will *not* marry.

Before I go ahead, though, I ought to explain that while I certainly don't set myself up as the supreme authority on this interesting subject, I've a little more background in the course than the general run of girls. I've had my share of dates, like everyone else. I've also been in radio and television for quite a while, and there you get to study a pretty fair cross-section of male humanity in all its phases. Most enlightening of all have been my appearances on television's *Leave It To The Girls*. That program, believe me, constitutes a post-graduate course in how to size up a man with one well-directed, all-embracing look!

Having catalogued my qualifications, here goes:

I dearly despise all the Surprise Packages. Like the man who tells you ahead of time you're going dancing; you put on your brand-new strapless job and your spike heels—and when he's got you two miles from home he suddenly yells, "Guess where we're going? Surprise, surprise! To the amusement park!" This little thrill happened to me last summer . . . I lost my purse off the roller-coaster, smashed my glasses, and broke off one of my high heels. My new cocktail dress looked as if I'd torn it off the back of a lady coal miner. Naturally, I felt a mite bitter; but I wouldn't have if my date hadn't "surprised" me. Then I'd have worn flat sandals and a cotton dress—and had the time of my life.

I further hate the Surpriser who dates you up weeks in advance for a special night, making it sound as if you're heading for Mrs. Astor's ball. When the days have passed and the date rolls around, where does he take you? To Joe's Greasy Spoon, where the juke box peals and you go snow-blind from the shirt sleeves. You spend the entire evening kicking sawdust away from your best satin slippers and biting back the question, "Why did you ask me weeks ahead of time for this? If you'd called me at the last minute I'd have loved it—but why the production?"

I also hate the Surprise Package (*Continued on page 89*)

Eloise McElhone appears as a regular panel member on *Leave It To The Girls*, Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, sponsored by Regent Cigarettes and on *Think Fast*, Sun. 8 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV. Her own shows are *Eloise Salutes The Stars*, Tues. 7:30 P.M. EDT, WABD-TV, sponsored by Doeskin Products Co., and *Quick On The Draw*, Sat. 9 P.M. EDT, NBC-TV, sponsored by Vim.



YOUR TICKET TO DOUBLE

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Music: Mother Songs | 10. It Happened on May |
| 2. Famous Parkers | 11. Inventor: I'll Describe - You Name |
| 3. Prisons: What State Are You In? | 12. Presidents: Benjamin Ohio |
| 4. Scrambled Letters and Phrases: Current Music | 13. Baseball Pitchers: Name |
| 5. Bed Sheets | 14. Mining and Prospecting |
| 6. Symbols on a Weather Map | 15. Best Sellers: Current |
| 7. ... | 16. ... |

**Powder your nose, sharpen
your wits and come on along for
some fun — maybe some cash, too!**

“And now,” says Walter O’Keefe, “would you like to try for the forty dollar prize?” With breathless anticipation, the audience leans forward, wondering if the contestant will double her loot—or go away with nothing. But win or lose, everyone has fun on Double or Nothing and if you live in the Los Angeles area or are planning

or NOTHING



a trip there, here's your chance to see this program. The scene in the NBC studio looks exactly like this. From the audience you see the potential contestants seated on the stage, left. Standing at the first microphone is the contestant who is trying to turn the starting two dollars into a forty dollar jackpot via the right answers to questions that get

more difficult as the stakes mount. At the other microphone is emcee Walter O'Keefe, flanked by Double or Nothing's staff which includes producer Lou Crosby, director Harry Spears and organist Ervin Orton. They'll tell you that no one ever loses on Double or Nothing for each contestant gets a package of his favorite Campbell's soup.

Double or Nothing is heard twice daily, M-F, 10:30 A.M. EDT and 2:00 P.M. EDT, NBC. Sponsored by the Campbell Soup Co.



Carolyn Kramer, in the Right to Happiness, is heard every M-F at 3:45 P.M., EDT, over NBC stations, sponsored by Ivory Soap and Duz.

This is my

Carolyn's home is run with grace and efficiency. Like any mother's,

The heart of my home is my son, eight-year-old Skippy. Even when he's not with me, I find myself directing my thinking, planning my activities with his next visit in view—deciding what we'll do, what we'll have to eat, what excursions we'll go on. I suppose that, being alone so much, without a husband or other children to make demands on my time, Skippy's even more important to me than most sons are to their mothers.

Packing Your Troubles...



My mother always packed for the family when we went on trips. Her ability amounted to genius—everybody's clothes arrived in wearable condition, because she went about it scientifically. Here are some of the things I learned from her. Heaviest items—shoes and purses—on the bottom, shoes in bags or tucked into socks, to protect the rest of the

things. To save space—and wrinkles—pack lingerie this way: lay slips folded lengthwise on several sheets of tissue paper. Panties and bras on top of slips. Now roll the whole thing crosswise, tissue on the outside. To pack a suit, lay jacket in lengthwise. Open front flaps; lay waist of skirt at shoulder of jacket. Button jacket and bring skirt hem up over jacket and a rolled sweater.

For Young Explorers...

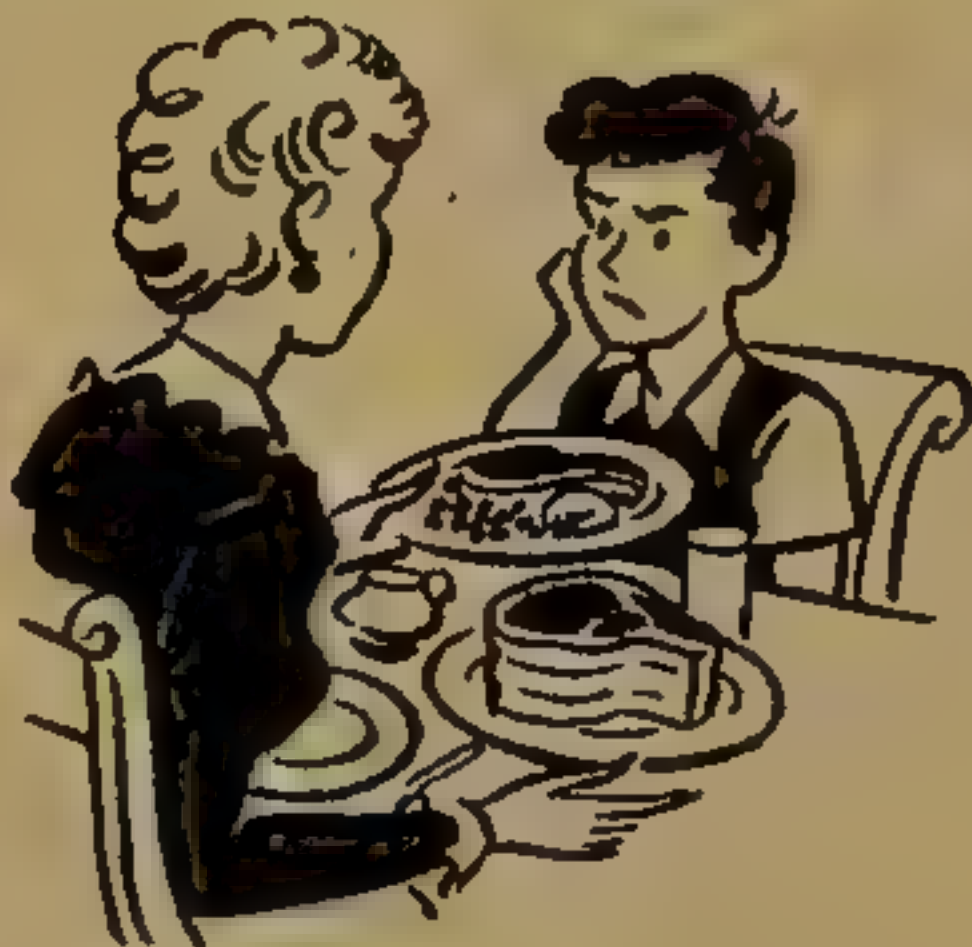
Youngsters put such whole-hearted energy into everything they do, it's no wonder they have none left over to use for being careful! I try to keep an eye on the market for new devices and gadgets that will help make my home a safer place for Skippy. There's a new plug, for instance, to be inserted in electric outlets which are not being used—



it makes the outlet proof against small boys armed with screwdrivers, bent on seeing what happens when you shove the screwdriver into the outlet. There's also a new electric cord, with a reel to take up slack—no lengths of wire to trip hurrying feet. You can find these safety devices at your local stores now. They're a good investment for anyone with children.

On The Care and Feeding of Small Fry...

A boy, if he's healthy, is also hungry—what seems like ninety per cent of the time, at least! If you make certain that your child has the minimum basic requirements in his daily diet, he's very likely to be healthy—and hungrier than ever. This can turn into a kind of treadmill for Mother, but I love to see Skippy's healthy glow, so I don't object to constant prodding in the way of "When's dinner, Mom? I'm starved!" Dr. Dick Campbell supplied me, a while back, with a list of basic daily requirements for the diet of a child, and I'd like to pass this list along to all of you. Milk—one quart (supplies calcium) . . . Vegetables—one serving of potatoes, two of green or leafy vegetables (supplies iron, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates) . . . Fruit—one serving fresh citrus fruit, one serving other fruit, fresh or dried, cooked or raw (supplies vitamins, minerals) . . . Eggs—one daily or at least three or four a week (supplies protein, iron, phosphorus). Eggs can be served endless ways—they need never become tiresome . . . Meat, fish and poultry—one serving daily or at least five days a week; on other days, dried beans



or peas, peanut butter, nuts, cheese or eggs (supplies vitamins, proteins, iodine) . . . Cereals and breads—whole-grain or enriched, one serving cereal daily, one serving bread each meal (supplies carbohydrates, vitamins, iron) . . . Fats and sugars—butter, or oleomargarine with added Vitamin A; fat and sugar provide energy, and should not replace other foods listed here. Planning meals for two, especially when one of the two is a little boy, is no easy trick. Roasts, steaks and so on are too big for us—and they're a heavy drain on the budget, served regularly, anyway. Fortunately, both Skippy and I like stews, for they're an excellent way to serve meat and vegetables in combination. There are any number of variations possible, depending on the kinds of meats and vegetables you use, and all sorts of "trimmings"—such as dumplings. Skippy and I particularly like parsley in dumplings for lamb stew made with peas and onions, or a little poultry seasoning in dumplings served with veal. These are delicious, nutritious dishes and they can be made with a minimum of effort.

Life—

it centers around her child

By CAROLYN KRAMER
of The Right to Happiness

Editor's Note: Each month RADIO MIRROR's new feature, This Is My Life, will take you behind the scenes and into the home of one of your favorite daytime drama characters. You'll learn how she keeps house and what solutions she has found for the myriad problems that face all homemakers. You'll find new ideas for living—ideas on food, children, recreation, travel, budgeting, beauty, buying, decorating and all the other things that go into making the home one of the most satisfying careers a woman can have.



Nice change from reading aloud is learning and singing America's folksongs.

Making Things Easy...



I'm a confirmed believer in the easy way, especially in a house where children's high spirits have a way of translating themselves into extra work for Mother. I think, for instance, that rugs which can be shampooed on the floor at home, or better still, popped into the washer, are a great blessing.

Here's how my electric washer, good soap—Ivory and Duz—and I cooperate on cotton rugs. First, make sure all tufts are securely sewed. Shake well to get out sand and grit. Know the capacity of your machine and weight of rugs—don't overload the washer. Wash in warm suds. If heavily soiled, two short washing periods are better than one long one. The washing period should be three to four minutes. Rinse several times in clear, warm water. Spin drying will fluff the rugs to some degree—not more than six minutes. Hang rugs over two parallel lines away from direct sun or intense heat. Shake occasionally to fluff. In all cases, follow manufacturer's washing instructions, if such rules came with your rug.

"Shine Away Your Blues..."

When I'm alone and feeling a little out of sorts with the world, I like to take the advice of the old song and "shine away my blues." To me, there's something very satisfying about bringing back the beautiful lustre that helps to make the world look as bright as my silver again! Of course, best possible care for silver is constant service—use



it every day and you really won't have to resort to any particularly special treatment. But here's a short-cut that works wonders on large quantities of tarnished flatware, although it's not recommended for holloware, oxidized silver, or knives with hollow handles. Into a large aluminum or enamel kettle put sufficient water to cover the amount of silver you have to clean. Add one teaspoon of baking soda for every quart of water used. Bring to boiling point. Put in the silver, being sure each piece is in contact either with the aluminum or with another piece of silver. Boil two to five minutes, depending on how tarnished the pieces are. Wash, rinse, dry, rub with a soft cloth—and there you are!



By NANCY CRAIG • RADIO MIRROR FOOD COUNSELOR

Heard at 1:15 P.M. EDT, Mon.-Fri., on ABC. (Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen)

cheese!

Some like it mild, some like it sharp! But however you like it, there is a cheese to suit your fancy.

Cheese is a most adaptable menu item. It blends itself well with other foods. Or it can be eaten bite by bite alternately with fruit or crackers. There is a place for cheese in almost any part of the menu from appetizer to dessert. A sprinkling of grated Parmesan over French onion soup adds heartiness to a delightful dish. Macaroni and cheese is everybody's supper favorite and a Roquefort Salad Dressing makes a green salad an elegant dish. And who can resist a smooth, creamy home-made cheese cake?

Cooking with cheese can be easy and fun. Remember to cook it slowly. High heat toughens! Cheese is cooked when it is melted; and when it is melted it is hot enough.

MACARONI AND CHEESE

1 pkg. (8 oz.) macaroni	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard
3 tablespoons butter	2 cups milk
2 tablespoons flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. processed cheese,
1 teaspoon salt	grated
1 tablespoon grated onion	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup buttered crumbs

Cook macaroni, drain and rinse. Melt butter in a saucepan over low heat. Blend in flour, salt, onion and mustard. Remove from heat. Stir in milk. Continue cooking stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese. Stir until cheese melts. Add to macaroni. Place in a greased casserole dish. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

COTTAGE CHEESE CAKE

1 cup graham cracker crumbs	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
3 tablespoons butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mace
$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. cottage cheese	6 eggs, separated
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
	1 cup light cream

Work butter until soft. Blend in graham crackers and sugar. Press in bottom of 9" spring pan. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) 5 minutes. Cool. Press the cottage cheese through a fine sieve or whip it thoroughly in an electric mixer. Sift together $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of the sugar, flour, salt and mace. Add to cheese. Add well-beaten egg yolks and vanilla. Blend well. Stir in the cream. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. Gradually beat in remaining $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar. Fold gently into cheese mixture. Pour over cracker crumbs. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours or until a knife inserted in the center of the cake comes out clean. Allow to cool before removing the cake from pan.

ROQUEFORT SALAD DRESSING

$1\frac{1}{4}$ cups oil	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt
3 tablespoons vinegar	1 tablespoon lemon juice
$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup crumbled Roquefort cheese
$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika	

Combine all ingredients except the cheese. Beat with a rotary beater until well blended. Add a small amount of dressing to the cheese to form a paste. Pour dressing and paste into a pint jar and shake well. Makes $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups. (Cont'd on page 93)

*In their infinite variety,
the cheeses of the world--*



RADIO MIRROR

TELE



Super Circus

"Hurry, hurry, hurry," says the ringmaster—

"to the greatest television show on earth!"

The brass band blares out. Trapeze artists, highwire daredevils, artful animal acts and all the famed attractions associated with tanbark and sawdust parade across the screen. It's Super Circus, the big top itself, available to all kids all ages who can be reached via video. It's possible that some of the kids who view Super Circus would gladly exchange places with Bardie Patton, the boy who didn't have to run away from home to join the circus. Bardie plays Scampy, companion to clowns Cliffy and Nick. He had tagged along with his father, Phil Patton, producer of the show, to the studio the day a clown failed to show up. Desperate, Phil handed out a costume, saying, "Pin it up and get on stage, son. Follow Cliffy and do everything he does." Scampy, an instant hit, has been on Super Circus ever since.

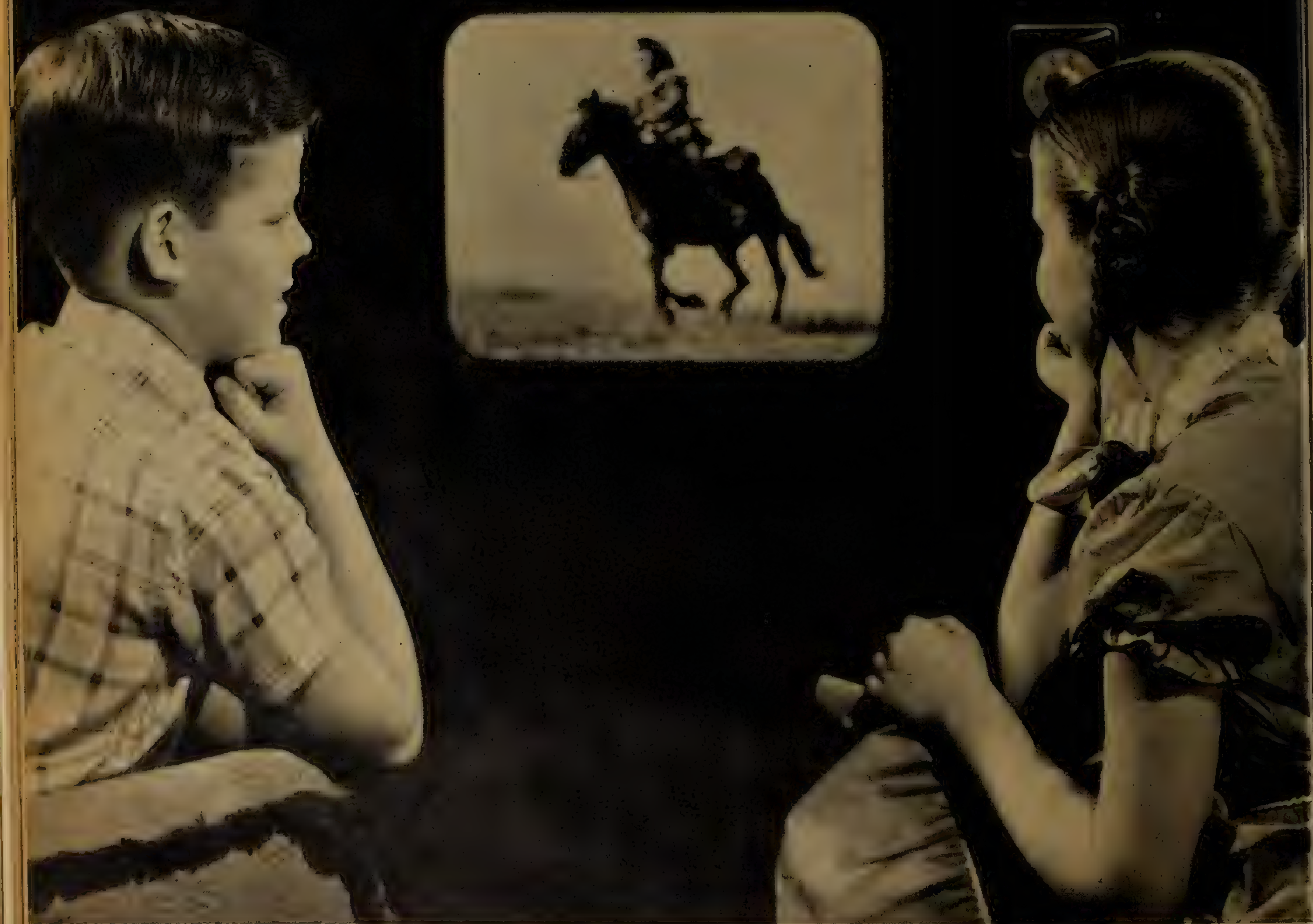
Blonde and beautiful Mary Hartline, Super Circus' Queen, with some of the dogs that perform under the TV big top. Upper right are colorful clowns Cliffy and Scampy.

Ringmaster in the grand manner is Claude Kirchner

VISION SECTION



TV—*and*



How will the new medium affect your children?
An expert on both subjects takes a long range
view and comes up with some common sense conclusions

your Children

By
PAUL WHITEMAN

There are rumors around that television is hurting our kids. Making them neglect their school work, keeping them indoors when they should be out, dishing out too much blood and thunder.

Maybe those rumors are true of your children, or of some of you kids who are reading this. But they're not true of most of the youngsters I know. And I know a lot of them. About three hundred appear every Saturday night in Philadelphia on our TV Teen Club program over the ABC television network, and several thousand more show up to watch the program and later to dance in the huge 103rd Engineers' Armory, the only place we could get that's big enough to house us all at one time.

These are just ordinary kids, most of them, like everybody else's. The ones that have to ask their parents if they can go to the movies, who have to get permission to take the family car on Saturday night, if they're old enough for that privilege. The kind whose mothers come in and put out the light if they think their children are reading when they should be sleeping. From what they—and their parents—tell me, the parents are exercising this same kind of control over their television viewing. Maybe it's a little harder, but they're doing it.

Harder, because in television we're dealing with a brand new invention that brings a combination of motion pictures, radio, theater, sports events and public forums and programs of all kinds right into the home, something that has never happened before. Many of these are things that interest growing children, have enormous impact, and require close concentration. Radio wasn't quite like this, although I seem to remember the loud, long hue and cry that went up when kids started doing their homework to the broadcasts of Como, Crosby and Sinatra.

I mention this trio because it hits home. Our daughter Margo used to keep us in despair because she did her homework with a radio blaring alongside of her. Yet we didn't have a leg to stand on when we started complaining, because she got such good marks. She very carefully explained to (Continued on page 84)



Like most youngsters, the kids on Paul's show love television. But they have taken it in their stride, accepting it as another thing that makes life better. Adult alarmists might take note.

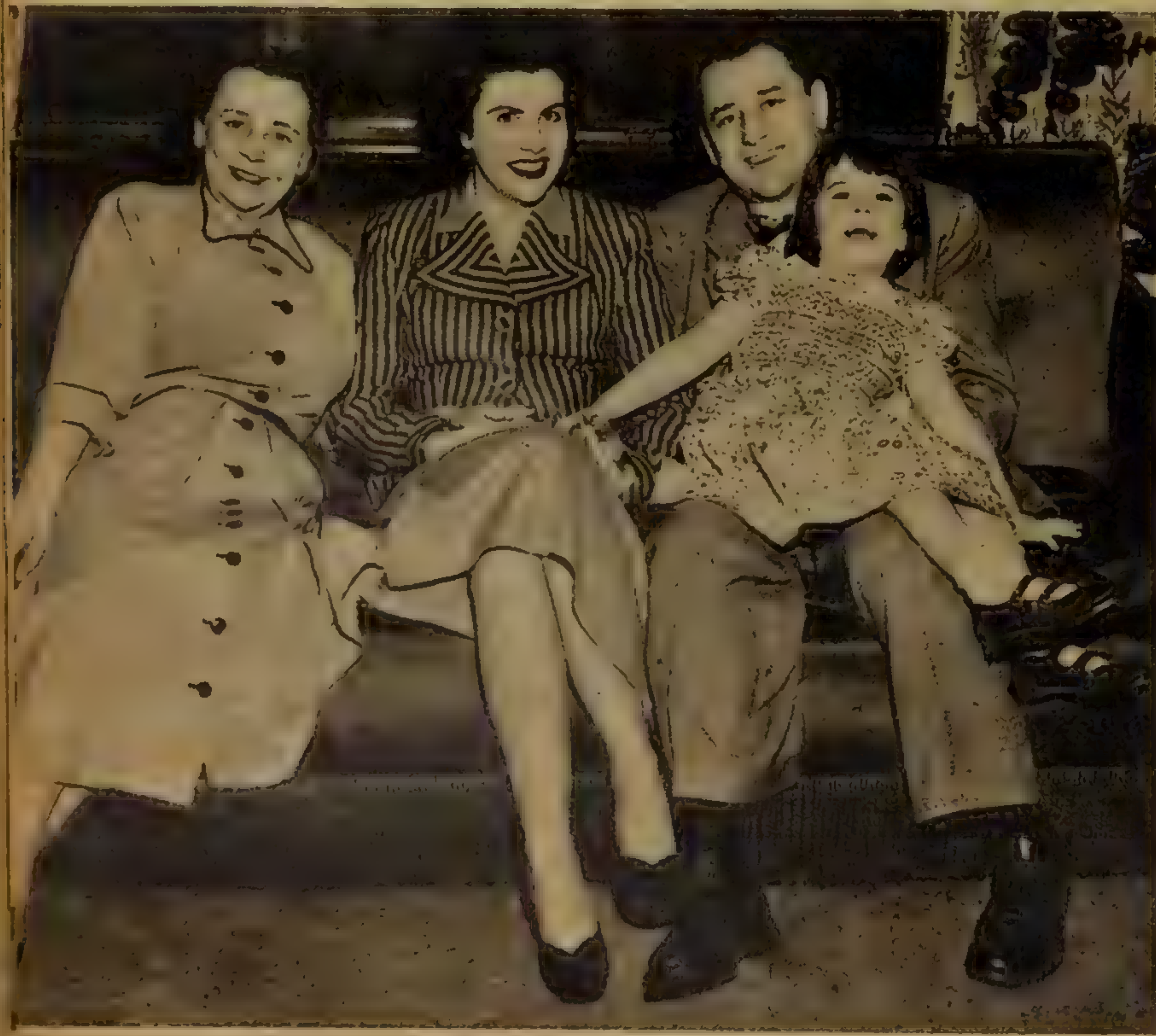
Paul Whiteman's TV Teen Club is telecast Sat., 8 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV, sponsored by American Dairy Assoc. Paul Whiteman Revue is telecast Sun., 7 P.M. EDT, ABC-TV. Sponsored by Goodyear Rubber Co.

SPEAKING OF

by Kathi Norris



"Hmmm, mommy, that's an interesting item." Four-year-old Pamela frequently wanders onto her mother's show to pick up hints.



Kathi's husband is Wilbur Stark, a producer. Tante, the nurse, keeps an affectionate eye on Pamela when Kathi is working on the show.

Television's expert

on the subject tells you

how to turn shopping

from a tedious task into

a challenging and

creative part of your life

Saturday night shopping in Newark, Ohio, my home town, was always an exciting adventure for me. Not that I went shopping with Mother every Saturday. That would have been too wonderful. Being the youngest of nine children, I had to wait my turn, about every third or fourth week.

My mother, who had to be a wise, careful, systematic shopper, taught me much on those early expeditions. I've learned many more tricks since then, shopping in New York for my own family (that means my husband, Wilbur Stark, better known as "Sweetie," and our four-year-old Pamela). And the rest I've learned by shopping for my television program, the Kathi Norris Show, from 10 A.M. to 11 EDT Monday through Friday over WNBT.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

SHOPPING



Pamela's birthday party, complete with fancy hats and noisemakers, was shared by Kathi's TV audiences, too.

The most important thing I've learned is that shopping begins with a list. Cartoonists love to caricature women who make little lists, but if said cartoonists were faced with being Chief Purchasing Agent for a household for just one week, they would find the ubiquitous list indispensable. Ubiquitous is a handy word I recently discovered to mean "everywhere at once." That exactly describes the little shopping lists I keep at strategic points throughout the house. Old envelopes and chewing gum wrappers simply won't do. Shopping is serious business and it should be done efficiently from beginning (the lists) to end. Snatch a piece of paper right now, head it "Shopping," and note the following items needed:

1 wall type jot 'em down pad, with pencil

attached, for mounting in kitchen.

1 notebook to use at telephone, pencil handy.

1 chunky pad with pencil for bedside.

1 small purse-size memo pad, with small pencil.

I have been looking for a manufacturer who will make waterproof notepaper so I can use my ball point pen and make shopping notes while in the tub. If I find one, I'll let you know.

Before venturing out your door on your next shopping trip, gather all these lists together and transfer the items onto your one purse-size memo. Make certain that you include notes about color preferences and correctly record all sizes and measurements. Visualize yourself actually shopping, and block your list according to stores and departments, (*Continued on page 88*)



"It's a solid drive into center field."



"Boy! That one went at least 420 feet."



"It's a high pop fly back of first."



"Looks like a new pitcher for the Yanks."



"A sensational catch! How about that!"

My Son

BY MRS. ANNA ISRAEL ALLEN

Baseball's most enthusiastic announcer is a Yankee fan first, last and always—that's one reason why he was chosen to report them. But his mother knows many more

Like most mothers, I like to talk about my children, and remember the things that happened when they were little. It is only now I am beginning to realize that so many things which didn't seem very important at that time were like signs to show me what would come later.

My son Mel was already an entertainer by the time he was two and a half, but I never dreamed that some day he would be doing sports commentary on radio and television and for the newsreels. When he was hardly more than a baby he used to do a little jig and if any group in our town wanted to put on a show to raise money for a church or school fund, they always called on Mel. By the time he was four he was playing end man in a children's minstrel show for charity.

Of course no one in our family took any of this seriously. My brothers are musicians and my father was a well-known cantor, but neither Mel's father nor I were ever in show business.

The next thing we knew, Mel was interested in sports. I think he learned to read by poring over the sports pages of the newspapers as much as from his school books. His father would take him to baseball games and then Mel would explain baseball to my father, who decided it must be a fine game to keep a child so interested.

There's a story to tell about Mel's early love for sports, although it comes later, when he was in high school. All my children got good marks—Mel, and his brother, Larry, who is eight years younger, and Esther, who is in between. But I was always worrying because other children stayed in and studied after school and Mel would rush right out to the neighborhood drugstore to get the baseball scores and mark them up.

"Listen, son," I would say to him. "Do me a favor and study. If you don't study you won't pass your grades, and some day they will send you home with all your books." (Continued on page 105)

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION

MEL ALLEN



Mother's cooking is what keeps the menfolk happy and these are no exceptions. Hard-working Mel is especially appreciative of home-cooked meals, but so are his father, Julius and his brother, Larry. The family has had to make room in the apartment for Mel's trophies.

What does a baseball announcer do on his night off? Listen to other baseball announcers, of course! Mel does the commentary on every other Yankees' home game, telecast by WABD and for all tour game telecasts; sponsored by P. Ballantine & Sons. He also does all radio broadcasts of Yankee games, on Station WINS in N. Y., sponsored alternately by P. Ballantine & Sons and the White Owl Cigar Co.





ART LINKLETTER'S

Nonsense

IT HAPPENED IN . . .

1498—Savonarola, preacher against luxury and power of the clergy, was burned as a heretic in Florence . . .
1519—Cortez invaded Mexico . . . 1618—Thirty Years War began in Bohemia, between Catholic and Protestant armies . . . 1620—Puritan separatists from the Church of England, some of whom had been living in Holland since 1609, embarked from Plymouth, England, on September 16, in the Mayflower, for the New World, one hundred one passengers, forty-eight crew members . . .
1774—The Continental Congress, called by Virginia, met in Philadelphia on September 5.

* * *

LORD CHESTERFIELD SAID:

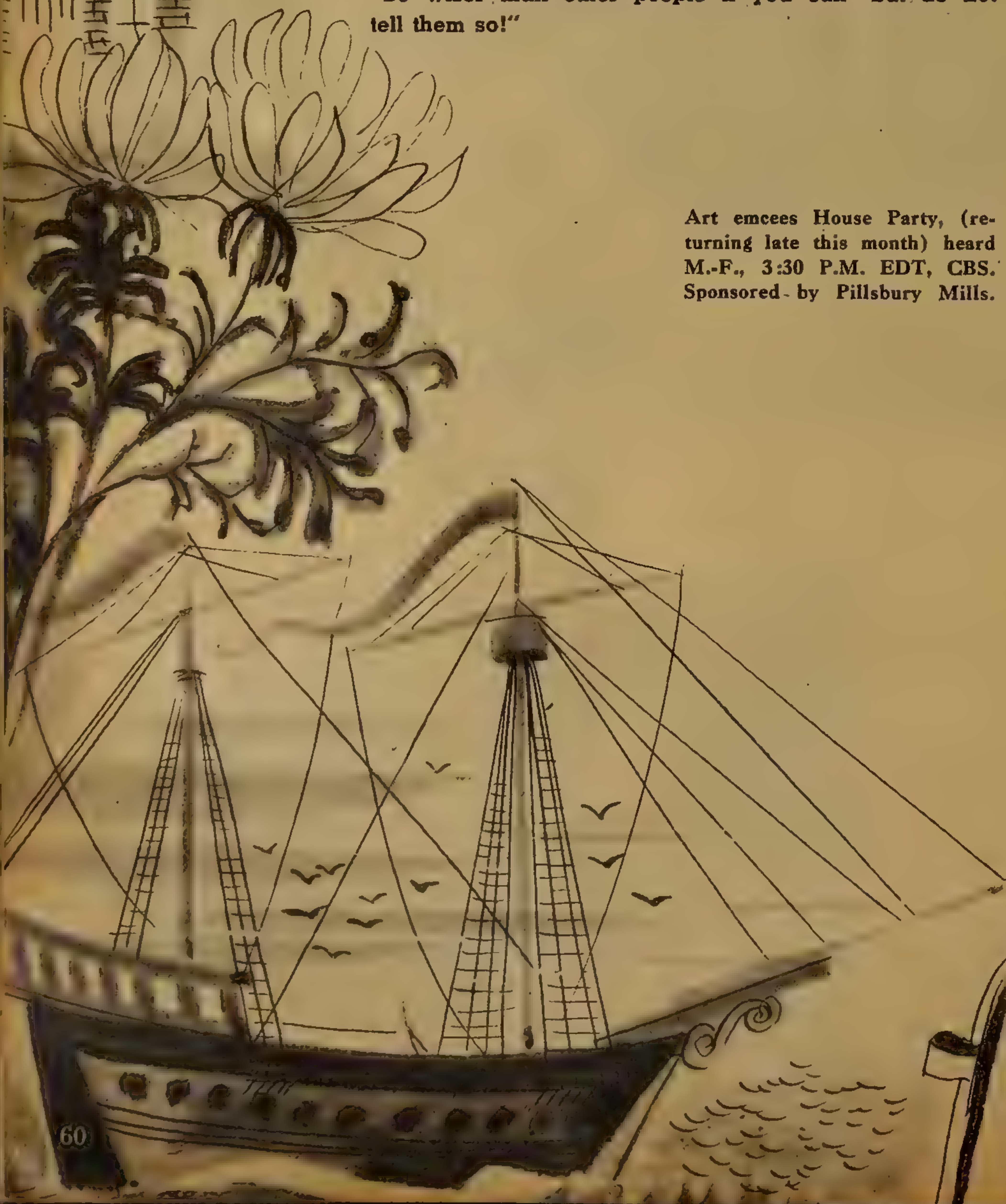
"Be wiser than other people if you can—but do not tell them so!"

Art emcees House Party, (returning late this month) heard M.-F., 3:30 P.M. EDT, CBS. Sponsored by Pillsbury Mills.

* * *

LITTLE LEXICON . . .

Here's our learn-a-new-word-a-day department . . . If someone says your Uncle Gus is *taciturn*, don't take offense—it simply means Gus is not a very talkative fellow . . . If someone stops you in the movies to ask you to show him the nearest *egress*, point out the door marked "exit"—he wants out . . . Old ladies often are given to *euphemism*—which is not a vice, but simply a manner of expressing a distasteful thought in terms that seem more acceptable, like saying "passed away" instead of "dead."





and Some-sense

IT HAPPENED ON HOUSE PARTY . . .

Linkletter (to a group of children ranging in age from five to seven): What do you think it means to be rich?

Little boy: To be able to buy a whole school.

Little girl: To have a fur coat.

Another boy: To have money in the bank.

Another girl: To have a house.

Linkletter: Who is the most important person in the world to you?

Boy: Santa Claus.

Girl: A fireman, because he'll save you in a fire.

Another boy: Daddy.

Another girl: The postman, because he brings the mail.

Another boy: God, because he made us.

* * *

If you're a fortune-teller—be sure to have your college diploma neatly framed and hanging on the wall, if you want to do business in Knoxville, Tennessee. There by law, fortune tellers must be college graduates!

* * *

READERS' OWN VERSE—OR BETTER . . .

STOP-GAP

This instinct thing is marvelous,
But overdone, one must confess;
Most of us substitute it for
Intelligence we don't possess!

—Ray Romine

READERS' OWN LITTLE WILLIE DEPARTMENT . . .

Willie, in a mood for sport,
Hacked little Effie's leg off short.
Pa said, "As anybody knows,
'Twill save us half for shoes and hose!"
J. Homer McLin

A LITTLE LEARNING . . .

Courtship and Marriage Division—Lois (Mrs. L., you know) has been reading up on courtship and marriage customs for some reason known only to her charming self. Anyway, she's come up with some really choice items, some of which we can't bear to keep to ourselves, so we're going to pass them along to you from time to time. For instance: by 1850 the custom of bundling was long out of date (darn it!) and gatherings like quilting bees and corn huskings were all the rage as proper places for the young folks to gather. An *étiquet* book of the period offers the following conversation as a sample of how a well-bred young gent should approach a ditto young lady in quest of the pleasure of seeing her to her door. "Miss. Genevieve, will you allow me to be your protector home?" Polite answer to such a question, the book announces with a straight face, was: "With pleasure, sir—if my company will repay you for your trouble!" . . . Here's another little honey: in the eighteen-seventies or thereabouts, the bride, as in the present-day scheme of things, approached the altar at a church wedding on her father's arm. However, the groom did not, as he does today, sort of materialize from a door at the side. He was part of the show. Directly behind Poppa and daughter, Momma marched down the aisle with the groom in tow, to deliver him safely into the hands of the clergyman!





He couldn't talk, he couldn't think. It was as though all his dreams about Maggie had dissolved in that one dreadful moment.

Editor's Note: Here, in story form, RADIO MIRROR brings to you one of the most memorable moments from *Road of Life*.

Do you know much about moods? You're a lot better off if you don't, but I guess most women have plenty of experience with emotional ups and downs. Most men too, probably, only men aren't so quick to admit it. Maybe men don't recognize their moods. Jim used to say men weren't always going around looking for trouble—implying that women were.

Not being a placid type, I've had my share of highs and lows all my life. But not until I came to live in Merrimac—about two years ago—did I find out just how high I had it within me to soar . . . or how low despair could drag me. This is knowledge I could very well do without. All I want now is to keep to the middle of things—the even, quiet middle. When I find out how to go about arranging this placidity, I'll be happy. Maybe. What else is there to hope for?

You understand—no town, no place, can have so much influence of itself. "Merrimac" is just a way of putting off saying "Jim Brent." For it was when I came to Merrimac and started to work as a technician in the laboratory of Wheelock Hospital that I met Jim, who is Wheelock's Chief of Staff.

Everything scared me in those days . . . Jim particularly. Lean, forbiddingly tall, his brown face thrown into sharp relief by the starched whiteness of his tunic, he moved about the lab with stern remoteness that would have induced timidity in the bravest soul. And mine was far from that. I was just beginning to stand on my feet, to rediscover my personality, after some harrowing years . . . a marriage that had failed, an almost hopeless fight to recover my son, and my sanity . . . years of the kind of thing that can happen when once you've made a really serious error of judgment, like marrying the wrong man. But Tommy, now seven, was with me again at last; we had our little house on Spring Street, prim and white and self-respecting. Tommy had a good school, fresh air and a back lawn to play on, and he was making friends. Merrimac is a good town to grow up in; I wasn't much worried now about Tommy. But me . . . well, I had a job and that was wonderful, but Jim Brent's frowning, preoccupied manner didn't do much for the self-confidence that so needed building up.

As far as moods go that was a low period. As I made friends in town, it got better, of course. (Continued on page 94)

Few loves have faced
so grave a challenge as the
one confronting Jim
and Maggie. And few loves
have faced one more gallantly



Fence around the stars

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

by MARGARET LOWELL

The Road of Life is heard M.-F. at 3:15 P.M. EDT on NBC. Sponsored by Crisco, a Procter & Gamble product.

Daytime

Diary

AUNT JENNY



Aunt Jenny
heard on
CBS 12:15 P.M. EDT

Aunt Jenny is currently telling a story of misguided sacrifice—the kind of sacrifice that occurs in many families when complete honesty does not exist among its members. In order to send their son through medical school, his parents have foregone luxuries that might have eased their lives, and have indirectly prevented the marriage of their daughter, who feels she must continue working to help out in family expenses. When the daughter learns that the money her brother has received has not paid his way through school but had gone instead to support the girl he secretly married, she makes a long-overdue revolution in her own way of life, and gains the happiness she deserves.

BRIGHTER DAY



Althea
heard on
CBS 2:45 P.M. EDT

Liz Dennis, minister's daughter, has discovered for herself that you can't go to Hollywood and come away unchanged. Liz's original plan to act as companion when her sister Althea begins a screen career is rudely upset when she herself falls in love with the dynamic young producer, Nathan Eldredge. Frightened by the gulf in their personalities and outlooks, Liz runs away from Nathan to Three Rivers and Papa Dennis's comforting, wise support. But is Nathan the man to let Liz escape him, now that he has found her? And does Liz, in her heart, really want to escape? What will it do to her life when Manny Scott brings her Nathan's letter?

BACKSTAGE WIFE



Larry Noble
heard on
NBC 4 P.M. EDT

When Rupert Barlow agreed to finance a new play starring Larry Noble, Mary Noble's home was threatened, for Rupert found her so attractive that he began to use every possible device to separate her from Larry and persuade her to marry him. Now the Nobles have become involved with Claudia Vincent, whose grievance against Rupert gained her the sympathetic ear of Larry. Mary protested when Larry invited Claudia to stay at the Nobles' home, sensing that Claudia is untrustworthy, but Larry insisted that Claudia really deserved help. Is Mary right in thinking that Claudia has some reasons of her own for wanting to be close to Larry?

DAVID HARUM



Aunt Polly
heard on
NBC 11:45 A.M. EDT

David faces the ancient problem of an old husband with a young wife when his friend Ed Brice returns to Homeville with a wife, Ina, only two years older than Ed's twenty-five-year-old daughter, Lucy. Scornful and bitter, Lucy refuses her step-mother's advice and persists in her determination to break her engagement to Herbert Elkins and attach herself, instead, to his good-for-nothing brother, Denny. To teach Lucy a lesson, Ina flirts with Denny, and in great distress Lucy appeals to David for help. Will she accept his warning that she is headed for trouble unless she changes her attitude toward Ina? Or is she too young and headstrong to make any changes?

BIG SISTER



Dr. John Wayne
heard on
CBS 1 P.M. EDT

Ruth Wayne, increasingly suspicious of the strange, wealthy Parker, is relieved when despite his subtle efforts to cause trouble the love affair between Mary Winters and Dr. Ken Morgan comes to a happy ending with their plans for marriage. But she remains wary, for her young brother Neddie has put himself foolishly in Parker's power. And she believes that Parker has every intention of turning her own husband, John, against her, as successfully as he has already interfered in the marriage of Valerie and Reed Bannister. What are Parker's real motives in this drive of his for power over Ruth's friends? Will she understand them in time to prevent his ruining several lives?

FRONT PAGE FARRELL



David Farrell
heard on
NBC 5:45 P.M. EDT

David Farrell, star reporter for the New York *Daily Eagle*, becomes a key figure in a glamorous case when his paper assigns him to get the story of the death of Louise Gaylord, who falls overboard from the yacht of Ted Hamilton. David's suspicions are aroused when he realizes that Louise Gaylord was a former swimming champion. It would be most unlikely that she would die by drowning if her fall overboard had been just an accident. With the help of Sally, his wife, David Farrell brings to light the truth behind Louise Gaylord's death—a mystery in which a parrot named Laura plays a very important part.

Here's your Radio Mirror guide
to daytime drama—information on
plot, characters, time and station



Toby Nelson
heard on
NBC 3:00 P.M. EDT

Texas is a strange place for Chichi Conrad, born and brought up practically on the sidewalks of a great metropolis. But she finds her way there when her old friend Toby gets himself engaged to the charming young daughter of a wealthy Texan—a girl called Kitten, and acting like one. In spite of the assurances of both Toby and Chichi that for years and years there has been only friendship between them, Kitten finds Chichi too attractive to be trustworthy, and shows her claws in one or two scenes that leave Toby slightly shaken. Is there good will in Kitten's heart when she introduces Chichi to the devastating Cal Duncan, with his good looks and his bad reputation?

GUIDING LIGHT



Ray Brandon
heard on
CBS 1:45 P.M. EDT

People usually say that a child is just the thing to bring a husband and wife closer together. This has not been the experience of Meta and Ted White, who have come almost to a sword's point over the upbringing of their small son Chuckie. Ruthlessly preventing Meta from exercising any influence over Chuckie, Ted tries to force the boy into a pattern which he obviously does not fit. Infuriated by what seems like cowardice, Ted takes Chuckie on a camping trip too rugged for the child's strength. Wild with fear, Meta tries to control herself, but cannot suppress the premonition that trouble of tragic proportions is on the way to her . . . and perhaps to Chuckie himself.

LORENZO JONES



Sandy Matson
heard on
NBC 4:30 P.M. EDT

"Double, double toil and trouble," is one of the most appropriate mottoes that Lorenzo Jones might adopt, if he were interested in mottoes. The more he toils—over his inventions, that is, not over his legitimate occupation as mechanic at Jim Barker's garage—the more trouble he stirs up for himself and his loyal wife Belle. Belle's loyalty does not prevent her from uttering an occasional complaint, particularly when Lorenzo's inventions, instead of making the millions which he confidently predicts, seem to have the knack of involving him in constant difficulties with the law. The last time it was a bank robbery accusation. What, Belle wonders, is going to come next?

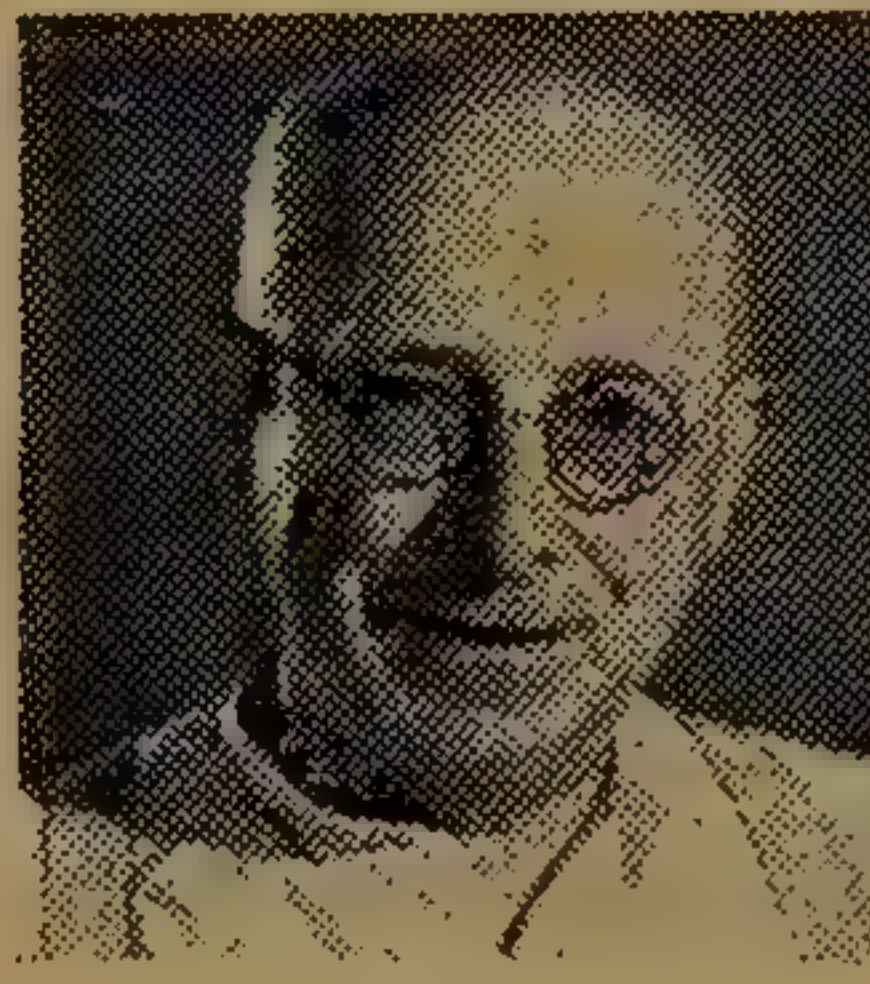
HILLTOP HOUSE



Grace Dolben
heard on
CBS 3:15 P.M. EDT

A few months ago, Julie Paterno was a happy wife, working at a job she loved. Now, as the aftermath of a tragic accident, she is a widow. Only the job is left, and Julie, knowing her sanity depends on it, throws herself desperately into her work as supervisor of Hilltop House, the Glendale orphanage. Unaware as yet of Dr. Jeff Browning's personal interest in her, Julie is disturbed by his mysterious connection with the little French boy who is placed at Hilltop by Jeff himself. Is he Jeff's son? Or is he connected in some way with the woman to whom Jeff was once married? As her problems multiply, will Julie manage to forget that she has lost Michael?

MA PERKINS



Shuffle Shober
heard on
CBS 1:15 P.M. EDT

Shuffle Shober, old as he is, has started a new life as the result of the maneuvering of Ed and Sylvester Hammacher, Ma's cousins. Having decided that if they are to gain control of Ma's lumber yard they must first get rid of Shuffle, her confidential assistant, the Hammachers succeed in doing so by dragging up an ancient scandal which Shuffle cannot face. He leaves Rushville Center and takes a job in Middleboro at Mr. Boswell's yard, at the same time entering upon a peculiar but mutually beneficial living arrangement with his young friend, Marietta. Ma retains affection for Shuffle, but even he cannot convince her the cousins have not yet finished disrupting her life.

JUST PLAIN BILL



Bill
heard on
NBC 5:30 P.M. EDT

Deborah Walsh, a young friend of Bill's, in a mistaken belief that she is not good enough for Nicholas Webster, gives him up and plans to marry Ronald Lewis, a ne'er-do-well who is after her money. She hopes that her sacrifice will reunite Nicholas with his wealthy father. But after a furious fight with Nicholas, Ronald is accidentally run over by Nicholas' father, and the situation takes a turn tragically different from that which Deborah hoped for. When he recovers, Ronald and his scheming, determined mother lay their plans to make life very difficult for both of the Websters, and Deborah herself is bound to be one of the chief victims as their plot winds to a climax.

NONA FROM NOWHERE



Vernon Dutell
heard on
CBS 3 P.M. EDT

As Nona Brady's film career gets underway, she and her foster father, Pat Brady, become the targets for an unscrupulous group of schemers whose real aims have not yet become evident. One of them is Viola Vance, who has been hired to coach Nona for her first important role. Pat, aware that there is something familiar about Viola, may not remember what it is until it is too late. And Errol Dunbar has some part to play in the plot of which Nona is the center. Also, there is Daphne Reed, whose confession that she is Alice Foster whom Vernon Dutell once loved rings just a bit false. Though Vernon loves Nona, even he may not be able to control the threat menacing her career.

OUR GAL SUNDAY



Lord Henry
heard on
CBS 12:45 P.M. EDT

It is one of the severest trials of his life to Lord Henry when he learns that the young lawyer, Kevin Bromfield, is in love with his wife Sunday. Kevin, anxious not to cause Sunday any trouble, has offered to marry Marcia Gordon, whose father's recent death has made her a wealthy girl. But the fortune-hunting Howard Crale also has designs on Marcia. He had worked hard to attract her mother when he believed that it was she who was to be her husband's heir and he has no intention of allowing a fortune to slip through his fingers now. Turning his attentions to Marcia, Howard upsets Kevin's plan and may interfere drastically in Sunday's life.

PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY



Father Young
heard on
NBC 3:30 P.M. EDT

Pepper is beginning to wonder if being Mayor of Elmwood isn't just a pain in the neck—as he puts it. Some years ago, a local contracting firm put up a big, expensive new dam outside the town. It cost plenty of taxpayers' money, and was just about up when it came down—the work of months destroyed in a few moments because of the inferior quality of cement that was used in its construction. Now Pepper is aghast when the town council votes to award the contract for the new school to the same, obviously crooked, firm that put up that dam! At first he is merely angry; then he begins to wonder who is behind this action?

PERRY MASON



Della Street
heard on
CBS 2:15 P.M. EDT

Young Kay Clement is learning the hard way that it's not always possible to put our mistakes behind us just by saying we're sorry we made them. Her brief excursion into the dim world of marijuana-smokers left her shaken and repentant, ready to do all she could to help Perry Mason clean up the gangsters who keep the drug-peddling racket alive. Though he does his best to give both Kay and her parents every protection, Perry slips once . . . just long enough to let the drug-peddlers get their hands on Kay. How much mercy will they have on this girl, who can bring fatal evidence against them? And can she ever recover from such terrifying experiences?

PORTIA FACES LIFE



Portia
heard on
NBC 5:15 P.M. EDT

Ever since Walter Manning got mixed up with the industrialist, Staley, his marriage to Portia has suffered. Finally he decides to leave town, bitterly declaring that his attractive brother Christopher, who is in love with Portia, will be a better husband for her. A grim roadside accident, however, sends Walter to a nearby hospital with a serious concussion. Recovering, he is bewildered to find himself involved with a strange—and, though he does not know it yet—murderous pair, Beauty and Paul Ingersoll. Portia and Christopher, having traced Walter to the scene of the accident, believe him dead. Will they reach him before the Ingersolls endanger his life?

RIGHT TO HAPPINESS



Carolyn Kramer
heard on
NBC 3:45 P.M. EDT

In a few short months, Carolyn Kramer has lost every hope of happiness. After a bitter court contest, her former husband, Dwight Kramer, wins custody of their son Skippy. Turning for help to her fiancé, Miles Nelson, Carolyn realizes that most of his attention is concentrated on his campaign for the governorship, and that she will have to wait until the election is over for real assistance from Miles. Carolyn, distraught, makes an attempt on her own to get Skippy back. Her unwise action makes her situation worse rather than better, and results in the indefinite postponement of her marriage to Miles. With her happiness blocked on all sides, what will Carolyn do?

ROAD OF LIFE



Beth Lambert
heard on
NBC 3:15 P.M. EDT

By the terms of the will of a member of the Overton family, a new hospital is to be built in Merrimac. But Conrad Overton claims to believe that instead of going into a new hospital, his brother's money should be put into expanding Wheelock Hospital, the already famous institution of which Merrimac has reason to be proud. Dr. Jim Brent, Wheelock's Chief of Staff, is puzzled by and somewhat suspicious of the motives behind Conrad Overton's offer. Knowing Overton, Jim cannot believe he will attach no strings to his gift. Is Overton planning to gain control of the research operations that have been so successfully conducted at Wheelock?

ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT



Helen Trent
heard on
CBS 12:30 P.M. EDT

Once again the wily Cynthia Swanson has managed to break up the proposed marriage of Helen Trent to Gil Whitney, by bringing to Hollywood a woman named Betty Mallory. Betty's claim that she is Gil's wife, and that Mollie Lou is his child, goes unchallenged by him, and Helen dejectedly cancels her wedding plans. Without advertising his plan, Gil goes to Marble Hill, Georgia, where he spent some time a few years ago and where his marriage to Betty is supposed to have taken place. His investigation turns up some startling facts about Betty herself, about the "marriage," and about Cynthia Swanson—facts which will prove Helen's faith in Gil is justified.

ROSEMARY



Rosemary
heard on
CBS 11:45 A.M. EDT

When Rosemary Dawson married Bill Roberts, he was recovering from a violent breakdown, the result of his wartime service. Life looked pretty good when Bill's new job took them to New York. But now tragedy threatens again as Bill, over-tired by the pace of the big city and terribly confused because of the strong attraction that Blanche Weatherby exercises over him, begins to fall apart. Tearfully Rosemary confesses to her foster-father, Dr. Jim, that she fears Bill is headed for another breakdown. If this is true, what will happen to Rosemary's marriage? Or is Bill's odd behavior the result of his realization that he no longer loves Rosemary?

SECOND MRS. BURTON



Stan Burton
heard on
CBS 2 P.M. EDT

Far in the past, now, is the fabulous episode in the lives of Terry and Stan Burton which took them to Europe on a secret mission for the U.S. government. Those days of dreadful danger seem comparatively happy when Terry thinks back to them, for when they return to the States the baby, Wendy, becomes ill with polio. Watching, praying through days and nights of terror, Stan and Terry almost forget that Brad, in spite of the maturing experiences he has gone through, is still only a teenager and needs attention and understanding. Their time and thoughts had been consumed by Wendy's illness. What will be the outcome of Brad's resentment at being "left out"?

WENDY WARREN



Don Smith
heard on
CBS 12 Noon EDT

When he took over management of the paper on which Wendy is a feature writer, Don Smith began to popularize it in a manner which Wendy did not approve. One of his changes is the hiring of Queenie, the gossip-mongering columnist whose relations with Wendy have long been warlike. Wendy, who has fallen in love with Don, tries hard to cooperate with his ideas, but life becomes especially difficult for her when Nona, the wife of Wendy's one-time fiancé, Mark Douglas, is killed abroad. Queenie starts rumors about Mark and Wendy which make Don furious. Wendy is upset, but is part of her disturbance due to the fact that Mark no longer has a wife?

STELLA DALLAS



Stella Dallas
heard on
NBC 4:15 P.M. EDT

What connection has the mysterious Ted Lamont, a guest at Minnie Grady's boarding house, with Mrs. Lennox and her daughter Marla, Stella Dallas' new friends? When Marla falls in love with Andy Conroy the situation tightens and part of the truth emerges . . . Ted Lamont is the ex-convict brother of wealthy Mrs. Grosvenor, the mother-in-law of Stella's beloved daughter Laurel. Why is Lamont in town? And why does he arrange for Stella to visit the old Lennox mansion in Boston? It is obvious to Stella that Marla Lennox likes and trusts Lamont. What effect will this have on her engagement to Andy Conroy, and on the secret of her mother's mysterious past?

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES



Joan Davis
heard on
NBC 5 P.M. EDT

Joan Davis, tragically paralyzed as the aftermath of an attack by a hysterical woman, courageously faces the future, fortified by the knowledge that her husband, Harry, has not given up hope for her recovery. But Joan's socially prominent mother steps in to make things hard for the Davises when she makes the unreasonable accusation that it is because of Harry and his mother that Joan is in such a miserable condition. Despite Joan's happiness in her marriage, her snobbish mother is convinced that she married beneath her, and now that Joan is helpless she has determined to separate her from Harry. Will this misguided woman succeed in causing trouble?

THIS IS NORA DRAKE



Nora Drake
heard on
CBS 2:30 P.M. EDT

Dr. Robert Seargeant, the psychiatrist whose business affairs are being administered by Nora's fiancé, Charles Dobbs, is able to cure Charles of a paralytic seizure, and wealthy Peg Martinson becomes obsessed with the conviction that Seargeant can cure her too. When Seargeant refuses to take her as a patient, Peg rakes up all her old antagonism for Nora, accusing her of influencing Seargeant's decision. Peg's hysterical outburst is particularly disturbing to Nora at this time, when she is worried about the just-married Morleys, Tom and Suzanne, who are starting off badly because Tom still harbors an infatuation for Nora. Seargeant, too, is attracted to Nora.

YOUNG DOCTOR MALONE



Dr. Jerry Malone
heard on
CBS 1:30 P.M. EDT

Lucia Standish, wealthy patron of the Institute of which she has made Dr. Jerry Malone the head, has at last gone one step too far in her passion for gaining power over people. Gentle Dr. Browne has suffered a nervous breakdown as the result of Lucia's subtle persecution. Will Jerry discover the years-old connection between Lucia and Dr. Browne that makes her so peculiarly vicious against the harmless old man of whom Jerry is so fond? In Three Oaks, Jerry's estranged wife Anne is still entangled with Sam Williams and his son Gene. Gene's mistaken assumption that Anne loves him has led to a situation in which somebody is bound to be hurt.

WE LOVE AND LEARN



Madame Sophie
heard on
NBC 1:45 P.M. EDT

Through an accidental combination of circumstances, Thelma Carlton discovers the truth about a dangerous counterfeiting ring. Before she can do anything about it, she is kidnapped by the gang. Shrewd Madame Sophie, the New York designer who loves interfering in other people's affairs, has long had an affectionate interest in Thelma and her young husband, Jim, and is horrified when she learns of Thelma's danger. Enlisting the aid of lawyer Paul Tracy, Madame Sophie tries to re-capture her. But before this usually resourceful pair succeed in rescuing Thelma, the girl's life is placed in serious danger, and Jim Carlton has to make a grim decision.

YOUNG WIDDER BROWN



Ellen Brown
heard on
NBC 4:45 P.M. EDT

Ellen Brown, who is on the scene when a series of shots is aimed at Louise Simpson, tries to help and is seriously wounded in the attempt. She is taken at once to the hospital, where her condition is pronounced critical. Her fiancé, Dr. Anthony Loring, too involved emotionally with Ellen, finds himself unable to operate, and calls on an out-of-town surgeon for help. Too busy to attend Ellen himself, the surgeon sends his woman assistant, Dr. Alison Shaw, to operate. Meanwhile Louise, who is in love with Anthony, is taking every possible advantage of Ellen's illness to promote her own artful campaign to attract Dr. Anthony Loring to herself.

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below are Eastern Daylight Time
For Correct Central Daylight Time Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	String Quartet	Local Programs	Let There Be Music	The Garden Gate Carolina Calling
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	World News Wormwood Forest Bach Aria Group O and H Miners	Elder Michaux Dixie Quartet Christian Science	Sunday Morning Concert Hall Voice of Prophecy	News E. Power Biggs Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	National Radio Pulpit Art of Living Morning Serenade	Radio Bible Class Voice of Prophecy	Message of Israel Negro College Choir	Church of the Air
11:00 11:15	Faultless Starch Time UN is My Beat	Back to God	Foreign Reporter Frank and Ernest	News Makers News, Howard K. Smit.
11:30 11:45	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Reviewing Stand	Hour of Faith	Sal. Lake Tabernacle

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	American Forum of the Air Eternal Light	Kiwanis Choral Groups Chamber Music	Music of the Day Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Roundtable	William Hillman Organ Moods Lutheran Hour	Dr. W. Ward Ayer National Vespers	Charles Collingwood Elmo Roper Dallas Operatta
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC Theater	Top Tunes With Trendler Bill Cunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Syncopation Piece Main St. Music Hall
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	The Truitts The Quiz Kids	Treasury Variety Show Hashknife Hartley	Speaking of Songs The Lutheran Hour	Your Invitation to Music
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Cloak and Dagger High Adventure	Hopalong Cassidy Martin Kane, Private Eye	Old Fashioned Revival Hour	Music For You
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Big Guy James Melton	The Shadow True Detective Mysteries	Think Fast	Louis Prima Sunday at the Chase

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour Western Caravan	Roy Rogers Nick Carter	Tris Coffin Don Gardner Music With the Girls	Main St. Music Hall Steve Allen Show
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	\$1,000 Reward The Saint	Affairs of Peter Salem Under Arrest	Voices That Live Amazing Mr. Malone	Guy Lombardo Hit the Jackpot
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Adventures of Sam Spade NBC Symphony with Guest Conductor	A. L. Alexander Enchanted Hour	Stop the Music	Percy Faith Much About Doolittle
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	My Mother's Husband	Opera Concert The Little Sym- phonies	Walter Winchell Louella Parsons Crossroads With Ted Malone	We Take Your Word Horace Heidt
10:00 10:15 10:30	Take It or Leave It The Milk Show	This Is Europe Dance Bands	Jimmy Blaine Love Letters Jackie Robinson	Contented Hour Summer Show



STEVE ALLEN—well known in West Coast comedy circles and now heard nationally on CBS, Sun. 6:30 P.M. EDT, is also a composer, poet and columnist.



CARMEN DRAGON—music director of NBC's Railroad Hour (Mon. 8 P.M. EDT) and star of his own NBC show (Tues. 8:30 P.M. EDT) left college three months before graduation to do one night stands. A year later, he was on the air after a successful audition for a San Francisco station. Married to a former actress, he has three sons.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandaires	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air John B. Kenneday	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Tips, Quips & Tunes Quick As a Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Local Program Doughboys	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Boston Symphony George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere This Is Nora Drake Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckie Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert's Record Ad- ventures Bobby Benson	Fun House Superman	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Bill Costello
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Garry Moore Stepping Out Larry Lesueur
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	The Railroad Hour Voice of Firestone	Bobby Benson Crime Fighters 8:55 Bill Henry	Ethel and Albert Henry Taylor Joe Hesel	Hollywood Star Playhouse Broadway's My Beat
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Telephone Hour Band of America	Murder By Experts Murder at Midnight	Melody Rendezvous Rex Maupin	Too Many Cooks Granby's Green Acres
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Night Beat Top Secret	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	United or Not This Is My Song	Leave It To Joan Summer Show

* Heard in southern & west-central states



BARTLETT ROBINSON—Walter Manning in *Portia Faces Life* (NBC, M-F, 5:15 P.M. EDT) has been in radio since 1936. He smilingly recalls the time he was assigned the juvenile lead in a father-son drama and the director, after hearing him read, decided his voice was too mature and made him switch roles with the actor playing the father.

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandairees	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbors Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Tips, Quips & Tunes Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Local Program Doughboys	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like A Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert's Record Adventures Bobby Benson	Fun House Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Bill Costello
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Garry Moore Stepping Out Larry Lesueur
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Who Said That? Starlight Concert	Count of Monte Cristo Official Detective 8:55 Bill Henry	Paul Whiteman Presents Gentlemen of the Press	Mystery Theatre Satan's Waiting
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Penny Singleton Presenting Charles Boyer	John Steele Adventure Mysterious Traveler	America's Town Meeting of the Air Erwin D. Canham Rex Maupin	Romance Candid Microphone
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town A Life in Your Hands	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Time For Defense Labor & Management	There's Music in the Air

* Heard in southern & west-central states

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50 Pauline Frederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandairees Inside the Doctor's Office	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
10:45				
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Tips, Quips & Tunes Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	News Echoes From the Tropics Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Local Program Doughboys	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Wendy Warren Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert's Record Adventures Challenge of the Yukon	Fun House Superman	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Time Bill Costello
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love A Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Garry Moore Stepping Out Larry Lesueur
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Dangerous Assignment The Falcon	The Hidden Truth International Airport 8:55 Bill Henry	Dr. I. Q. Cliche Club	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Break the Bank Mr. District Attorney	2000 Plus Family Theater	Detour Chandu the Magician	It Pays to be Ignorant ABC of Music
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Richard Diamond	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Champagne Music On Trial	Philip Marlowe Dixieland Jazz Concert

* Heard in southern & west-central states



MARY JANE CROFT—Mrs. Henderson on the nightly *Beulah* show (returning to the air on CBS, 7 P.M. EDT, Aug. 21) happened into radio when friend Frank Lovejoy (now a well-known actor) asked her to read with him for an audition. Frank didn't get that job but since then Mary Jane has had featured roles on almost every network show.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50PaulineFrederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandaies	Robert Hurleigh Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This Is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Tips, Quips & Tunes Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News The Note Noodlers Hometowners	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Local Program Doughboys	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Carol Douglas Local Programs	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For a Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert's Record Adventures Bobby Benson	Fun House Sky King	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Bill Costello
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World Irving Field's Trio Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Garry Moore Stepping Out Larry Lesueur
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Summer Show For Your Approval	California Caravan Mr. Feathers 8:55 Bill Henry	Gregory Hood Inner Sanctum	The Line-Up Mr. Keen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Cass Daley Duffy's Tavern	Limerick Show Vincent Lopez	Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour News, Paul Harvey	Somebody Knows Crime Photographer
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Dragnet Sara's Private Capers	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Author Meets the Critics Rex Maupin	Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar Hollywood Theatre

* Heard in southern & west-central states



EDMOND O'BRIEN—New York born star of Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar (Thurs. 10 P.M. EDT, CBS), started in show business as "Neirbo (O'Brien backwards) the Magician." While at college he won a scholarship to the Neighborhood Playhouse and began acting in earnest. With wife Olga San Juan and daughter Bridget, he lives in Beverly Hills.



MINETTA ELLEN—Mother Barbour of One Man's Family (M-F, 7 P.M. EDT, NBC) began acting only after she had raised and married a daughter of her own. She made her stage debut opposite J. Anthony Smythe (now Father Barbour) and in 1932 they were brought together again in the original casting of the Barbour saga.

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember	Local Programs	Local Programs 8:50PaulineFrederick	Margaret Arlen
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Southern Shindig Clevelandaies	Robert Hurleigh Tell Your Neighbor Tennessee Jamboree	Breakfast Club	This is New York Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Welcome Travelers Double or Nothing	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air John B. Kennedy	Bing Crosby Arthur Godfrey
11:00 11:15 11:30 11:45	Terkel Time Jack Berch David Harum	Behind the Story Heatter's Mailbag Bob Poole	Tips, Quips & Tunes Quick As A Flash	Grand Slam Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Echoes From the Tropics U. S. Marine Band	Kate Smith Speaks Lanny Ross Local Program Doughboys	Ladies Be Seated 12:25 Carol Douglas	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Vincent Lopez George Hicks We Love and Learn	Cedric Foster Harvey Harding Harold Turner Checkerboard Jamboree	Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Live Like a Millionaire	Game of the Day* Ladies Fair Queen For A Day	Welcome to Hollywood Chance of a Lifetime	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This is Nora Drake The Brighter Day
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Road of Life Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Bob Poole	Bride and Groom 3:25 Walter Kiernan Hannibal Cobb	Nona From Nowhere Hilltop House Winner Take All
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Local Programs Chuckle Wagon	Surprise Package Happy Landing	Strike It Rich Music Matinee 4:55 Hite and the News
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Mert's Record Adventures Bobby Benson	Fun House Green Hornet	Galen Drake Hits and Misses

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Lionel Ricau Clem McCarthy Sketches in Melody Three Star Extra	Local Programs	Local Programs	Jackson & the News Dwight Cooke Curt Massey Bill Costello
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	One Man's Family News of the World The Playhouse Richard Harkness	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Local Program Gabriel Heatter I Love a Mystery	Edwin C. Hill Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Garry Moore Stepping Out Larry Lesueur
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Stars and Starters We The People	Louis Prima Eddy Duchin 8:55 Bill Henry	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Cloud 9 Up For Parole
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Dimension X Confidentially Yours	Army Air Force Show Reporter's Round-Up	The Thin Man The Sheriff	Songs For Sale
10:00 10:15 10:30	Wanted Bill Stern	Frank Edwards Mutual Newsreel Dance Bands	Claremont Hotel Steel Pier Orch.	Escape Capital Cloakroom

* Heard in southern & west-central states

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Down Homers Coffee in Washington	Local Programs	No School Today	This Is New York Galen Drake Garden Gate
10:00 10:15 10:30 10:45	Fred Waring Show Mary Lee Taylor	Local Programs Leslie Nichols Helen Hall		Family Party Look Your Best
11:00 11:15 11:30	Mind Your Manners Archie Andrews	U. S. Marine Band Hoosier Hot Shots	Joe Franklin's Recordshop At Home With Music	News, Phil Shadel 11:05 Let's Pretend Junior Miss

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	News Public Affairs Luncheon With Lopez	Man on the Farm Dance Music	101 Ranch Boys American Farmer	Theatre of Today Grand Central Station 12:55 Cedric Adams
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	National Farm Home Cumberland Music Festival	Joseph McCaffrey Jerry & Skye Cumberland Valley Barn Dance	Navy Hour Roger Dann	Stars Over Holly- wood Give and Take
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Music U. S. Army Band	Game of the Day* Bands For Bonds	Operetta Matinee	Hormel Girls Fun To Be Young
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Music From Holly- wood	Dance Orchestra	American Jazz Where There's Music	Overseas Report Science Adventures
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Summer Show Racing News Choral Music	Carribean Crossroads Sports Parade	Recorded Music Racing News Treasury Band	To be announced Musical Notebook At the Chase
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Music Herman Hickman The Sport of Kings	True or False Radie Harris Twin Views of the News	Tea and Crumpets Club Time	To be announced Make Way For Youth

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Bob Warren Bob Considine Living, 1950	Music Al Helfer Helen Westbrook	Albert Warner News Cliff Cameron Harry Wismer Rex Koury	News From Wash- ington Memo From Lake Success Sports Review Larry Lesueur
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Voices and Events Joe DiMaggio	Hawaii Calls Comedy of Error 7:55 John B. Kennedy	Treasury Show Bert Andrews Buzz Adlan's Playhouse	Rate Your Mate Camel Caravan with Vaughn Monroe
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Saturday Dance Date	Twenty Questions Take a Number	Dixieland Jambake Hollywood Byline	Summer Show T-Man
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Your Hit Parade Tales of Texas Rangers	True or False Lombardo Land	Summer Show	Gang Busters Musical Revue
10:00 10:15 10:30	Chamber Music of Lower Basin Street Grand Ole Opry	Theatre of the Air	Treasury Show At the Shamrock	Sing It Again

* Heard in southern & west-central states

POETRY

SOME HEARTS

Some hearts wear love proudly, hold it high,
gather it close, and find it warm and good.

Some hearts wear living proudly; length of years
will come to these, and they will garner much
wisdom, tranquillity, surcease from tears,
will be their portion.

But some hearts will touch only the fringe
of living, and will break swiftly
and silently for beauty's sake.
—W. L. Small S/n U.S.N.

QUATRAIN

To them their joys are doubly dear,
Who, in some earlier time, have
known,
And buried in a nameless grave,
Some little sorrow of their own.
—Faye Chilcote Walker

MIDNIGHT HUNT

All night we heard the bell-mouthed hound
And marked the mystic trail he cried,
Through the ravine and down the wood,
Wailing, "Hide . . . hide!"

All furred, four-footed creatures, hide
Before the clangor of a race
That bears the strange dimensions of
A greater quest, a nobler chase,

As though winged beasts in Merlin's grove
Held jewel-eyed fantasies at bay.
If the pursuer gained or failed,
We at our window could not say,

But watched the night out. At the shots,
The magic, starlit world stood still.
Soon after, man and dog came down
What now was only Hacketts' hill.
—Margaret McAndrew

EXPLANATION

My heart looks up that it may
view
White drifting clouds on seas of
blue.
My heart looks up that it may see
A redbird in a green-laced tree.
My heart looks up to heaven's
smile,
Growing lighter all the while.
My heart looks up where there
can be
Naught but beauty . . . beauty
Looking down at me.
—June Brown Harris

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is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused
manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an effort to purchase
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DAN SEYMOUR—1935 was the key
year in the life of the emcee of CBS'
Sing It Again (Sat. 10 P.M. EDT), for
it was then, at the age of twenty, Dan
got himself a wife, a college degree
and a radio job. Since then he has
been heard on some of radio's biggest
shows and lives happily in a New
York suburb with Eloise and their
three children.

“Y”

is for
Youth



Home economist and author Ida B. Allen offers living proof of her recent best-seller *Youth After Forty*. She's kept young for years despite a hectic schedule.

No one is too busy to be youthful," said Ida Bailey Allen one of America's leading home economists when she visited the Burtons as a Family Counselor.

To prove it, Mrs. Allen has recently written a best seller entitled *Youth After Forty* and she's certainly an excellent testimonial for her own book. For years she's been keeping young while keeping one of the busiest schedules imaginable. It includes broadcasts, personal appearances and interviews, plus writing a daily newspaper column. She has also written forty-four books.

The very first question I asked Mrs. Allen was what she believed more than anything else makes a woman look and feel old before her time?

She explained to us that the relationship of the body to the mind plays the greatest part in a woman's physical being. Scientists term this relationship "psychosomatic."

"If you let pride master you, you'll become tense, high-strung and nervous. If you let hatred boil in your heart you can actually feel your blood pressure rise. If you indulge in gluttony, you become the prey of organic

disease. But above all, worry and fatigue are the worst corrodors of good health, youthfulness and peace of mind."

"If our emotions are so closely tied up with our physical self," I asked, "what are some ways we can control these emotions?"

"By devoting regular periods of time to what I call the three 'R's' Mrs. Allen stressed. These three 'R's' are Rest, Relaxation and Recreation."

Mrs. Allen explained that each one of the three R's has a very definite meaning. Recreation means refreshment of strength and spirit after toil. Relaxation has a different connotation, which is to remit, change attention or effort. And the third of the three 'R's', rest denotes freedom from all activity—quiet, sleep.

"Recreation can be active or passive. However, whatever it is, it must be a complete contrast with your daily work."

Relaxation, to do any good, must release all tension. Start to "let go" and relax during periods of enforced inactivity. For instance, when waiting for a slow telephone operator to get your number, un-tense, and benefit

from a few seconds' rest. Don't fret and fume.

Rest must be a longer period than the other two R's. It must be quiet, reposeful; for each period of activity must be balanced by a corresponding sustained period of rest. This applies particularly to every mature woman.

I was interested in Mrs. Allen's comment that along with one's fortieth birthday is the time to slow down, to conserve energy. "This doesn't mean stopping your usual activities," she said, "but merely carrying them on at a less rapid pace."

Another point that Mrs. Allen brought out was the fact that since the turn of the century, science has made it possible for all of us to live from fifteen to twenty years longer. These years, Mrs. Allen feels are in effect bonus years, and plans should be made early enough on how to spend these extra years.

When asked how she was going to spend her bonus years, Mrs. Allen replied, "I'm going to learn to play a real pipe organ. The first thing I'll play will be a chord of thankfulness for a lifetime of opportunity to love and serve—a great A-MEN."

Wednesday is Family Counselor Day on The Second Mrs. Burton, heard M.-F., 2 P.M. EDT, CES. Sponsor—General Foods.

By TERRY BURTON • RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

Are you in the know?



If your makeup melts, should you try—

- ☐ A cold splash
- ☐ The scrubbed-and-shiny look
- ☐ Patchwork

How to save face on humid evenings? First, before the shindig, use an astringent lotion (fresh from the ice box)—for a drying effect. Next, apply sponge cake makeup base, sparingly, and splash on cold water to "set it." Blot; then pat on the dazzledust. At calendar time, too, you can save yourself many an anxious moment. With Kotex, you're set to cope with any problem-day emergency . . . for that special *safety center* gives you *extra* protection.



Which color compliments a suntan?

- ☐ Orange
- ☐ Chartreuse
- ☐ Cerise

However you're toasted—well-done or medium—wear colors that flatter your suntan. Thumbs down on all three answers above (fooled you!). Choose *cool* hues; blues, for instance. Of course *white* outwows them all. And on certain days, it pays to be choosy—about sanitary protection. That's why Kotex comes in 3 *absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days), so you can select what's best for *you*. Try Regular, Junior, Super. Find the one just exactly right.



How to score with the hiring squad?

- ☐ "I can do anything"
- ☐ "I want to get experience"
- ☐ "Sell" yourself

You may want a job for some extra jingle-jangle—or a stepping-stone to a Dream Career. But why should the company want *you*? Suggest *specific* work you believe you can do, giving the boss-man (or lady) good reasons. "Sell" yourself. It inspires confidence. *You* can be confident, even on "those" days, with the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape* . . . comfort that helps you hold that job!



When shaking hands do you think it's smooth to—

- ☐ Remove your gloves
- ☐ Keep them on
- ☐ Say "Pardon my glove"

Remove your mitt or apologize for same? 'Taint fittin', kitten! A lady's gloves should "stay put." At least 'til she's seated in the theatre, or at a restaurant table. To stay hand-in-glove with *confidence* on "trying" days—put certain worries out of mind. Choose

Kotex! Those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. And for extra poise, get the extra comfort of the new Kotex Wonder-form* Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic! It's non-curling. Non-twisting. Washable; dries like magic!



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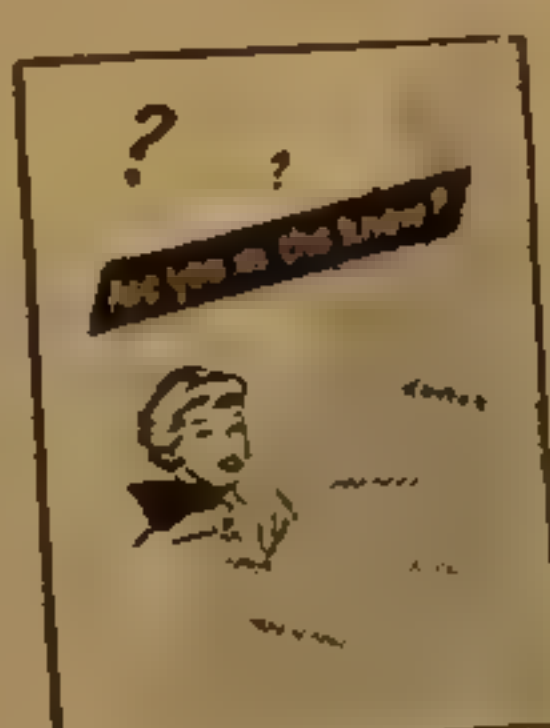
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Please send me the free booklet,
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Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Give and Take Man

(Continued from page 37)

assist with script, gags, plans, prizes and questions on his shows which, in addition to his regular network Give and Take performance include Missus Goes A-Shopping for local listeners five days a week.

Lunch at two is a business conference, though you'd never know it. The corner table that is permanently reserved for him in a midtown restaurant has more the aspect of a party. Friends stop by in a stream for laughs, gossip or a quick deal for a benefit show.

In the afternoon he blocks out coming shows, listens to newly recorded "secret sounds" which are a big feature of Give and Take, poses for pictures, dashes to the New York Athletic Club for a workout, grabs dinner, tosses off a Missus Goes A-Shopping show, and is still fresh for the hour's drive home, often to pack for the many out-of-town dates he plays each year.

Half of the mornings each week he works in his tremendous garden in summer or in his study in winter writing script, answering mail, breaking to pick up the little girls at 11:30 for lunch and again at three when their school is out, before whirling into town for another show.

Sundays start with church with the family, then perhaps a session with his painting, a sail with the kids, a quick turn with the home-movie camera, or a barbecue dinner for all comers before the drive to New York for the show.

John was born in Atlantic City, which is still his mother's home. He broke into radio by a lucky accident when he was in his junior year in high school. Among other skits, his drama group put on a satire on local radio shows. The manager of WPG heard it. Fortunately he had a sense of humor and he invited the group to repeat the skit on his big station and to do others each week until the end of the term.

"It's a good thing vacation was near, or I never would have been promoted," says John. "Show business was far too fascinating. I hung around the station every spare minute. For the first time in my life I regarded the summer holidays with gloom—no more broadcasts. At the last minute I was spared the dreary prospect of three months of nothing but fun. I was offered a job as replacement announcer for the sum-

mer. That was really a glorious day."

That was the beginning of his radio career, though he didn't know it at the time. He was headed for Princeton and a career as a teacher of psychology—so he thought. He worked at WPG for the next four summers for pocket money. Gradually, he realized that his real interest was his summer hobby. In 1935, complete with diploma, he sailed into New York to let the lucky networks fight for his talents.

"Curiously enough, there was not what might be called spirited bidding for my services," he says. "As a matter of cold fact, nobody would give me a job for love or money."

Gloomily, the future star went home for the summer when his funds ran out. At least he had no housing problem in Atlantic City. His mother owns the Kentucky Hotel, so he had a choice of one hundred and twenty rooms. From this more than adequate shelter, he carried on his job campaign by mail, and another campaign in person. The latter involved a young lady named Jean Abbott. CBS broke down and hired him as an announcer in September. Miss Abbott took longer to convince. They were not married until the following year.

"Our first place was one of the smallest apartments you ever saw," John remembers. "The rent was low, but so was my salary. There wasn't much left over after basic expenses were paid, so I kept hacking away at various ideas for shows of my own, all of which were greeted with total lack of enthusiasm and I kept on announcing."

Fortune finally cracked a small smile. One day a CBS salesman flagged John down in a corridor with, "Hey, do you play any kind of a musical instrument?"

"No," said John. "Unless you count the ukulele," he added as an after thought. (This was before Arthur Godfrey's rise to fame and the ukulele was considered nothing to boast about.)

"Well," said the salesman doubtfully. "It's better than nothing. Come on. We're going to a grocery store. You sing and ask shoppers questions. Anybody who gets the right answer gets five dollars. It'll be a sensation."

The stunt went well. King thought up a lot of nonsense queries like, "If it takes one hour to cook one duck, how many hours does it take to cook two ducks?"—a question that usually draws

the quick answer, "Two hours," from most flustered amateurs.

This experiment developed into Missus Goes A-Shopping, and proved to be great training for Give and Take, with its large audience and its enormous prizes. Everyone who joins King at the microphone for that show goes home with merchandise worth anywhere from ten to five hundred dollars, win or lose. King admits that he takes the most fun from giving the biggest prizes, and that it is a real thrill to him when somebody hits the jackpot—either in the studio or by mailing the right guess as to the secret sound—because that prize totals five thousand dollars worth of merchandise.

The story of the secret sound is interesting. It starts with the recording of many familiar noises—everything from the regular beat of a skipping rope swishing across a pavement to a toothbrush at work.

"It's astonishing how baffling everyday sounds can be when they are magnified," says King. "For instance, guesses about the toothbrush included 'train starting' and 'shoe shine!'"

Before a secret sound is chosen for a broadcast, it is tried out on a board of twenty listeners. If they guess it quickly, it is discarded. If it baffles the board, it goes on the show, where it does not always baffle the audience, however. The sound of Niagara Falls stumped the board, but was guessed the first time on the air. The same thing happened to the sound of a man drinking water. The board guessed everything from a goldfish nibbling dinner to the pouring of syrup on hotcakes, but the answer came from the audience the first time out.

"The hardest sound we ever had was the grinding of a pencil sharpener. It was eight weeks before an eight-year-old girl finally walked off with five thousand dollars' worth of prizes."

King has to know the answers, of course, but no one else on the show shares the secret. Mrs. King gets a steady trickle of fan mail pleading for a hint. She couldn't help, even if she wanted to. She doesn't know either.

King admits that half of the fun in Give and Take comes from the element of the unexpected. "Anything can happen when you get amateurs in front of a mike, and you never know what kind of an emergency will turn up next." I'll never forget the time, for instance, that one lady laughed so hard she broke a vital part of her undercover gear, and some dainty pink bloomers sank to the floor. I didn't see them at first, but I began to get roars of laughter such as I never had before. It worried me. "I'm not *this* funny, and I know it," I thought, as the audience drowned me out completely. There was nothing I could say, because I couldn't make myself heard. All I could do was adapt Sir Walter Raleigh's famous gesture to the occasion. I took off my coat, held it around my guest's ankles while she stepped out of her step-ins and retreated, much less embarrassed than I."

Another lady broke up the show recently with a perfectly matter-of-fact answer. She chose a baby-buggy for a prize.

"Oh, are you expecting?" King asked. "No," she said sweetly. "I'm sure."

And the King of Give and Take found himself taking a roar of laughter instead of giving one . . . and loving it.

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Kukla, Fran and Ollie

(Continued from page 27)

addition to Ollie's parents and the guests at their lodge, a bunch of pretty young girls from the barn theater came across the ridge to see our show.

They made quite a fuss over all of us, applauding Ollie as the local boy who made good in the big city, and inviting Colonel Cracky to be guest director for their next week's performance.

Maybe that was what did it. Or maybe it was because some one giggled when Madame Ooglepus missed a high note in the middle of one of her favorite arias. Whatever it was, it brought on an attack of temperament. Honestly, I didn't realize there was a thing wrong until the end of the last act. Just as I was giving the signal for the curtain to close, Fletcher Rabbit came lippity-lopping up the aisle carrying a bunch of flowers.

"Special delivery for Madame Ooglepus," he announced. "She said I'm not supposed to tell where they came from." In a stage whisper, he added. "It's a sort of secret romance."

Madame had quite a time grasping the flowers as she leaned over the footlights, for they weren't tied together with ribbon or anything, and again someone snickered. She just glared.

She wouldn't stay to have ice cream and cake out on the lawn, either. Nose in air, she bustled right past, and I thought I heard her murmur something about, "Limousine waiting . . . party at big estate . . . charming gentleman of wealth and culture . . ."

She still had part of the bouquet tucked in her hair when, the next morning, she joined the rest of us at the dock. Fran glanced at the flowers and remarked that blue always looked so nice with auburn hair.

That might have pacified Madame if Ollie hadn't run up exclaiming, "Guess what—we must have had a vandal in the audience last night. My mother's delphinium bed is stripped of every single flower!"

Fletcher's ears turned bright pink. "Goodness gracious, Ollie, all I did . . ."

Madame cut him short. "Fletcher! A secret is a secret. I didn't expect that from you."

Fletcher became suddenly busy helping Cecil Bill with the canoe. Considering themselves old salts, they had decided to paddle to the picnic grounds rather than cross in the launch with us.

The weather was perfect and so was our picnic spot. Oscar, the boatman, landed us on a lovely sandy beach, protected on two sides by great outcroppings of rock which jutted into the water to form a little bay. He helped us set on shore our hampers, blankets, bathing suits and phonograph, then called, "Be back for you after dark," and zoomed across the lake.

Buelah Witch took charge. "Let's play games, everybody. Have to work up a good appetite for dinner."

Fletcher teamed with Colonel Cracky to win the three-legged race. Mercedes' side won the tug o' war. Burr beat Fran when it came to running while carrying an egg in a teaspoon. We were all starving by the time Cecil Bill shouted, "Tooie, tooie, tooit" and rang the dinner bell.

He had spread the red and white checked table cloth over a big flat rock and on it had set everything you could ever want for a picnic. There were baked beans, potato salad, sandwiches,

three kinds of pickles and a big jug of lemonade. To top it all, Burr had driven to the village for ice cream and Fran had whipped up a delicious chocolate cake.

After that, we were quite content to stretch out and be lazy.

Fran asked, "Have you decided yet what to do with the rest of your vacation, Kukla?"

I nodded. "I'll spend part of it visiting all of our television stations, but right now, Burr Tillstrom and I are going to Nantucket. Fran, can't you come to Nantucket for a few days?"

Before she could answer Ollie har-rumped for attention. "I have an announcement. Much as I should like to remain here with my parents, I find that my duty to my public comes first."

When he takes that attitude, we know something is coming. "I have been told by outstanding critics that the ballad 'Thar She Blows' is the best in my repertoire. However, the whaling pageant which accompanies it could stand revision. Since Nantucket was once the greatest whaling port in the world, I have decided to do personal research on the spot. I shall peruse the documents of the Historical Association and visit the Whaling Museum. This summer, I shall be Ollie, the Scholar."

Fran said, "That's fine. So unselfish of you, Ollie."

While we were talking, the other Kuklapolitans had gone about their own interests. Fletcher, hoe in hand, was searching for new botanical specimens. Cecil Bill, carrying his fishing tackle, was working his way down the lake, trying his luck. Colonel Cracky was snoozing under a tree. Madame Ooglepus apparently had calmed down, for she was discussing Fall fashions with Buelah Witch.

It was Mercedes who broke up this pleasant scene. Wading at the edge of the lake, she had been too well behaved for it to last. I heard a sloshing noise and looked around just in time to see her sneaking up on the sleeping Colonel, carrying a sprinkling can. Madame Ooglepus sprang into action.

"You nasty child," she sputtered. Mercedes whined, "I didn't do anything. Did I, Kukla?"

I had to agree with her. She really hadn't—yet.

The Colonel sat up and rubbed his eyes. I thought I heard Madame muttering to herself. "Serves him right. That's what he gets for encouraging these young girls." However, I could have been wrong, for suddenly she was arch and coy.

"Colonel Cracky," she said sweetly, "I fear we are not making the most of this beautiful setting. There's the lake and there's a canoe. Since we can't go to Venice, I think it would be delightful to glide over the water, trailing my finger tips across its glistening surface."

Said the Colonel, "Unaccustomed as I am to the role of gondolier . . ."

Said Madame, "Nonsense. Anyone can operate a canoe. Come along."

The rest of us wandered off. I scrambled to the lonely side of a rock and brought out paper and pencil to try to start the book I intend to write this summer, but I didn't get very far. It was too nice a day to work, so I just loafed until Ollie got ambitious and called to help him gather wood for our campfire. We were foraging around

when we heard the most awful sounds coming from a distance. First there was a screech and then a bellow.

"What's that?"

Ollie cocked his head. "It's coming from Echo Gorge."

"Some one must be in great distress. We must help them." I shouted for the rest of the company. And from all sides they came running, asking, "What is it? What's happened?"

Worried, I counted noses. As I feared, the Colonel and Madame Ooglepus were missing. So was Cecil Bill.

Ollie looked serious. After all, he knows Dragon Retreat better than any of us. "Echo Gorge is dangerous," he said. "Mother always warned me to stay out of there. That's where the great granite cliffs narrow the lake to a river, and it spills down over Fisherman's Falls to the valley below."

Said Buelah, "Just a moment, kids, while I look over the situation." Seizing the light rope which had been tied around the hampers, she lassoed it over a pinnacle of rock and pulled herself up the sheer face of the huge boulder in true mountain climber style.

From this observation point, she called down to us, "You're right. It's Colonel Cracky and that silly woman. She would get him out in that canoe. It's riding low in the water—at her end of the canoe, of course."

My heart going pitterpat, I shouted back, "Buelah, what's happening?"

She peered out. "Looks like the current's got them, but don't worry. Nothing could happen to her. Now the canoe's caught again. Looks like the Colonel's working to get it loose."

Ollie quivered. "If he does, they'll go straight over the Falls. We've got to do something!"

Burr kicked off his beach shoes. "I'm going after them." With a long surface dive, he took to the water.

Fran wrung her hands. "It's too far, and swimming is too slow. Where's Cecil Bill?"

"Cecil Bill?" said Buelah, "Oh, I see him, too. He's just climbing the cliff right close to them. He must have been fishing below the Falls."

"Has he his tackle?"

"Sure," said Buelah. "The heavy deep-sea gear. And— whoops, there they go again! The Colonel and Madame Ooglepus, I mean. No, now they're stuck, and she looks plenty mad. Hope she falls in."

"Buelah," Fran moaned. "Can't you see they're in danger? If only you'd brought your broomstick. You could fly right out and rescue them."

The gravity of the situation finally struck Buelah. She said, "Sorry, my dear. I didn't realize. Well, if I haven't my broomstick, I've got the next best thing. My portable radar in my bonnet has a loudspeaker unit. Maybe I can talk them in like the control tower talks in an airplane."

Fran turned to me. "That won't work. Madame Ooglepus will never do what Buelah tells her, and she won't let the Colonel do it, either. I'm going up there." She began to climb.

I held my breath as she scrambled over the bad places, but Fran was sure-footed. In a moment she was beside Buelah. She grasped the microphone. "Cecil Bill," she called, and her amplified voice boomed out over the water. "Cecil Bill, stay right where you are."

I've got a job for you. Don't move." I couldn't stand it any longer. I told Ollie, "Keep Mercedes and Fletcher calm. I'm climbing up beside Fran."

It was a tough tussle, but I gained a foothold on a ledge just as Fran was saying, "Colonel Cracky, you'll be all right if you do exactly as I say. Now grab the branch of that sunken tree. You, too, Madame Ooglepus. Hold on and don't move until I tell you."

She searched the water until she spotted Burr, his arms flashing in strong strokes as he swam out from shore. "Burr, turn around. Don't try to reach the canoe. Go to the foot of the cliff, below Cecil Bill." She drew a breath. "Ready now? Cecil Bill, take your heaviest line. Cast it to the canoe."

I saw his arm flip back, but I was too far away to see clearly. The hook must have connected, for as he began reeling in, a reddish-orange object sailed through the air like a strange bird.

"Oh, no!" Fran's voice was pained. "Not Madame's transformation! Catch the canoe, Cecil Bill—and take care of that hairpiece."

Obediently, he removed it from the hook, placed it carefully in his tackle box and got ready to cast again. His arm drew back in what seemed to be slow motion. Suddenly there was a snap I could hear clear across the water.

"Grab it, Colonel," Fran shouted. "Make it fast. All right, Cecil Bill, begin reeling in. Slowly now! Help guide the canoe, Colonel. Take your paddle—keep it clear of that rock! Watch out for the next one. There's quiet water ahead. O.K., you're safe, but don't try any tricks. It's your turn, Burr."

I watched until I saw Burr grasp the prow of the canoe and haul it to shore. Fran said, "Whew, and I never thought I was an outdoor girl." Then I went down the rock, sliding most of the way.

They were a strange group as they landed on our beach. Cecil Bill, calm while everything was going on, had grown excited now and was chattering away. Colonel Cracky, crestfallen and embarrassed, was silent. Burr said to Fran, "If I ever let those kids out of my hands again, I hope you'll have my head examined."

But Madame Ooglepus took the cake.

She reached into Cecil Bill's tackle box. I recovered her transformation and calmly set it in place before she would speak a word. Then, in her best grand opera manner, she said coldly, "Really, my dear Kukla, I can't understand all this commotion. The Colonel and I were rehearsing our duets when you people interrupted us."

She adjusted an earring. "I can't say I appreciate it. We had just reached the spot where the echo was divine when suddenly it was drowned out by Miss Allison booming across the lake."

Fran said, "But, Madame Ooglepus."

Madame went on as though she never heard her. "To my mind, it was a very undignified performance. No lady speaks that loudly. And what's this talk about a falls? I didn't see any."

She flounced away without thanking Fran and Cecil Bill and Burr for rescuing her. She wouldn't look at Buelah.

For my part, I want the rest of our vacation to be calm and peaceful. I hope we don't have another adventure all Summer.

However, if I know the Kuklapolitans, we'll go on having them. We'll tell you all about it when we return to the air on NBC.

Love to you all,
Kukla.

You'll never forget

the day you try

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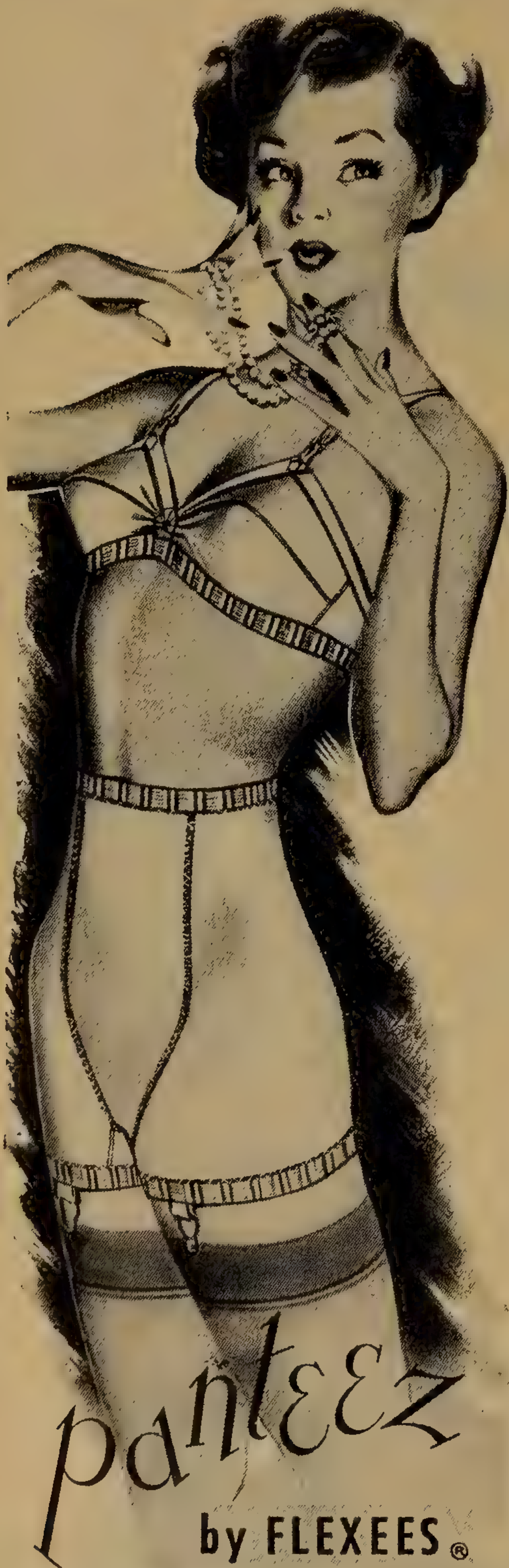


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AA, A, and B cups, 32 to 38. \$1.50.

Just ask your favorite store!

Radio's Own Life Story

(Continued from page 18)

the mandolin with a wild free grace. Lessons on guitar, fiddle, trombone, cornet and piano followed. By the time he was fifteen he had run out of new instruments to conquer and was forced to invent the bazooka. This inspired arrangement of two lead pipes and a tin funnel got him a carnival job at three dollars a week. From then on he was dedicated to show business, though Hollywood regarded him with a lack-lustre eye and so did radio when he knocked hopefully at the door. Not until Rudy Vallee gave him a break did fortune smile. After that one network spot, he was signed by Kraft and his tales of his Uncle Fud, Cousin Dud and the rest of his accident-prone relations took him to the movies.

On the soberer side, the Columbia Workshop, a sustaining show that ran until 1947, was to have an enormous influence on radio writing. It was set up at heavy expense by CBS to explore new dramatic forms and to encourage new talent. It served its purpose brilliantly. Irving Reis, an engineer, was one of its first shining lights. He left his control room to write and produce, and brought a fresh new talent, uncomplicated by other literary styles, to radio drama. He also was responsible for a new and vivid use of sound effect. He is now a successful film producer.

Well-known writers such as Archibald MacLeish and Irwin Shaw did their first radio writing for the Workshop. The most outstanding new author it developed was Norman Corwin, who joined it in 1938. His "Plot to Overthrow Christmas" had a big response, and after that he went on to write enough exceptional scripts to fill several books. Most memorable are his "We Hold These Truths," written at white heat after Pearl Harbor. It was heard on all four networks and reached the biggest single audience and playwright ever had—sixty million people. In 1945 his "On A Note of Triumph" was an even more memorable program to mark the end of war.

We, The People turned a bright new spotlight on the human side of people in the news. It was the creation of the resourceful Phillips Lord (Seth Parker). Some seven thousand people have appeared on We, The People to tell their experiences at the time they were making headlines—Joe Louis, Ernie Pyle, Harold Stassen, Schiaparelli, King Peter of Yugoslavia, Connie Mack—an astounding run of the famous as well as hundreds of lesser-known citizens who had a unique experience to tell.

Professor Quiz arrived and a new cycle began. (Its unknown young announcer, Arthur Godfrey, made little stir though he heckled the performers in a mild fashion.) Quiz shows were not exactly new. So far as we know, KMTR in Hollywood has the distinction of doing the very first in 1927 when the Do You Know and the Ask Me Another books were a brief fad. KMTR took advantage of the fever by urging people to gather quiz parties around their radios and entertain each other by calling out answers before the announcer did. It didn't catch on. Professor Quiz revived the idea and carried it a step farther by allowing audiences in his studio to compete for prizes. At the time, everyone thought it was just an inconsequential stunt, good enough to fill in for a few weeks

until a better show was found. Who cared whether or not some strangers in a studio far away won some prizes?

Who, indeed!

1937: Franco was attacking Madrid. Japan was bombing China in still-undeclared war. Amelia Earhart took out over the Pacific and disappeared, though for weeks the radio bulletins carried a note of hope. Marconi died of a heart attack at the age of sixty-three, having lived to see his "ether telegraph" completely change the face of the world. George Gershwin died at thirty-eight but left the air alive with his music. *How to Win Friends and Influence People* was a run-away best seller. Pocket books, a failure when sold through book shops, this year went on sale in drugstores and changed the reading pattern of the nation. The big song novelty was "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen." Joe Louis won the heavy-weight title. The Big Apple was the new dance. The Old Gold Puzzle Contest, started and the huge response to its bait of a fortune in prizes brought give-away shows a step nearer.

The thick air over the Dust Bowl blacked out the sun. "Okies" began to pour into California. On May 12 the whole world listened as the new King George VI bravely, slowly, painfully told his people on the air that he accepted the obligation of Empire. His coronation was described by dozens of American air reporters—a dress rehearsal of the news coverage our radio soon was to pour out of Europe. President Roosevelt's second inaugural speech was the sober, "I see one-third of the nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished..."

One of the unforgettable moments in radio was the sobbing, shocked, half-articulate words cried out by an eye witness when the German dirigible Hindenburg burned at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Herbert Morrison of WLS, Chicago, was the only radio man left on the scene as the big airship came in for the last few hundred feet of a routine flight over the Atlantic. He was not on the air. He was making a wire recording for later use on his home station. The other reporters had packed their gear and were leaving the field when a burst of flame roared five hundred feet into the sky. Morrison's "Oh, oh, it's terrible, terrible, ladies and gentleman, oh those poor people..." was rushed to the air by NBC, thus ending that company's ten-year ban against recorded programs. The disaster also ended the day of lighter-than-air craft. The mooring mast so hopefully built at the top of the Empire State Building stands today as an idle monument to this dream.

Radio played an important part in another disaster early this year when the tributaries of the Mississippi turned ominously muddy as an unusually heavy snow melted in an unseasonably warm spring. Flood crest hit in February, inundating towns of the whole valley and swamping the delta. Radio's part in rescue work is given credit for saving thousands of lives. First the warnings went out on the air. As the waters rose, WLAC, Nashville, cleared all programs for six days to direct crews carrying food and water. WLAP, Lexington, Kentucky, was on the air four days and nights for the same purpose. WOPI, Bristol, Tennessee, was on

for ten days and almost as many nights. WSAZ, Huntington, West Virginia, had to move equipment to a top floor as the waters rose but it stayed on the air as did dozens of other stations, its staff refusing to flee to safety. The Ohio flood crest of sixty-nine feet put the streets of Louisville deep under water but WHAS stayed on and on, manned by exhausted people who would not quit while there was still a job to do. The whole nation listened as they relayed messages from volunteers roving with shortwave transmitters to rescue crews, "Fifty children in a church. Waters rising above the pews. Aid is urgent" . . . "Insane man at corner of Eleventh and Walnut. He has a gun" . . . "Seven people marooned on top of a house. It is listing badly. Help needed fast" . . . "Woman in childbirth. Take blankets if possible." Unforgettable, those broadcasts so packed with reports of danger that all emotion was stripped from the tired voices.

"This is my problem, Mr. Anthony" became a catch-phrase following the start of The Good Will Hour this same year. John J. Anthony came to the air after some years of success as a consultant on marital problems. Some five thousand people whose wedded lives were not happy had poured through his office, so he was accustomed to startling confessions. He needed to be when he reached the air and began broadcasting interviews with people—desperate enough to bare their souls in public. Names were not used on his program, but the variety of accents and the unmistakable emotion proved to all listeners that they were tuned in on real people at a moment of high stress. Again it was proved that human interest had an enormous drawing power.

Jean Hersholt's beloved Dr. Christian also used a form of audience participation in that his adventures were based on plot suggestions sent in by listeners. Big Town started with Edward G. Robinson as the crime-busting editor and Ona Munson as his girl reporter, Lorelei. Edward Pawley and Fran Carlon took over the roles in 1943 and are still hot on the trail of gangsters. Nancy Craig started a new kind of woman's show, interspersing news about food and new domestic gadgets with reports on shows, fashions and interviews and an impressive run of guests day after day. Her real name is Alice Maslin. How she got her professional name is interesting. Nancy Booth Craig was invented by an NBC executive board because the initials were NBC. The Booth was summarily dropped when she was sold with the Blue Network to the company that was to become ABC, but Nancy Craig goes happily along, longest established of nationally-heard service shows.

Roy Rogers was emerging as a singing cowboy on the screen after a slow start as a barnstorming radio singer under his own name, Leonard Slye. His start in show business began in 1932 when he took his guitar to an amateur contest in a suburban Los Angeles theater and won first prize—a lot of applause. However, The Rocky Mountaineers heard him and he joined them on a small station for five dollars a week. Bob Nolan, author of "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," was added soon after and the group began to taste success. Each member was raised to ten dollars a week! Recognition at last! They became successively The International Cowboys, The Texas Outlaws, The O-Bar-O Boys and finally The Sons of

He said "Good Night" but he meant "Goodbye"

*because
of that!*



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

the Pioneers. It was a long pull before a contract at Republic Pictures brought Trigger into Roy's life and before the boy who had been glad to work for five dollars sent his program out over all 520 of the Mutual stations.

1937 was a year of many contrasts and many important developments in radio. One was the formation of the American Federation of Radio Artists, better known as AFRA. It is an autonomous union that takes in all radio talent except the musicians under the A. F. of L. A union of radio talent was curiously slow in arriving. Stage stars had been unionized for a long time. The White Rats (rats is star spelled backward) had been founded in 1901. It lost its strength through inner dissension, but was succeeded in 1913 by the Actors Equity which became a powerful union after 1919, and has remained so ever since.

Of enormous importance to listeners was the formation of the NBC Symphony Orchestra. CBS has sponsored the great New York Philharmonic since 1930 in continuous broadcasts. Other great organizations like the Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Chicago Symphonies have been heard in air series at various times, but the NBC Orchestra was the first created entirely for the radio. David Sarnoff built a superb group and offered the conductor's baton to Arturo Toscanini, who was most willing to return to this country. He had persistently refused to conduct the Fascist hymn in his native Italy even after Mussolini had tried to win him over. He also had cancelled his Bayreuth and Salzburg engagements when Hitler took over.

The series started on Christmas night with announcer Ben Grauer becoming Bennett Grauer in token of how dignified and important was the occasion. At various times the radio industry has been accused of money-madness. No doubt about the matter, radio is, in the main, a business. However it is only fair to remember that both CBS and NBC have poured staggering sums into the two wonderful symphonic programs that come to us free for the turn of a dial. Naturally the networks are happy when a commercial sponsor pays the bill, but, sponsored or not, these outstanding concerts have been kept on the air by their companies—a magnificent gift to the nation.

The end of '37 brought the beginning of the jitterbug, heralded by the music of Benny Goodman.

1938: Until this year, people could take radio or leave it alone. Suddenly it was different. When Hitler's legions marched into the Sudeten, everybody rushed home to a news broadcast. On March 13, CBS invented the International News Round-up, calling in on the same program Edgar Mowrer in Paris, William L. Shirer and Ellen Wilkinson in London, Pierre Huss in Berlin, Bob Trout in New York, Lewis B. Schwelienback in Washington and Edward R. Murrow in Vienna. These names were then unknown to the average listener, but they were to become more closely followed than the greatest of the comedy stars very shortly.

It is interesting how Edward R. Murrow became one of the most famous of news commentators. It was the result of one broadcast. He was Director of Talks and Education at CBS and was in Europe to arrange for a program of children's music for the CBS School of the Air when the Nazis marched into Vienna. There was no regular CBS news man there, so Murrow went on the air and told what he saw. He

thought it was to be his first and last broadcast, but "Listen to Murrow Tomorrow" is a top-rated program to this day. He is one of the few newsmen who never worked on a newspaper. Bob Trout is the only other one of top stature who started reporting directly for the air.

During the Sudeten crisis H. V. Kaltenborn went on the air eighty-five separate times, staying in the studio for twenty straight days, cat-napping between broadcasts, living on sandwiches and coffee, translating speech after speech from Hitler. Kaltenborn was brought up in Milwaukee, but he spoke fluent German (if his family had not chosen to be Americans he would have been known as Baron in Germany). He was magnificently equipped to comment on the coming war. He had broadcast news since 1922. His uncle had been a German Minister of War. He, himself, had fought in Cuba in 1898, had covered the Spanish Civil War, and had interviewed both Hitler and Mussolini. People hung on his words for those twenty days.

Then Prime Minister Chamberlain took his umbrella to Munich and came back to tell the world over the radio, "I believe it is peace in our time."

The nation settled down to its old pattern of listening to such fascinating new programs as Information Please, featuring the dazzling wits of Franklin P. Adams, John Kieran, Oscar Levant and Clifton Fadiman. The success of this super-intelligent panel astounded everybody. There had been gloomy warnings when Dan Golenpaul planned it. Too highbrow! The wiseacres were stunned when a huge following rallied to the call, "Wake up, America! Time to stump the experts!"

Another quiz show that gained instant popularity was Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge, featuring the first musical quiz. He came into his own when he put on cap and gown and started his show with "Evening, folks, how y'all? Come on, chillun. Let's dance." His cry, "How about that—students?" when someone missed an answer brought the studio audience into the act and they loved it. Quizzes, prizes, give-aways and audience participation all were gaining momentum.

Hobby Lobby was evidence of the trend. So was Battle of the Sexes run by Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit.

Two young men had enormous individual impact on radio this year. One was Arch Oboler, a writer who had done some excellent playlets for Grand Hotel and Lights Out. Successful as these were, he was not happy. He knocked unavailingly at doors that might offer a chance at wider fields. In one last effort, he had a transcription made of his best effort, "The Ugliest Man in the World" which is now a radio classic. He barged into an NBC office and started his show before the indignant executive could have him thrown out. The result was that NBC signed him for a sustaining spot to experiment with new forms of radio drama in much the same way as the CBS Workshop was doing. In 1940, Oboler wrote Oxydol's Everyman's Theatre and some wonderful short plays now in several books. Beyond argument, he is one of the most distinguished of radio playwrights but when radio people talk over old scandals and mischances, his "Adam and Eve" is always mentioned. It kept Mae West off the air for ten years.

The idea was an innocent one. Mae

West played Eve. Charlie McCarthy was Adam. The script was brilliantly funny. Everyone loved it. In rehearsals, Eve emerged as a very human wife a little fed up with sitting around the house. "I want something to happen, a little excitement, a little adventure. A couple of months of peace and security and a woman's bored . . . if 'trouble' means something that makes you catch your breath . . ." To this point all was well. Eve sounded just like a thousand other housewives. However, as do so many seasoned stars, Miss West did not give her all until actual performance. Once on the air, she marshalled her forces and in Diamond Lil's most significant drawl finished with, "If trouble is something that makes your blood race through your veins . . . mmmmmmmmm, Adum, muh man, give-uh-me-uh-trouble!"

Adam didn't, but radio did in spite of the fact that there was nothing wrong with the words and the idea was meant to be funny.

Behind all the laughter this year there was the distant mutter of news from Europe. An indication of how conscious all listeners were of impending war came on October 30 when another innocently broadcast drama sent the entire eastern slope into panic. It was Orson Welles "War of the Worlds" on CBS's Mercury Theatre. It made Welles famous overnight but it almost wrecked his radio career. He was a hard-working young man of twenty-three, already known as the "boy wonder" of Broadway. He had done eighteen dramas on The Mercury Theatre of the Air. His voice was widely familiar as was his "This is your obedient servant—Orson Welles," so it is very hard to know just why "The War of the Worlds" was taken as a factual broadcast, especially as it was listed by title in all radio columns. In addition, clear announcements were made at the beginning and during the show that it was the account of an attack from Mars by a survivor in the year 2,000. To give the feeble yarn a little novelty, Welles had modernized it with the use of radio bulletin technics like "Flash! A space ship has just landed near Princeton," and further announcements that martial law had been declared in New Jersey. Anyone who listened for more than a few sentences could not fail to recognize the show as a fantasy, but the panic among those who tuned in late, heard only "Flash! They're bombing! The monsters from Mars are landing by thousands!" Evidently a great many people did not wait for more. Women fled to neighbors' homes crying havoc. People began to stream out of cities by car, jamming the highways, before the fearful Martians could get them.

Two extremely important facts were brought into sharp focus by this furor. One was that we were thoroughly conditioned to implicit belief in our news broadcasts, and subconsciously we knew the threat of invasion hanging over Europe could happen here. The other fact confirmed the sponsors' gnawing suspicion that the listening audience was developing deafness to commercials. They found the answer the next year. It was the lusty revival of the singing commercial.

NEXT MONTH

Give-aways hit the big time. Radio's big role in the shattering events of 1939-41. ASCAP vs. the broadcasters.



Here's a deep, deep beauty secret!

Whoever said "Beauty is skin deep," probably had Woodbury Cold Cream in mind.

For the secret of a beautiful skin is deep, deep cleansing.

Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper because it contains Penaten—the amazing new penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into the pore openings. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 20¢ to \$1.39 plus tax.



Woodbury Cold Cream

penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN

YODORA

the gentler cream deodorant that works

2 WAYS



stops

perspiration odor

instantly, efficiently. Does not merely mask it with a fragrance of its own. Trust Yodora for clock-round protection.

softens

and beautifies underarm skin

because of its face cream base. Keeps underarm fresh and lovely-looking for new sleeveless fashions. Safe for fabrics, too. Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.



McKESSON & ROBBINS BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

"Please Name Our New Home"

(Continued from page 43)

ten minutes, and turn up a street that runs along a picturesque salt water cove about half a mile wide.

You open wide the gate in the white picket fence, and up on a slight rise of smooth green grass, outlined with bright flower beds, is the Olsens' dream house. Its general lines are California ranch style, but its shingles are a true New England barn-red, with gleaming white trim around windows and doors, and deep blue roof.

The first thing you will have noticed as you came up the driveway is the floor-to-ceiling picture window in the living room, and the object right inside the glass. That object is one of the Olsens' dearest possessions, a spinning wheel handed down from Johnny's great-great-grandmother. It came with Johnny's mother from Norway when she was only three months old. You stare at its worn treadle and your imagination takes you back to the untiring feet that worked it, to the babies who clung to the spokes of the big wheel while they were learning to walk, and to the loving service that went into its constant use.

"Loving service" is one of the phrases that keeps coming to mind at the Olsens'. You sense it in their attitude toward each other and toward their guests, and to the home that means so much to them. You glimpse it in Penny's attachment to certain things that have been given her—like the ruffled yellow apron she is wearing because a little girl brought it as a present to her on one of the programs and the mother had patiently worked on it late into the previous night so the child would have a gift for her beloved Penny.

There's loving service expressed in the afghan on the living room sofa, a Christmas present made by a young cousin. And in the quilts on the Olsens' beds. When their New York apartment was robbed and partially burned out two years ago, Penny's sister in Minneapolis, Mrs. Helen Pennington, got her friends together for an old-fashioned quilting bee to help replace the lost treasures. Another sister, Mrs. Irene Carpenter, in Madison, Wisconsin, went to work embroidering sheets and pillowcases. Penny herself, with her two aunts who live at Sunny Slope, Waterford, Wisconsin, made the matching diamond pattern patchwork quilts. Each brightly flowered scrap of cloth is from an apron worn by one of the aunts, Mrs. Elizabeth Haas, during fifty years of loving service to her family. The aunts and Penny worked on the spreads for six weeks, alternating the diamonds made of apron materials with new white cloth, and the result is lovely.

This blending of the old and new is typical of the house itself. They bought the place from plans, last January, moved in on March 15, added some ideas of their own while it was being built, and have given it a warm, lived-in look by bringing in things from homes of the past to blend with new possessions.

The breezeway between garage and the house itself was one of their own ideas. It's glassed in winter, screened in summer, and provides a perfect setting for al fresco meals. It will lead out to a patio that is now being completed.

Indoors at the Olsens' seems like an

extension of outdoors, anyhow, because of the light and sunshine that stream through the wide, deep windows and because of the pale yellow walls and woodwork of living room and dining room, and the bright drapes, boldly patterned in yellow and green and splashed with orange and tan figures. The dining table is laid with a soft green cloth and Penny's lovely Hospitality pattern Spode, the fruit dish of white milk glass handed down from her grandmother Powers, and the best silver, which she loves to use.

In reality, living room, dining room and kitchen are one continuous room, built around a central fireplace which is backed on the kitchen side by an enclosed heating unit, and on the dining room side by a service bar. It gives the house a spacious quality far beyond its actual size. The kitchen is pale green and terra cotta color, and the floors are all Kentile in terra cotta or green with radiant heating beneath.

The living room holds one other cherished heirloom, in addition to the spinning wheel. It's a love seat, carved by hand by Penny's great grandfather. There are two fine old Windsor rockers that the Olsens found in the Ozarks on a recent personal appearance tour. One of these is a much sought-after comb-back rocker. The old pieces have been polished until they look like new, and the new ones have been chosen to blend with the spirit of the old.

At the edge of the couch you spy Lena's rubber bone, and if you even once acknowledge the nudge of her cold little nose against your hand and start throwing it out for her, you can spend the rest of your visit entertaining this frisky, friendly little white hargis French poodle. Lena, you'll remember, is the Olsens' good luck dog. They'd had a robbery, fire, and illness. Then a friend and agent, John Gibb, presented them with Lena, to change their luck—and she did. The day they got her, everything turned for the better, and kept right on. They love Lena for what she represents, and for herself. If you're a regular viewer you have no doubt caught one of Lena's many appearances on the Rumpus Room show, and you know that her rhumba is something to remember!

The Olsens' bedroom and Johnny's own little Rumpus Room are separated from the rest of the house by a short hall. The bedroom has a gray and white patterned paper, fluffy white curtains looped back at the windows, spool beds, Early American chests and mirrors. On one chest stands Penny's jewel case, originally a little wood butter box in which Johnny's grandmother brought butter from Norway a long time ago.

The Rumpus Room was intended for a second bedroom, but they decided to have it paneled in a pale reddish wood in a fluted effect and furnish it as a den for quick naps after a workout in the comfortable, green overstuffed chair, a green patterned studio couch—handy for quick naps after a workout in the garden—and wardrobe and storage space. Johnny's record collection is temporarily stored away up under the eaves.

Over the desk is a photograph that means a lot to him. His former classmates at Windom, Minnesota, high school, brought it to him when he ap-

peared not long ago in the nearby city of Rochester. When he opened the package and found an enlargement from a snapshot of the house where he had lived as a child, it just about broke him up. "Ten of us children were brought up in that old house," he tells you, looking at it fondly.

The guest house is a separate structure in the corner of the Olsens' back property, and built to look like a small edition of the main house. Reservations from their respective families and their many friends have been pouring in, and they're booked up solid for months! The barbecue is at the other side of the yard, for backyard picnics.

Penny has dubbed the white picket fence Olsen's Folly, because it has proved so costly. It's really for Lena, who's an excellent jumper and can't resist the lure of the world outside. Hence, all those pickets—exactly 1,608 according to Penny's count. A double row, now six feet high, because they under-rated Lena's jumping prowess at first. So a second row rises above and behind the first ones.

Shade trees and pines keep the yard cool, marigolds and petunias and all the old-fashioned flowers flash their colors in the sun. Billie Pederson, the sixteen-year-old who is the Olsens' right hand on the shows and is treated like a son in their home, helps with the gardening. Bob Maurer, "Silverlips" of the shows, gets in a little expert advice.

Fans write letters of advice on gardening, and sometimes send cuttings of their best blooms. Neighborhood children bring bouquets, ring the bell and drop them, and run away shyly. A few bolder ones yell for Johnny and Penny and beg autographs. One neighbor has given them cuttings of some very fine ivy. Another brings apple pies—and such pies! Johnny licks his lips when he talks about Mrs. Syska's pastry.

Penny herself is no slouch in the cooking department. "I always seem to have a lot of men around to cook for, especially over week-ends," she explains, "so I have to give them the things I know they go for, like steak, fried chicken and roast beef, with all the trimmings."

They use their best china and silver and linen, except for informal meals outdoors. "That's when I give them the paper napkin routine," Penny tells you. "But I don't hoard my good things any more, since the fire. I made up my mind we would use and enjoy everything while we still had them."

Breakfast is a big meal. It usually starts with prunes, then either hot or dry cereal, plenty of bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. Lunch on weekdays is a quick snack at a New York City counter, between their television and radio shows. Dinner is hearty and a time for talk and relaxation.

The housework is no problem at all to the efficient Olsens. "Johnny is so handy," Penny says proudly. "He helps with everything. We do the dishes together, make the beds, clean and dust. We're systematic workers so we have the indoor work done fast and get outside. Our home doesn't seem like any extra strain on us—in fact, I feel extra-refreshed now after the week-ends.

"We really have no problems at all about the house," she says, "except the one we told you. We don't know what to name it. And we hope that RADIO MIRROR's readers will do that for us. We'll be so happy when we can put up the little sign at our gate that will give our dream house its final touch."



the
NEW SHAPE
is the
NEWS

The new-shape "poncho" jacket. News because, though it takes its shape from the traditional blanket-like South American cloak, it's a high-style modern fashion. That's new design with an interesting inspiration!

The new-shape Modess box. News because it, too, is an example of inspired design! Cleverly takes its shape from *many* kinds of boxes . . . you'd never guess the wrapped package held Modess. Another tactful feature . . . the new box is pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store.



*Only Modess comes
in the new-shape,
secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!*

Summer fun DRIES your skin



Unwanted "Squint Lines"—
deepen from sun glare



A "Sandpaper-Stiff" Face—
dried out by dusty winds

HOT WINDS, TORRID SUN
tend to bake the outer layer
of your skin—make it look
coarser, summer-dry.

HERE IS A QUICK UN-DRIER
to soften and relax your
summer-dried skin.

After you've been out in any strong sun or wind, smooth your hot, parched face with soothing, softening Pond's Dry Skin Cream (hands, arms, too). Don't be stingy. This rich, rich cream spreads easily. Your dry, thirsty skin will "soak it right up"—feel softer, moister, more comfortable at once!

3 features

Three features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective. 1. It is very rich in *lanolin*, most like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a special softening *emulsifier*.

At night—work in richly for extra softening. By day—use *lightly* under make-up. And all summer—after any sunny, windy exposure.

START NOW to repair, ease, soften
your summer-dry skin. Get a jar
of Pond's Dry Skin Cream today!

us that when her favorites were on (yes, Como, Crosby and Sinatra!) she really listened. All others got no more than half an ear, and some programs she didn't hear at all, in spite of the noise they made. Sounds fantastic, but it's a cinch she couldn't have given her attention to everything that went on and got her homework done too. It must be that by some mysterious method known only to teen-agers she could turn her attention on and off.

Of course, some kids have tried to tell me they can do that with television, but I have my doubts, because it calls for watching as well as listening, at least part of the time. What has happened is that kids I hear about and know personally get down to their homework and their household chores earlier, without all that dawdling they used to indulge in (hoping by some miracle to escape work altogether). Now they don't wait for miracles, because there's so much at stake. They get to work and get done so there won't be any arguments about watching their favorite programs.

Lots of the kids have voluntarily put themselves on a sort of schedule (voluntarily, you understand, with a little prodding and threatening from Mom and Pop). Fourteen-year-old Bobbie tells me he never sees a week-day program between seven and eight, except during vacation. That's his established after-dinner study hour. If he gets through in the hour, he can watch until bedtime, but sometimes he'd rather read or stay out for an hour with his gang. "The kids in my block get tired of staying in all the time, no matter what good programs are on," he says. Most teen-agers I know will sit still only so long, and then they're off for their own fun.

May, who is a high school junior, says flatly, "My mother won't let me watch television until I show her my homework is done. I don't put off doing the dishes any more. I get through so I can watch television with my father."

Nancy was one of those who thought that television and homework could go together, until her pretty row of "A's" began to turn into "C's." She now shuts the door on the television set while she's studying, but the radio goes full blast. She did get back to "A's" again before the school term ended, so everybody's satisfied.

To hear some people talk, you'd think the television industry invented this whole business of kids neglecting their work. It seems to me that homework and dishwashing and errand-running have been a problem to parents—and kids—since long before my day. I wasn't too crazy about them myself. And Margo and her brother, Paul, Jr., always preferred to read a story book or go to the movies or listen to the swooners, rather than buckle down to their arithmetic or tidy their rooms or do their practising. So would I rather loaf than work, but I look out of my window at the farm and one of my cows calls, "Moo, where's that hay you're supposed to get me?" and I quickly grab my fiddle and script and hustle off to earn the hay. Should I blame the kids if they have to be coaxed along?

Now, then, there's this rumor that kids aren't playing outdoors any more. That they're staying in darkened rooms, their eyes fixed on a small screen. What boy or girl do you know who's going to

pass up a lively game with his gang or a gabfest with her girl friends to stay indoors on a nice day and watch television for hours? Tommie's answer just about covers that. "I have to miss Hopalong because I have a ballgame at the same time, but I wouldn't let any program interfere with other things. Not even a cowboy," he adds.

Of course, when the gang decides to see a program, that's a different matter. That means they go to one house, where there's at least one grown-up around to keep an eye on things.

One of the best points of television is the way it has brought groups and families together. Children are seeing more of their male parent than ever before. Parents are getting to know how their kids react to a lot of things, and kids are learning a lot more about their parents' point of view. "My mother and father and I discuss things now," Nancy says. "We have more to talk about."

Youngsters are going to the libraries and asking for books they have seen dramatized on television. They're reading the classics, not because they are school assignments, but because television has made them seem interesting. They tell me that current events programs have helped with school work.

As for blood and thunder on television, who invented that? Our kids were scared plenty before we ever heard of the image-orthicon tube. Gangsters were glorified, on radio and in movies, and even if crime was shown not to pay in the end it sometimes ran a long, glamorous gamut that made just as much impression on the kids as the final penalty did. The comics added to it, too, so I'm afraid no one element is to blame—except perhaps the parents. They can demand anything they really want for their children.

Sometimes the kids themselves aren't as bowled over by the programs as you might think. My wife once told Margo that if she didn't do something she was supposed to she couldn't listen to a certain blood-curdling program we thought she liked. "I don't care," was Margo's response. "I decided that was pretty corny a long time ago."

The next time someone complains to you about television ruining our children, remind them that kids have misused automobiles, got into accidents, stayed out too late—but we didn't sell the family car. We controlled the kids' use of it. We didn't throw out the radio, with all its rich entertainment and education, because the kids kept it going too loud or too late. We told them to shut it off. We didn't throw out all the books in the house because the kids read in poor light or sat up when they should have been asleep. We turned up the light in one instance, turned it off in the other, and kept the books.

Why can't we do the same with television? It's up to the parents—but it would be a mighty fine thing, kids, if you gave them a little help on it!

How do **YOUR** dates
say **GOODNIGHT?**

SEE PAGE 79

I Love Ladies

(Continued from page 31)

Woods there was a parcel post package. She found out what I meant when I kissed her. Mine was no kid smack. It was the real thing, and when I caught my own breath, I announced, "Just as soon as I get old enough, I'm going to marry you."

Coolly, Bo replied, "That seems like a good idea."

Next day, I went out and traded my bearskin coat for a Model T. Transportation, I decided, was absolutely essential if I were to pursue my courtship. The car's first trip was to take Bo to a movie at nearby Sullivan. When a long freight train blocked our road, I kissed her again and gulped, "Let's go steady."

Going steady lasted two weeks. Then I concluded that Bo (aged twelve) was getting serious, so I bolted. I saw to it, however, that my sister Betty became her best friend. I didn't intend to lose sight of that girl.

My next years were tumultuous ones. I finished high school at fifteen, was sent to Marion Military Institute, got an appointment to Annapolis Naval Academy and remained two years. Transferring to DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana. I worked one night a week in a campus band.

Then, when I was nineteen, my father died. As soon as I came home, my uncle, who was a judge, sat me down to talk over my new responsibilities. "Tom," he advised, "give up these crazy ideas about bands and show business. You're now head of the family. You must buckle down and take over your father's affairs."

I thought of my mother and my sister. I thought, too, about my hopes of Bo, and I agreed. That was 1932, and it didn't take me long to discover that what until recently had been a flourishing real estate and insurance agency had been hard hit by the depression. But I pitched in. I worked like a slave, and for me it *was* slavery. I stood it until August 13, 1933. That day I phoned the drug store where Bo was working and said, "This is my twenty-first birthday. Today I'm old enough. When do we get married?"

Bo set the date for August thirtieth. As our honeymoon, we went to the Century of Progress in Chicago, then returned to Mattoon to settle down in a four-room apartment.

I can still enumerate the furnishings. There was my set of drums, my mother's sofa and piano, Grandmother Moore's old dresser, a bed we bought ourselves, Mother Woods' discarded dinette set, one skillet, one kettle, and enough china and crystal to serve a formal dinner for fifty. Ironically, in that depression year, when we needed virtually every household item we might name, our friends gave us dishes and glassware. It was beautiful stuff and we still have it—but right then, Bo and I admit, we wished we could swap it for maybe a dishpan.

Skimpy as our kitchen equipment was, Bo made the best possible use of it. She already knew something about cooking and she learned more. At the same time Bo was learning to keep house, I started serious study of the insurance business. In order to come home and boast to Bo, I entered every national contest my companies sponsored and I won a respectable number of them.

We had just one really deep disap-

HOW CLOSE ARE YOU TO YOUR DAUGHTER ...CAN YOU TELL HER THESE Intimate Physical Facts?



GEE! IT'S SWELL TO BE ABLE TO
TALK THINGS OVER WITH YOU, MOM.

AND ABOVE ALL ELSE,
REMEMBER THERE'S A
WOMANLY OFFENSE GRAVER
THAN BAD BREATH
OR BODY ODOR

Isn't it nice to live in this modern age where old bugaboos and false modesty can be tossed out the window and a mother can speak freely to her daughter about hygiene (internal cleanliness). A modern mother won't fail to tell her grown-up daughter it's just as important for her to put ZONITE in her fountain syringe for her health, charm, and after her periods, as it is for an older, married woman.

And a mother will certainly warn her daughter about a common odor—graver than bad breath or body odor—she herself may not detect but which is so apparent to others around her.

And isn't it reassuring for your daughter to know: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for this purpose is so powerfully effective yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.*

A MODERN MIRACLE!

Doctors know that much unhappiness can be traced to women using dangerous products, overstrong solutions of

which can gradually cause serious injury. On the other hand, what woman wants to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have the remarkable deodorizing and germ-killing action of ZONITE.

Developed by a famous surgeon and scientist, the ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was *powerful* enough yet positively *non-irritating*, *non-poisonous*. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

Gives BOTH Internal and External Hygienic Protection

ZONITE deodorizes not by just 'masking' as many products do. Instead, ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. And ZONITE has such a soothing, refreshing effect. It promptly relieves any itching and irritation if present. ZONITE gives daily *external* protection, too. Available at any drug counter.

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. RM-90, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.*

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Offer good only in the U.S.



Jean gets scolded...

You can't cut paper dolls without making snips on the rug. But if mother has to get out the vacuum again, she's apt to get pretty snippy herself. And innocent Jean has her fun spoiled.



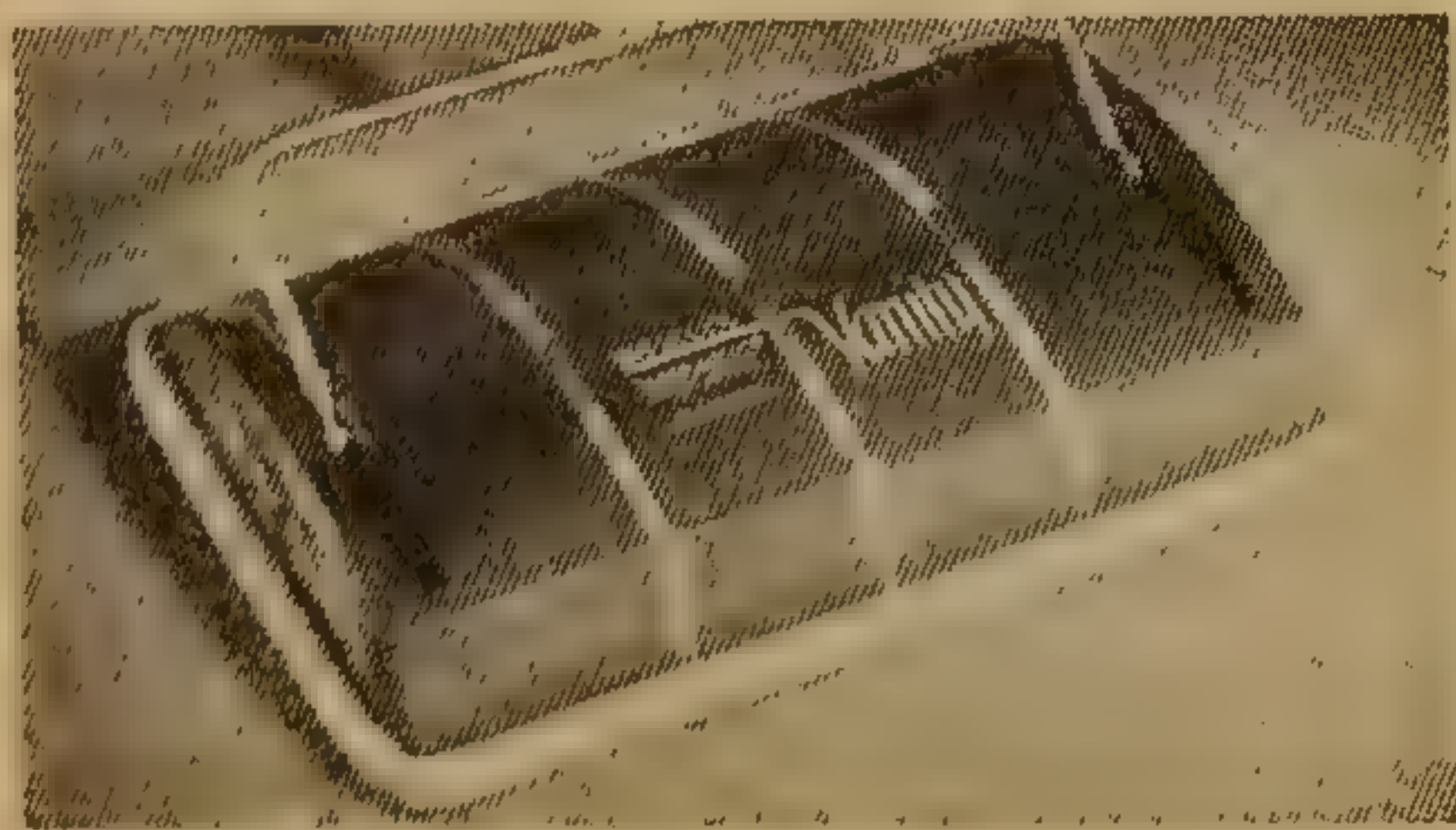
Janie doesn't...

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pointment. We wanted a child. Because we had been the first in our crowd to marry, we had godchildren galore, but at the end of five years we still had none of our own. We were thinking of adopting a baby when, one day, Bo walked into my office with an absolutely ecstatic expression on her face.

"I've just come from the doctor," she announced, "and guess what!"

I suppose my eyes blazed with the same hope hers held, but all I could say was, "You don't mean it."

Solemnly Bo nodded. "It's true, and I've got it all decided. He's going to have red hair. I've always wanted a red-headed boy."

I knew the source of that desire. Bo's father had wanted a boy when she was born. He had wanted one so badly that when a little girl arrived he had taught her to ride a bike, play ball, whittle and whistle. Her nickname had its source in his greeting, "Hi, Bo." I hadn't even known her real name was Bernice until she signed the marriage license application.

I felt like running out to the street and shouting, "Hey, folks, I'm going to be a father." Thank heaven, Bo's insistence on a son kept me out of such fine, fancy foolishness. I didn't want her to be disappointed, so I argued, "What's going to happen if it's a girl?"

"It will be a boy, a red-headed boy," said Bo with that same rapt expression.

And she was right, although I swear no baby on earth ever took longer to arrive. Maybe that's just the way it seemed to us and our friends, for we told everyone, right away, and our whole gang practically counted minutes, from then on. Tom Jr., when he made his debut December 21, 1938, had a build-up like a world championship fight.

I suppose it was my desire to give Bo and the baby everything in creation which forced me to take an extremely critical view of my insurance agency. I had brooded over the prospects for a long while, and although I had increased its volume, I had to recognize the fact that it was hard to talk investments with people who know you've been in show business and who also have seen your own diapers flapping on the clothes line.

Finally in July, when young Tom was going on seven months old, I walked in one night and said, "Mama, I think I'm going to make a change."

Tom was having colic and yelling his head off. Bo picked him up so he wouldn't cry quite so loud, then turned to me and said, "What are you considering?"

I said, "I want to go back into show business."

It was then that I really found out this girl Bo has the stuff in her that my mother had. There she was, secure in a house we had both worked to make comfortable. She had a sick baby on her hands. Yet all she answered was, "Well, why don't you? It's what you've always wanted. We'll manage. We'll be broke for a while, but eventually, you'll do well at it."

She's kept that attitude, too, through all the rough going which lay between my first little announcing job at WDZ, Tuscola, Illinois, and my present programs. She knew it was a gamble, and she's gambled right along with me, backing me up a number of times when I was scared to take a chance. There was, for instance, the time when I was first offered a featured network program of my own.

I had bounced around Chicago radio quite a while, sometimes up and sometimes down. I had quit a network outlet seventeen times and been fired eighteen. On a local station I had built up a profitable mail order program and stuck with it three years. When Bo said, "That's enough," I returned to the nets, working in such programs as Captain Midnight, Woman in White, Hymns of All Churches and News of the World. I also had a record show on WMAQ and another daytime spot on WGN. Taken all together, I was doing nicely, and this was one time when I was in no mood to drop everything and gamble.

My fear of risks was largely due to the state of Bo's health. An automobile accident had aggravated a back injury and although no one, from that day to this, has ever dared call Bo an invalid, the actual fact was that right then she could not walk. There had been brutal, painful years of operations, hospitals and private nurses. She hated being sick and she still won't talk about that period.

She was flat in bed the day I came home and said, "Johnny Olsen's going back to New York. They've offered me Ladies Be Seated."

Bo laughed. "What are you fussing about? Take it."

I shook my head. "I'm scared. Johnny has built that show up, and anyone who tries to follow him is bound to fall flat on his face. I don't want it now. I want it after the next guy has busted."

Bo knew radio as well as I did, yet she said, "Stop being silly. Take it. Don't try to ape Johnny. Just be yourself."

I looked hard at her then. Looked hard at the thin white face against the equally white pillow and I gave

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myself a good swift kick. If Bo had the nerve to gamble, I'd better have nerve enough to take the show and do a good job. It was up to me to justify her faith.

On September 15, 1947, I took over Ladies Be Seated and during the two years I emceed it, I had a magnificent time. I decided this was my chance to use the colorful minstrel costumes I'd seen my father wear when I was a kid. I still wear them now that the original show has gone back to Johnny in New York and I've switched over to Mutual with my own little opus titled Ladies Fair.

It's the high spot of my day when I prance into the big WGN studio and hear the ladies gasp at my swallow-tailed coat of cerise broadcloth, my kelly green waistcoat, and my big bow tie of gold satin. I'm a sight, I tell you, but it's a sight the ladies seem to enjoy, and to tell the truth, I do too. Their reception is a good start toward a half hour of fun, foolishness and prizes.

Bo maintains that my love of colorful attire carries over into my personal life, and that my sports clothes are not much more quiet than my stage costumes. I'll admit she's right. I like sports shirts and jackets to be wild, the wilder the better now that we're celebrating because Bo is well and able to join young Tom and me in some of our expeditions.

Having that boy of ours growing up has been an incentive to maintaining such athletic skills as I had and developing new ones. I'll be darned if I'll let young Tom beat me before he tops me in height. He's turning into quite an opponent, for although he is only eleven, he's now five feet, nine inches tall and weighs one hundred forty pounds.

In the basement of our Evanston apartment house, we've set up a sort of gym where we have a wrestling mat and bar bells. For outdoor sports, we play golf, hike and hunt. Between seasons, we get our target practice on the shore of Lake Michigan, which is right at our front door. In all these activities, Bo is our interested spectator, and I'll admit that Tom and I just plain show off for her.

When our boy grows too obstreperous, she's quite capable of saying to me, "Just look at that brat which we begat." On the other hand, when he suffers one of those little mishaps which to an adolescent becomes a major tragedy, she understands and sits down with him to analyze the problem sympathetically and helps him work out a solution.

She treats me the same way. Just let me show any signs of taking myself seriously and turning into a stuffed shirt and she'll deflate me fast. Yet when there's a serious difficulty, she's right there to bolster my failing nerve.

Quite a girl, this Bo. Small enough for either Tom or me to pick her up with one hand, she has a twenty-one inch waistline and weighs about a hundred pounds soaking wet. She's the most fascinatingly feminine bundle of practicality and frivolity I've ever seen.

She's very practical in the way she runs our five-room apartment. She gets the maximum of comfort out of every dollar of cost and she wastes nothing. Yet she has her pet extravagances, too. She's mad about hats. She'll buy some of the craziest ones you've ever glimpsed, then not dare to wear them. She turns up hatless most of the time. And then there are shoes. She's got some sports boots which carried a price

tag that would knock your eye out, but she explained they were extremely practical because they enabled her to follow Tom and me out on the beach. Her house shoes and dress shoes, on the other hand, are very moderately priced.

Suits and dresses are governed by the same rule. Bo just doesn't go overboard on the fashion scale. The most expensive thing she has is a suede suit with matching topcoat, and these, again, are practical because they keep her comfortable while she watches us at our sports. As dress clothes, she'll buy a few good suits and a couple of basic dresses, vary them with different costume jewelry, and wear them just about forever.

I must tell you, too, what has happened to that other wonderful woman, my mother Fay. She's done the very difficult thing of making a good adjustment to being a widow. She moved to Chicago about a year before I came here. Living in her own little apartment, she has developed enough interests to keep her busy and independent. There's no sense of obligation when I ask her for a date and we go to dinner and a show. I'm not inviting her because of duty. I'm looking forward to an interesting evening with a very charming woman.

I'm a lucky guy to have two such challenging women in my life. With their sweet gentleness, calm assurance, and stimulating companionship and help, they've given me constant inspiration. And too, they've aided me in my work by giving me the insight to find some of their own best characteristics in all women. Do you see now why I really enjoy my programs and why I love ladies?

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- hands** —Practical advice on proper care of rough, red hands; pointers on professional-looking home manicures; tips on nail growth and strength. Helpful hints for smooth lovable hands.
- figure** —Body beautiful is yours through posture control and corrective exercise for figure faults; mental attitude toward dieting plus all you need to know about calories and vitamins.
- clothes** —Correct colors and lines for your particular figure problems; how to evaluate your own type and choose the right clothes for an individual look.
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- personality** —Charm in a nutshell; improving your voice, gestures, manners, poise; how to keep on the sunny side of life.

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Don't forget Friday, September 8th! It's the day you can get the "Seven Keys To Loveliness" in October

True Story

At Your Favorite Newsdealer Everywhere!

Speaking of Shopping

(Continued from page 57)

to save steps. The clever shopper tries to save time, energy and money. If you feel you can safely use the telephone for some items, start dialing.

Assuming you now know what you want and where you're going to look for it, go straight ahead. Don't let those attractive displays and bargain aisle tables distract you too much. Leave those for more leisurely days. Usually a quick glance will tell you if the sale item is something you really need.

On the other hand, plan to take advantage of specially advertised sales on certain types of merchandise. For instance, it would seem foolish to stock up on linen, except in an emergency, at any time other than during the January white sales.

But this isn't January and today you're shopping for specific needs. You're in the right department for that first item on your list, and you're waiting to be noticed by the salesperson. The thing to remember here is the "person" in salesperson. There are many types, naturally, but they're all human and respond to a pleasant personality.

A good salesperson, because of her familiarity with the stock, will help you to make a wise selection. Encourage assistance, and reward her with a sincere "thank you for being so helpful."

Expect, too, to encounter the completely uninterested type now and then. You might try a little flattery on her. The really antagonistic clerk is rare, but when it's your misfortune to find her, it's better to walk away and return later to someone else than to risk your own peace of mind and pleasure.

When a high pressure salesman pulls out the most expensive item and asks, "How many, Madame?" assert your right to see the less expensive item, and compare them for quality and looks.

Store managers are always trying to make shopping easier for their customers. Charge accounts can be a wonderful convenience. By charging you save time while shopping, you have an accurate account of your purchases at the end of the month, you have less trouble making returns, and you're often notified of special sales in advance of newspaper ads. But a charge account should be used for expedient, not extravagant shopping.

Speaking of ads, it's a fine idea to follow them. During my advertising agency days I wrote copy. Now, on television, I "talk" copy. And I know how much time and money a well informed shopper can save. And how much she can learn from the tags and labels on apparel and household goods that state fabric content, resistance to creasing, moisture or sun. Advertising keeps her informed of new labor-saving devices and time-saving methods.

Naturally, I now believe that the ideal way to shop is by television, and I think it will be a wonderful era when you can sit in your own living room, and invite me in with my "good buys" that I love to talk about.

Until then, whether you go shopping every third or fourth Saturday night, like I did as a child, or every day as I do now—remember to take those little lists with you. Read your tags and labels, before you buy, check colors and sizes, study price and quality—and enjoy your job as Chief Purchasing Agent for that wonderful family of yours.

I've Nothing Against Men But—

(Continued from page 45)

who's disguised like the wholesomest guy in town. He's your pal all evening—until the taxi ride on the way home. Then comes the mad tackle.

However, I'll admit that there's one type of Surprise Package I can't help liking, even though he, too, gets you out under false pretenses. I'll give you an example of what I mean: a few months back I met a guy at a party, and we got to talking. In the course of the conversation I told him how I madly loved dancing. "Dancing!" he screamed. "Why, so do I!" Well, came the dancing date he asked me on. We got to this place; the music was divine. But we sat and sat and sat. Finally he sheepishly admits he can't dance, and what's more he hates dancing. But he'd put up the false pretense just to see me again. . . . As I say, this type of Surprise Package is kind of lovable. But the fact remains that he's wearing false colors.

If you are under the impression that I'm running out of types I hate, you're dead wrong—I'm just getting up steam!

I further hate the Human Clam. There are two varieties of this species. The first one is in camouflage; when you're out with him alone, nobody could be more charming and entertaining. You rave about him to your friends, and they carol happily, "Bring him around to a party!" This you do, preening with pride—and then, boom! He becomes the Clam. Your friends get you in the pantry and you stammer that something has changed him for the worse, get him by the arm, and yank him out . . . and then you can guess what happens on the way home! Yes, sir; alone with you once more, he's a riot of fun and color!

The other type of Human Clam does not go under protective coloring, and if you get caught out with him it's your own fault. He barely got his lips open to rap out the word, "Date?" and once you've rapped back "yes" you're in for an evening of stony silence.

This type always reminds me of that story about our silent President, Calvin Coolidge. A woman sitting next to him at a dinner party said coyly, "Mr. President, I made a bet that I can make you say more than three words." Coolidge replied, "You lose."

I further despise the kind of man who calls for you, stares at you steely-eyed, and then comes out with a series of needling remarks about your appearance. Yet have you ever taken a cool gander at this Neatness-Above-All type? If you have, you'll observe that he usually could use a haircut, that he has smudged shoes, dragging socks, and last week's dinner on his tie. Yet he can tell you *you're* disorderly!

And of course I start going up in flame when I think about the I-Hate-Career-Women type. He never seems to realize that women have to eat, too. He starts out on a date with a chip on his shoulder, full of suspicion that if you say "It's a nice night," you're trying to prove you're smarter than he is. And what a to-do over the little things in life, like lighting your own cigarette or opening doors for yourself. "See?" he screams, "you're too independent—you never act womanly and let a man do these things for you!" But I notice if I take the hint and wait for him to open the door,

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"Let me tell you something else. I've been rubbing noses with money for a good many years now. Big money. Buckets of it. I've treated many moneyed women. But money has nothing to do with it. In most cases, money makes people soft. They get used to having things done for them and never do anything for themselves."



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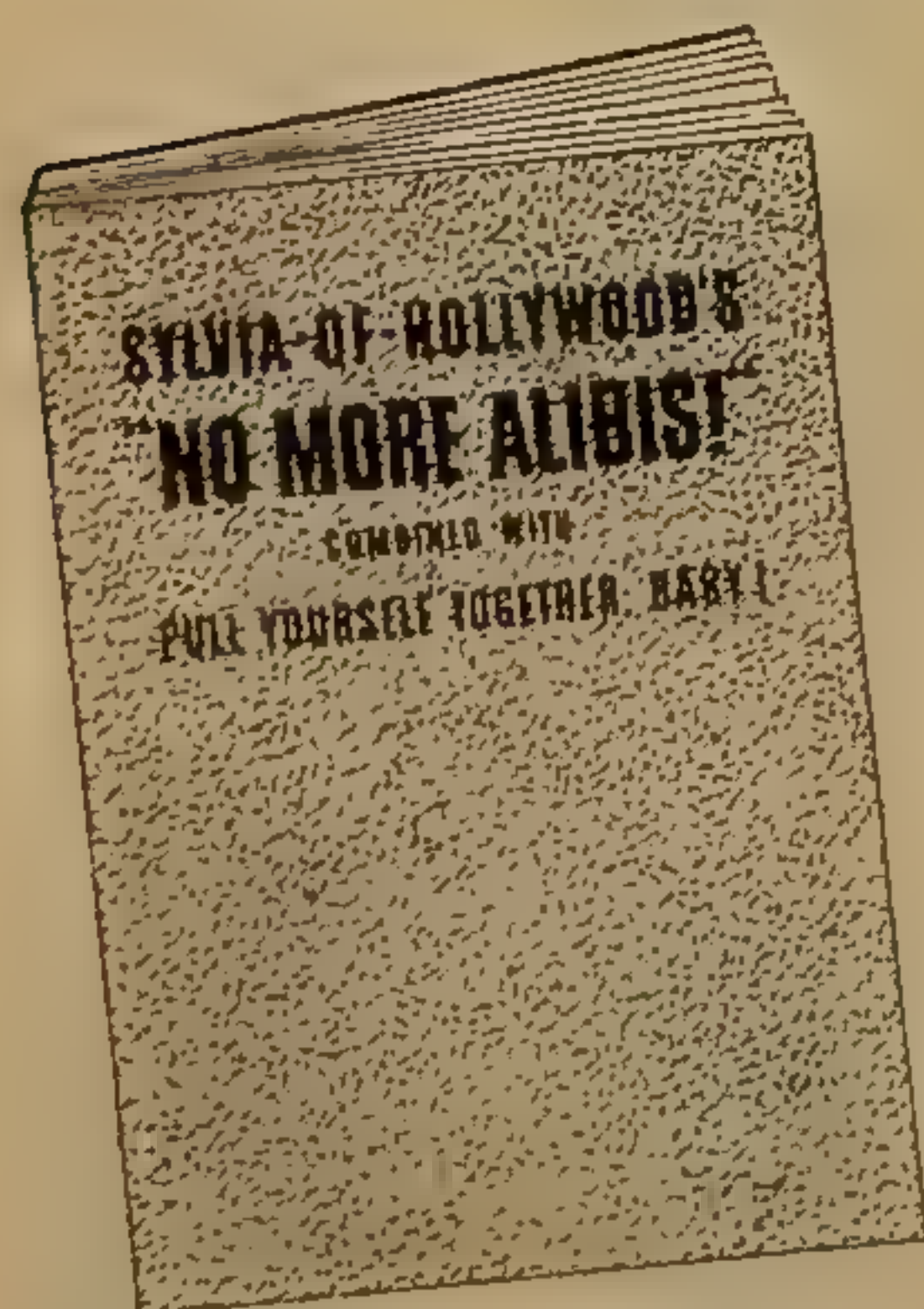
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PARTIAL CONTENTS—NEW EDITION

Too Much Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs—Off with That Double Chin! Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Advice For The Adolescent—The Woman Past Forty—The Personality Figure, Glamour Is Glandular, This Thing Called Love, Cure-For-The-Blues Department, Take a Chance!

I could freeze to death in the street before I'd get any action.

Another blight on career women is the Axe Grinder type, who is apt to be at any party. Just as you're waving your eyelashes at something tall and terrific, up comes Mr. A. Grinder and elbows your potential romance aside. Why? So he can give you a big heart-palpitating rush? Not at all—so he can sell you his new diaper service, or get you to plug his dog food on the air, free. You listen glassy-eyed to a twenty-minute speech on the virtues of the product he's selling; then when you escape from his monologue he snarls, "A-a-a-ah, another hard-boiled career dame!"

Then there's the Darling of the Telephone Company. This one telephones, at the very instant he's due at your door, to say: "I'm leaving the office right now and coming by fast pogo-stick. Sorry I'm late—but pin on your corsage and grab your gloves—I'm moving in your direction." So you wait... thirty minutes. Then there he is again—by telephone! "Sugar, I ran into the boys and stopped for a quick one. But I'm really on my way..." And so on. You know the type. By the time he gets there your gardenia has turned a bilious brown and ditto your disposition.

And let us not forget—or forgive—the old, tired Egomaniac. This bird bends your ear for hours talking about himself. Then he looks brightly at your sagging face and chirps, "Now let's talk about you. Tell me, what do you think—about me?"

However, in spite of this speech about the Sad Sacks extant, I'd like to say rapidly that some day I would like to be married—and I even believe that somewhere, somehow, my Mr. Right really exists. I have a few wild hopes about him, I'll admit.

I hope, for instance, that he wants to live in New York City; I was born here, went to school here, and I really love the place. Somehow I can't see myself writing, "Dear Mother, here I am in East Overcoat, Nebraska, and having a whirl." I'd rather be on East Eighty-seventh Street. I also cherish a hope that he is employed; an unemployed man around the house would seem to go under the heading of excess baggage.

I'd kind of like it if he were in the entertainment business—but it really doesn't matter to me. After all, I myself have been in both the business and show worlds; I was supervising a rationing board (of all things) when I vaulted into radio in 1945. It was all because I knew Martha Rountree, who produces *Leave It to the Girls*. Martha suddenly needed someone to pinch-hit on a program and said, "Eloise talks a lot—I'll get her!" Presto, I was on radio, and I've been on radio or TV ever since.

My dream man doesn't have to be good-looking, and I don't care whether he's a blond or brunet, just so there's a brain-cell or two under his thatch. Also, I hope he has a sense of humor. And I hope he's sentimental enough to remember that my favorite color is blue—and to turn up on my birthday with something-or-other in blue! Furthermore, while I'm wishing, I hope he's the kind who actually notices a new dress, or the times when my hair is done a new way.

Okay, I can hear your comment: "Poor Eloise is a bit touched—this man doesn't breathe!"

Maybe he doesn't—but a girl's got to have something to look forward to, doesn't she, even if it's only an illusion?

It Pays to Be Lazy

(Continued from page 38)

time every hour that I'm around. Laziness, you see, doesn't mean doing nothing. Not to me, anyway. It means doing the things I must do, plus—and this is terribly important—the things I like best to do, but doing them in my own way, and at my own tempo. It doesn't mean wasting time. On the contrary, it means ducking every useless, unimportant, and unpleasant thing I can, in order to save time to be lazy.

For instance, I loathe shopping. Some girls love messing around the stores "just looking," I know, but I hate it. Still, in my business, I can't go around in an old pair of blue jeans and a sweater. My wardrobe is important. But I don't have to devote my good lazy time to it. I shop four times a year, along with the change of seasons. This way: two or three days before I am going to descend on the department store, I telephone my favorite saleslady, tell her I'm coming in, what sorts of things I need. When I get there I quickly try on the dresses and suits she has assembled, select the ones that are right for me. A package of slips, bras, girdles, stockings is already wrapped and waiting—this salesgirl knows all my sizes. In a couple of hours I have done my shopping for a whole season.

You could call that laziness—or you could call it organization. The same thing goes for that other bugaboo—the beauty business. I don't want to look like a frump, any more than any other girl—but I hate spending hours and hours being "beautified." So I organize that too . . . I have a standing weekly appointment at my beauty shop where my hair is set, and cut if necessary, and my manicure is done while my hair is drying. Between times, I forget about the whole business. I roll up my hair at night, of course, and freshen my nail polish if it chips—but I don't break into a perfectly good, free day by rushing back to the beauty operator for repairs.

There are other things I've had to learn to manage so they wouldn't manage me: interviews and picture sittings and conferences, for instance, the sort of side activities which go along with your job when you happen to be in my kind of business. I know a lot of people operate on the "do it all at once and get it over with" theory, but it doesn't work for me. If I keep my day uncluttered, I can be cheerful and even helpful at my appointments—and punctual, too for that matter. And still have time to be lazy.

I'm so lazy that when I should be writing letters, or shopping, or having my hair done, I'm out on the badminton court playing nineteen or twenty strenuous games of badminton. I hate most exercise. Ten minutes of calisthenics a day would kill me, but I can play badminton for hours without feeling a bit tired. If you're doing something you like doing, I've found out, it isn't tiring at all, or work at all. Not even in my case, if it is work—my work, singing.

Every day of my life, I make a point of finding time to do something I really want to do, if it's just a game of bridge, or an especially good movie. On my show days—and there are four of them a week, remember—the show is that thing I really want to do. I love singing. I always have. It's the loveliest "extra" that people are willing to pay me for it!

As a singer, my life has to be some-

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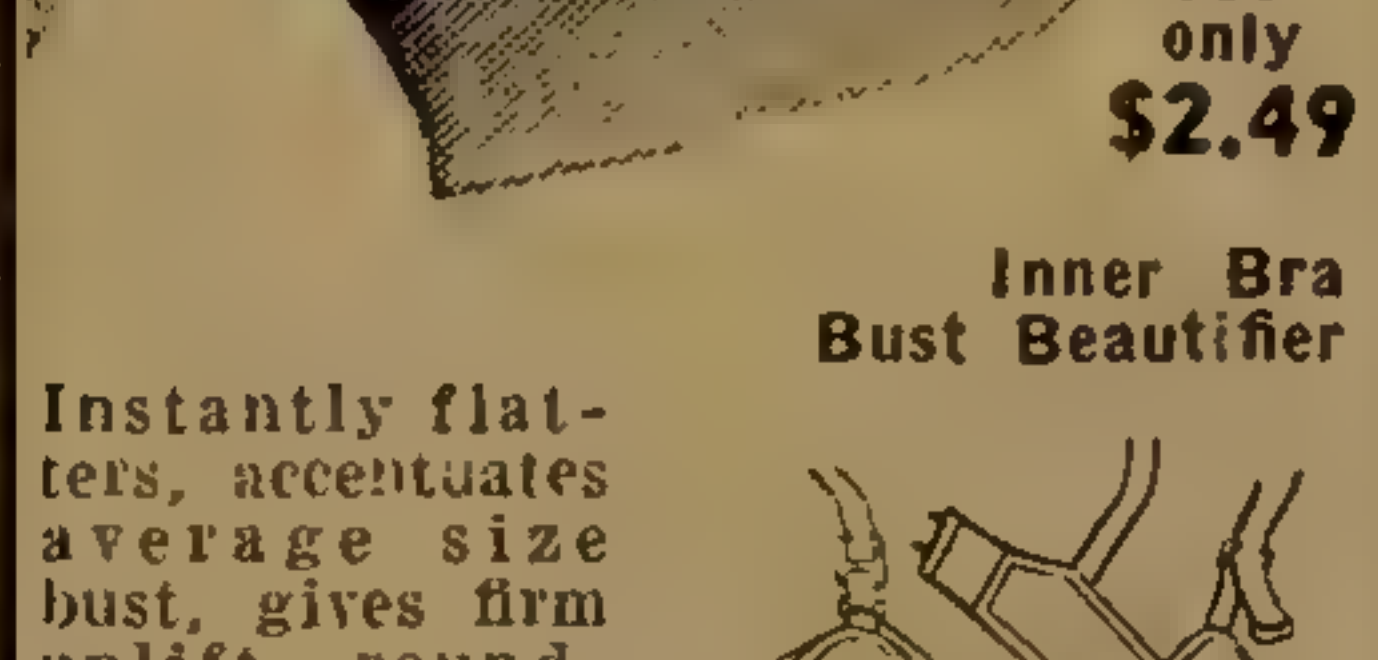
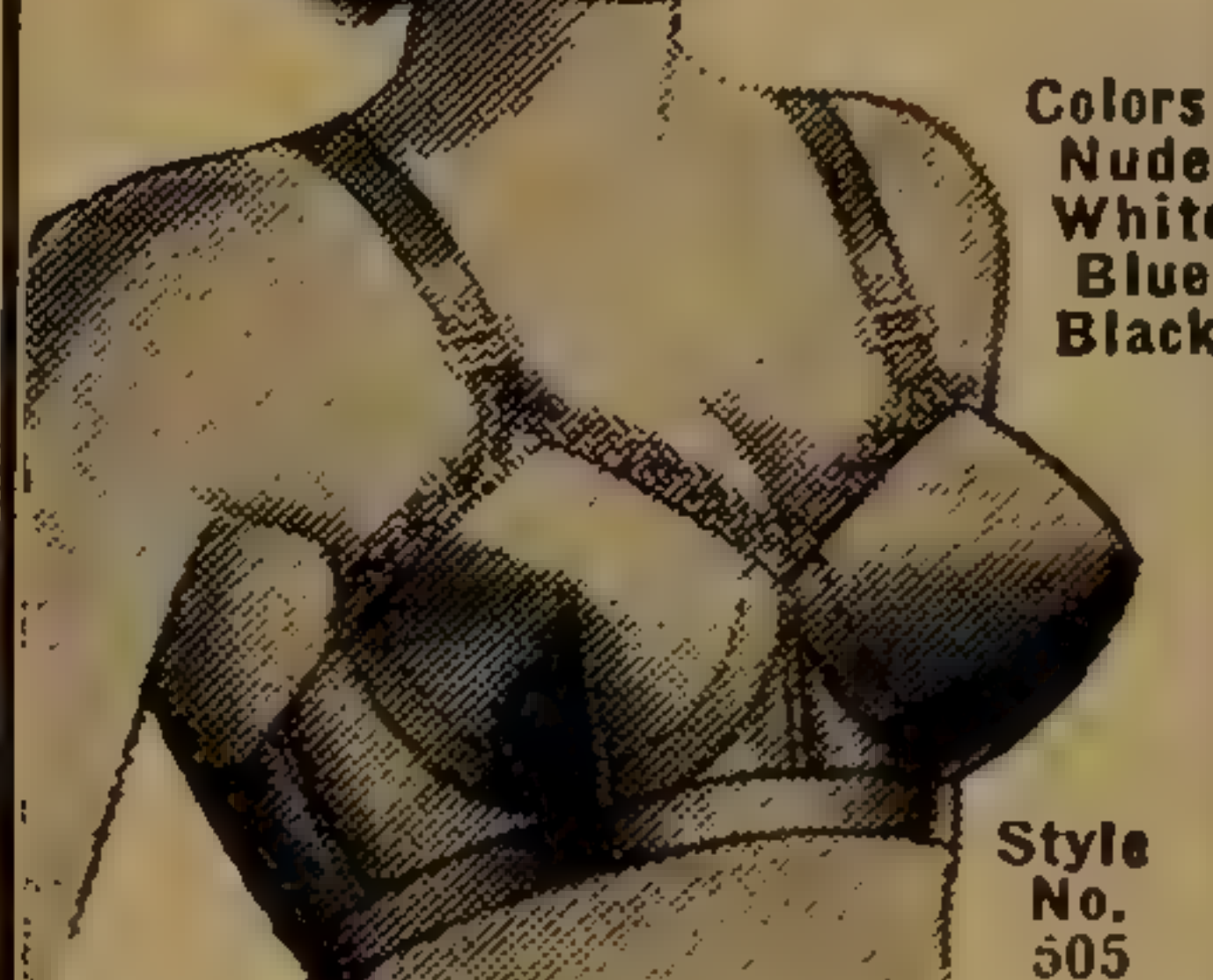
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Colors: Nude White Black
Instantly flattens, accentuates average size bust, gives firm uplift, roundness, highness to busts that sag, flatly spread out, not firm or round enough. Gorgeous washable fabric. Adjustable shoulder straps and elastic back closing.

Special patent pend. bust molding feature on inside of all "Yuth-Bust" styles, lifts supports and cups large busts into the smaller youthful alluring shape you want, whether they are extra large, spread out or sagging. Style No. 101 and 202 Longline also have Special V-Midriff Control to flatten bulging stomach; also girdle hooks. Light, comfortable, firm, adjustable! Durable washable fabric.

Style No. 202 Adjustable Shoulder Strap Bra only \$2.98
Style No. 303 Bandeau Adjustable Strap Bra only \$2.75
Style No. 404 Bandeau Built-up Shoulder Bra only \$2.75

MEDIUM BUST

SIZES 34 to 52
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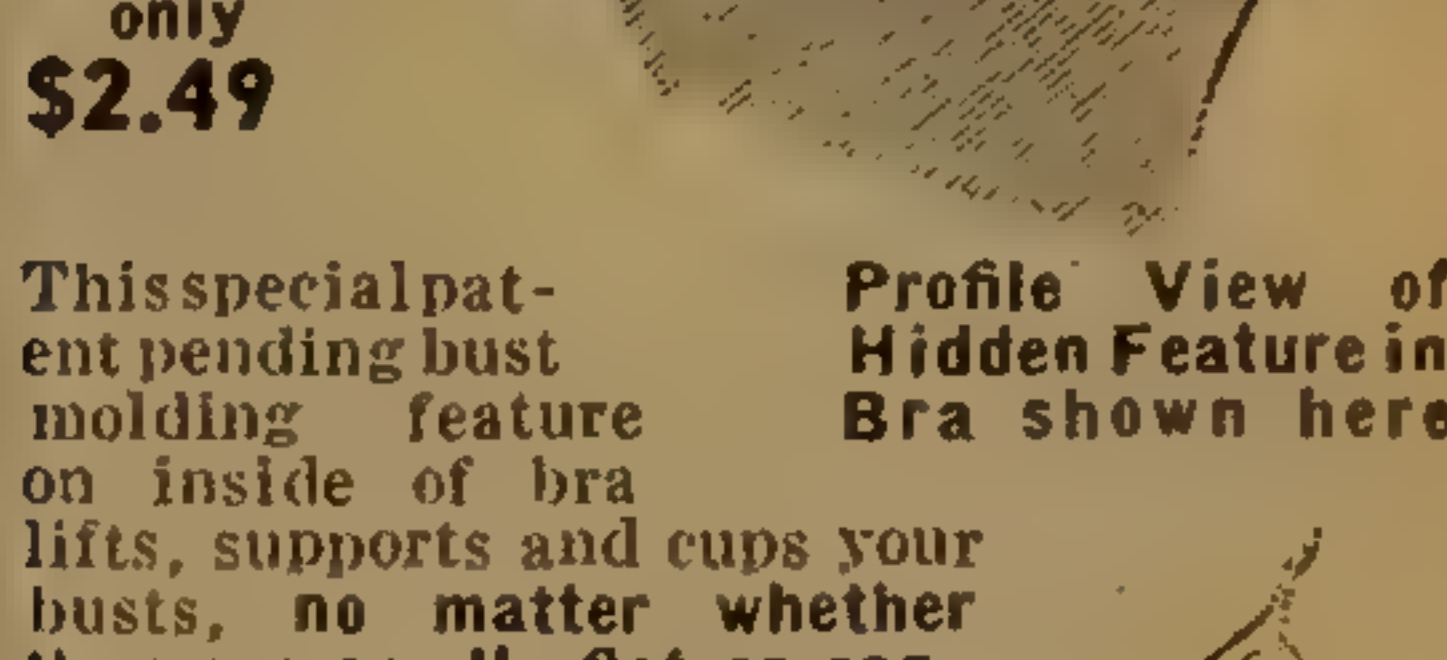
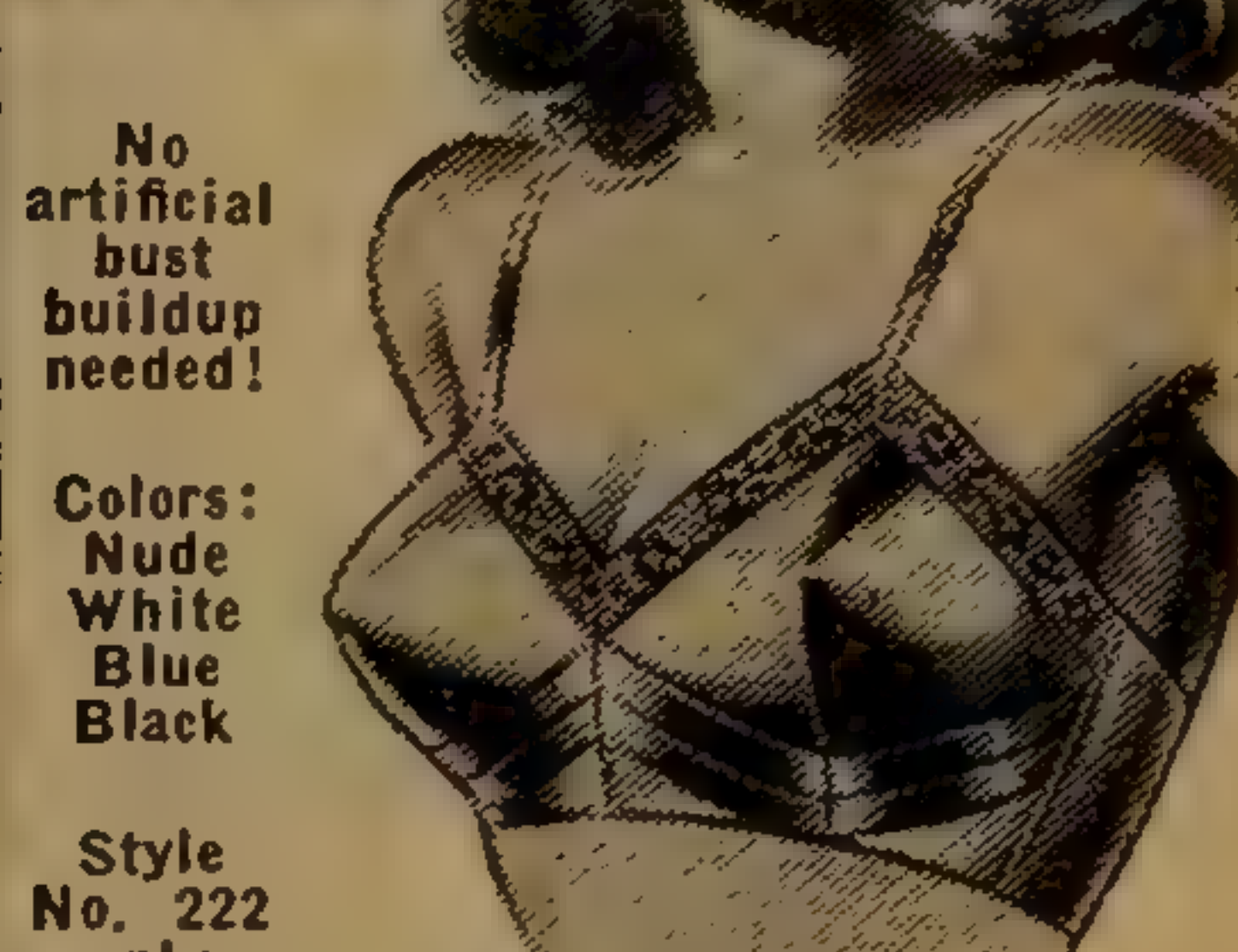


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Profile View of Hidden Feature in Bra shown here

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SIZES 28 to 38
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Rush to me in Plain Wrapper my specially designed bra for my individual figure checked below, plus my free "Glamour Bustline Course" which I will keep whether I return merchandise or not, I will pay postman on delivery, the price, plus postage. If after 10 days, I am not completely satisfied, I may return merchandise for my money back.

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what different from most girls; I guess. A great deal of my work has to be done at night—the memorizing, studying, the research I'm doing for my book and such, I like to do after the house is quiet and I can go off to my room with my poodle pal, Bobo, close the door, shut off the phone, be alone and think. I almost never get to bed before two, and I am a girl who needs eight hours' sleep, and likes ten. So I get up around noon. I suppose some people would call that lazy. But for me it is efficient. Because it works.

So does the long stretch I allow myself for a bath before bedtime. I do up my hair, cream my face, climb into a tub full of hot, foamy water. I have all my toilet accessories right over the tub on a little glass shelf—the manicure equipment, the hand cream, the sweet-smelling soap, even, if I feel like it, a good book. I can lie in a hot tub for an hour, just revelling in relaxation. It's a long time, maybe, but I don't remember ever spending a sleepless night in my life.

On the week-ends, the routine is a little different. The pace doesn't change, particularly, but the background does. My sister, Chris, and I usually drive to Long Beach on Saturday to stay until Sunday night with our parents and our sisters and their families. It's a pleasant, busy time—but for the life of me I couldn't tell you what makes it so busy. We sit around the house, and talk, and drink endless cups of coffee, cook the meals and do the dishes, and in the evenings—sometimes—we sing. Mother gets out her old five-string banjo and pretty soon all of the Staffords might as well be back in our native hills of Tennessee, for the air is filled with mountain music. On sunny Sunday afternoons, I sometimes walk around the golf course with my father or go to the beach with my little nieces and nephews.

It's a far cry, I suppose, from Hollywood, and yet I think my coming from a big, happy family accounts for whatever success I have had professionally. In a house full of people you find out early that you can't have *all* the attention. That other people have problems, and, more important, that other people have talents.

I'm sure I was not five years old before I knew, deep in my bones, and in sharply personal terms that people in this world are dependent on one another, that we have to help one another if we are to survive ourselves.

It would never occur to me, for instance, that I had to know everything about anything. Even when I had almost full responsibility for the Chesterfield show, I managed to delegate work to people I knew were good, and *then* trusted them to do it. I needed help, I asked for it, and I got it. The writers did the writing, the conductor did the conducting. I sang.

It never occurs to me to tell anybody else how to do *his* job. I know a lot of people in my business who feel they are not fulfilling their roles as stars unless they have the final word on every phase of their programs or pictures. But to me that doesn't make sense. It's healthier, and happier, to be lazy.

Oh, I had a few frantic days when I first started out as a "star" singer. I worried and fretted and stewed, and then at one point I just sat down and cooled off. "What can happen if something goes wrong?" I asked myself. The worst thing, the very worst thing that could happen, I had to answer, was that

I would be fired. That was mighty unlikely. And even if I did get fired? Would that be too catastrophic? I relaxed, and tended to my job—the singing. Nothing terrible happened. This is an important thing. Most of the terrible things we worry about happening never happen.

I know women who can work themselves into a frenzy over a small dinner party. (When they aren't even responsible for the cooking.) I took a tip on that score a long time ago from my good friend, Margaret Ettinger. Maggie can have as many as thirty people at a party, and yet somehow you still feel at the end of the evening that she has spent the whole evening at your side—making sure *you* had a good time. It's nice if the food is good at a party, I admit that. But it's not the essential thing. What counts is being relaxed enough, as a hostess, to make a party a *party*.

It's better not to give a party if you're too tense to enjoy it, and, equally, it's better not to go to one if you're too tired to be a good guest. I used to find it very hard to say "no" to anything—whether a social invitation, or a request to do a benefit. But I had to learn how to do it—and not just because I'm so "lazy." It's always a mistake, I've found, to do any more in a day than you can take on happily and do well.

It all adds up, this laziness business, it seems to me now, to a state of mind, a point of view.

All of us are equipped for this life with a certain amount of inner drive, or life force or energy. Whatever you want to call it, it's limited, and it's precious. The way we spend our precious energies determines, in the long run, whether we'll be successful or unsuccessful, happy or unhappy. Spending mine the "lazy" way has proved, for me, at least, the most profitable.

I have watched a close friend of mine, an intense, terrifically talented young man, explode away enough energy in five minutes when he found himself tied up in traffic at a stop light to see him calmly—lazily, if you like—through a whole day. The perfectionists squander theirs, too, and the people who have to do everything because nobody else does it quite right. They may enjoy a brief hour of triumph—you've seen them come and go, but naming names would be unkind. But they wind up burned out, sick, and alone. They wouldn't go into the streets and madly throw their money away. Why are they willing to do it with their even more valuable energy?

I'm not making a plea here for the lackadaisical, too-carefree, too-dependent attitude of too many people. Everybody has to move forcefully once in awhile. Everyone has to get mad now and then. What I *am* aiming for, and urging upon all the unlucky people who haven't found out what fun it is to be lazy, is a relaxed and happy medium.

Face up to the pressure—when it's necessary. Blow up if it's important to blow up, but only when it's important.

You'll be amazed how many golden, unhurried hours you save to just lie back and be lazy!

Are you as lovely
as you can be?

See page 19

Paid Notice

Cheese!

(Continued from page 50)

NANCY CRAIG WELSH RAREBIT

Makes 4 servings

Melt in a heavy skillet over low heat:

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Add: 1 lb. American cheese, diced

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard

dash of cayenne

Continue cooking over low heat, stirring constantly until cheese melts.

Stir in: $\frac{1}{3}$ cup ale or beer

3 egg yolks, slightly beaten

Cook 1 minute longer, stirring constantly.

Beat until stiff but not dry:

3 egg whites

Fold cheese mixture gently into beaten egg whites. Serve immediately over toast or crackers.

PINEAPPLE CHEESE PIE

Makes 1-9" pie

Line a 9" pie plate with pastry. Bake in a hot oven (450°F.) until lightly browned. Cool slightly.

Drain thoroughly:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed pineapple

Spread over bottom of pastry shell.

Combine: $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

1 tablespoon flour

Add: 4 (3 oz.) pkgs. cream-cheese

Blend thoroughly.

Combine: 4 eggs, slightly beaten

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

1 teaspoon vanilla

Add to cheese mixture. Blend well. Pour into pastry shell. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes to 1 hour or until a knife inserted in the center comes out clean.

CHEESE SOUFFLE

Makes 6 servings

Melt over boiling water:

4 tablespoons butter or margarine

Add: 4 tablespoons flour

1 teaspoon salt

Stir until smooth and well blended.

Stir in: $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk

Continue cooking, stirring constantly until thick.

Add: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. American cheddar cheese, diced

Stir until melted. Remove from heat.

Add: 6 egg yolks, beaten

Blend well.

Beat until stiff but not dry:

6 egg whites

Pour cheese mixture slowly into beaten egg whites, cutting and folding while pouring. Pour into a 2 quart casserole.

Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) $1\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

Serve at once.

TOASTED PARMESAN STRIPS

Cut into 1" slices:

1 loaf unsliced bread

Trim the crusts and cut each slice into 3 strips.

Brush each strip on all sides with:

1 cup melted butter or margarine

Roll in: 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Place on a baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) 15 minutes. Place under broiler until lightly browned. Serve with soup or salad.

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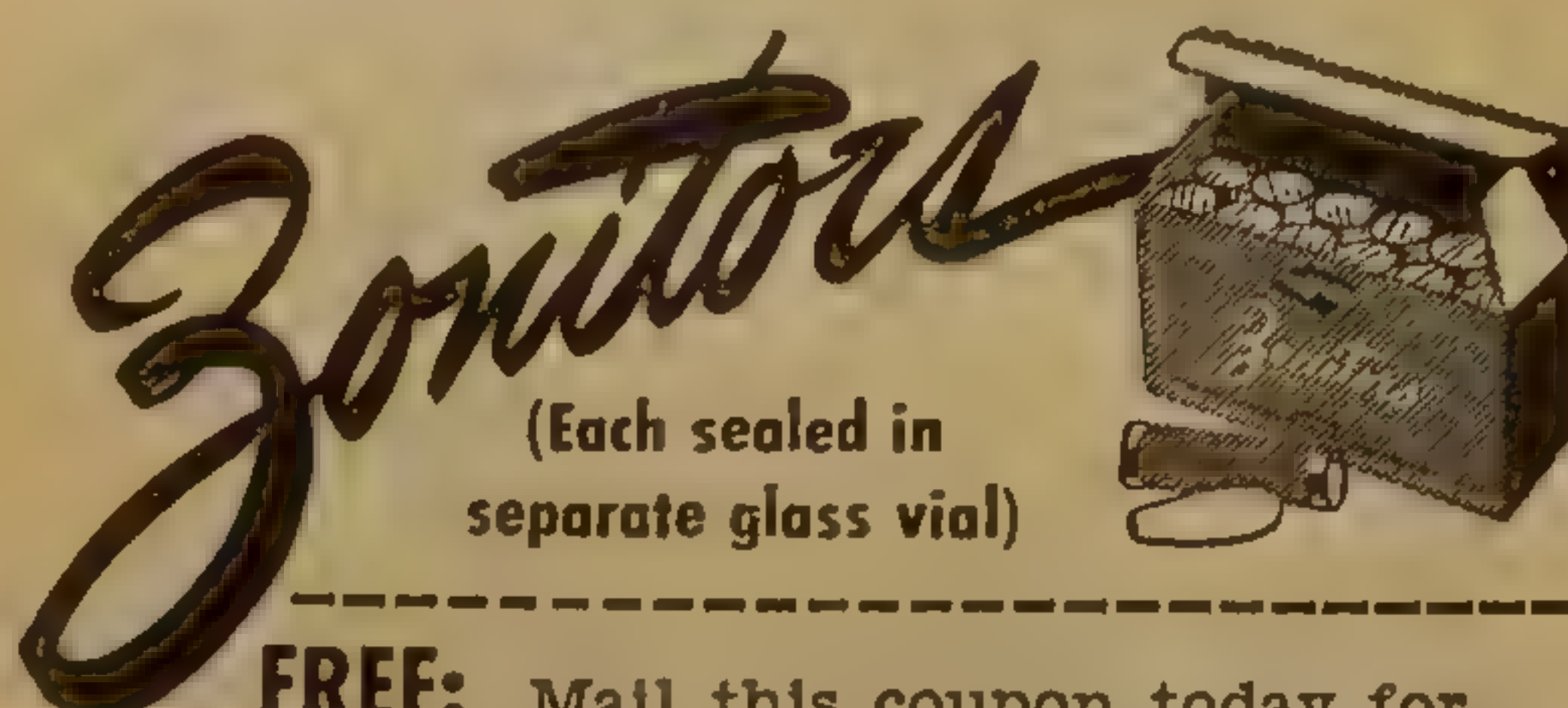
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Fence Around the Stars

(Continued from page 63)

But it was a low period. I can trace it back now and I see pretty clearly that the upward climb began when I grew friendly with red-headed Francie Brent, Jim's—well, foster-daughter-in-law is the way you have to describe her, for she's the wife of young Dr. John Brent, nicknamed Butch, who was adopted by Jim when he was about twelve and Jim was in his early twenties. They've always been like two brothers rather than like father and son. When Francie and I became good friends she told me about Jim, and after that I couldn't feel quite so rabby toward him. I knew then that the frown wasn't sternness, but the grim effort of an unhappy man to dedicate himself to his work. You can't be frightened of a person when you discover that his unbending air shields experiences that parallel your own.

At first I knew only that Jim had a six-year-old daughter named Janie—she was one of Tommy's friends; and a glamorous, impressive wife, Carol. Carol's glamor was authentic; not only was she a strikingly attractive woman but an unusually ambitious and capable one. So it appeared, at least, because she had an important job with a big New York cosmetics firm. I think part of her glamor arose from the fact that she was almost never in Merrimac; she'd fly in and fly out again for a brief visit, trailing after her the exciting aura of New York, Miami, San Francisco, Hollywood . . . stardusted names to which her work took her.

It was Francie who kept Jim's home for him, who took care of his daughter. "With Butch away so much what else would I do with myself?" Francie said wistfully. Butch, working like Jim on tropical diseases, was with a research outfit in the South Pacific at the time. "And I love Jim and Janie so that my heart almost breaks for them. Maggie, he's so lonely . . ."

Lonely. I knew about that. After that I was never quite the same with Jim. I saw beyond the mask he wore to the emptiness of a life that consisted of sleeping and eating only to build up strength enough to go on working. I had done that myself.

I suppose it was the change in my own manner that brought on the change in his; I only know for certain that the whole tempo of life began to quicken. The mood line was going upward as though on a graph. When I brushed my hair in the morning and tucked my blouse neatly into my skirt, and took pains with my lipstick, it wasn't because I took pride in looking neat and workmanlike. Not any more. It was because once or twice I had surprised a real consciousness of me in Jim Brent's grey eyes—when, as though against his will, they had really looked into mine and seen me, Maggie Lowell, instead of just a face above a white coat like his own.

Jim's eyes would cloud over at those times; troubled, disturbed, they would leave mine and drop to the chart which was almost always in his hand, and he would busily write a figure or two. How else could it be? He was still a married man. But even as my face grew warm and a sense of cheapness, of shame, stole over me, I remained conscious of the pounding elation that carried me upward. Just his look would do it, and being with him all day in the lab. After

Have You Heard?



JOAN LANSING

Sip that soda, sis, and keep cool! And for added summer enjoyment try this special refresher-recipe: take a quick dash of "FLASH" . . . add a cooling "CAROL" . . . and garnish with a cheery "CHANCE OF A LIFETIME"!

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Joan Lansing

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a while I forgot to be ashamed. Not a word had been said, but I knew and I thought he did. When I rushed through breakfast each morning, kissed Tommy goodbye, traveled unseeing through the leaf-patterned streets of the town and turned through the great iron gates into the hospital grounds, my whole being was set for that moment when I would close the laboratory door behind me and Jim and I would be alone. Oh, there were others there—Dr. Clark, other helpers; to anyone else's eyes the arrangement was most businesslike. And outwardly, so were we; but inwardly, for me, the whole room was filled with Jim. I didn't dare to hope that he felt the same; and yet, without hoping, without letting myself dream of it, I think I knew.

Carol was never in town. I learned from Francie that for all practical purposes she had left Jim, deserted him; but the only talk of divorce came from Francie herself.

"Jim loves you," she burst out at me one night, as we sat on my front porch together rocking like two elderly ladies. We had both felt so lonely that I'd asked her to come over after dinner; but I regretted it when she turned the conversation ruthlessly to Jim. She insisted, "You know he loves you, Maggie. Everyone knows it. If only that wife of his—the amount of wife she's been to him you could put into this thimble!" Wildly, Francie waved the sewing she had brought over her vivid red hair. "Why don't the two of you do something about it?"

I said stiffly, "What would you suggest?"

"Oh—" She gritted her teeth and pulled hard at a thread. "You're right, of course. But it boils me up to see Jim with this one skinny chance for happiness getting skinnier all the time because Carol won't let him go. If you'd lived with them, and heard the things I've heard for the last year—there's only one word for women like Carol, and the pity of it is that nice women like me don't use it. She wants and wants, all the time. She doesn't give a pin for Janie—and you know, Maggie, I think she really hates Jim—"

"Francie, please I can't listen to this. What's between Carol and Jim is between them—nobody has the right to interfere."

"Now you mark my words. This trip to Paris she's about to make—it's ten to one she won't come back, Maggie. You'll see. She'll find some fat oaf who'll dress her in the size diamonds she prefers, and Jim will get his dismissal, but fast."

"When's Butch coming back?" I asked desperately. "What does he write?" My heart was pounding; my cheeks were hot. I kept telling myself it was because I was ashamed, but it wasn't. It was hope, I was suffering from, the leaping hope that Francie might be right . . .

Francie was right. Carol Brent never returned from that trip to Paris. In a great flurry of taxis and smart luggage and furs she went off one morning to catch the New York express, and I heard vaguely from Francie the next day that she'd done it—had taken the Paris plane in spite of Jim's ultimatum that he regarded her going as an act of desertion. But there was nothing vague about what happened after that. The headlines, the radio made it all too specifically positive for there to be any room for doubt. The plane Carol was on never got to Paris. It went down in the Atlantic somewhere off France, and

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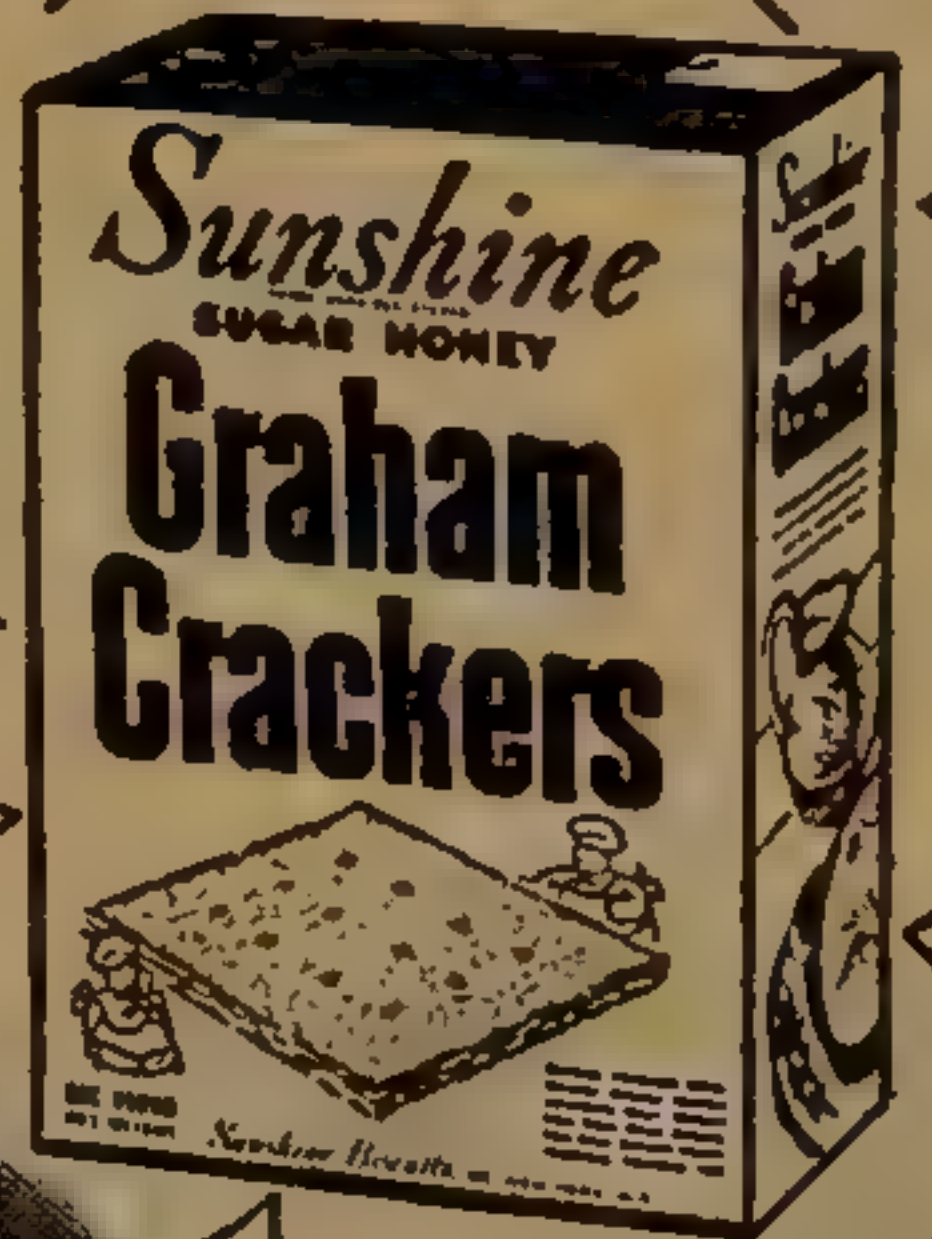


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P E R F U M E

there were no survivors. *There were no survivors . . .*

It was strange, the way Jim and I sprang apart for a time after that. In our thoughts and attitudes, I mean, for as I have said there was not much that was real, as yet, between us. Shocked and unsettled, I needed time to myself to appease my conscience. There was no act of mine involved, I was guilty of nothing; my little hopes and miseries had had nothing to do with what had happened. I was answerable to nobody on earth for anything . . . except to myself. I needed time to settle with myself, however, for I wasn't used to squeezing my own happiness out of other people's tragedy.

For Jim the days that followed were filled with grim detail. In every way he could, he checked the news reports; I understood that Carol's firm was investigating too, trying to find out beyond the shadow of a doubt that nobody on the plane had been rescued. The headlines faded to second, to fifth-page stories, and finally disappeared, but the investigations went on . . . and on . . .

They didn't bring Carol Brent back. They couldn't. She was dead.

And Jim was free.

That's why it was a bitter-sweet moment, the first time we kissed. We didn't need to do much talking; the mutualness of our feeling was almost a taken-for-granted thing by then. One night we went to dinner, Jim and I, in a candle-lit place a few miles out of town along the South Fork River. There was music, and there were fireflies—and there were youngsters around us, starry-eyed, dancing cheek to cheek. I was faintly wistful as I watched them. For Jim and me it could never be quite like that; there was too much behind both of us for either ever to be rashly, thoughtlessly ecstatic again. We had grown too wary, and we each had good reason . . . That was part of what made it a little wry, a little bitter. The sweet came later, when we drove away and Jim turned not toward town but toward the hills beyond the town.

"I've never before come here, except alone," he told me. "It's a special place. It's been a—lonely one. Till now."

I didn't feel bold at all, reaching out to brush his hand with mine. I felt natural, right. "Till now," I echoed. In a way, it was all the pledge we needed.

After that night Jim's "special place" became our outdoor living room. We went there to be alone, to quarrel, to make up . . . to talk and be silent.

Yes . . . I wrote the word "quarrel." Of course we quarreled. Who doesn't? Little amiable quarrels, most of them. One was about the wedding date. I had begun boldly, and I kept on that way—it was I who wanted to get married soon. Jim was perturbed, because the work had struck a snag.

"Let's wait one more month," he argued. "We'll be on the right track then. I wouldn't feel right, leaving things as uncertain as they are now. I couldn't take even two weeks off without worrying myself to death—"

"Carson says it's okay," I reminded him. "She said to take three weeks."

"Carson's an administrator, not a researcher. She doesn't know how it nags at you."

We compromised, cutting the time in half. Six weeks to wait . . . Jim's teasing about my unmaidenly hurry left me quite unmoved. I couldn't be hypercritical! I wanted my happiness, my home and husband, the ready-made family we had in Tommy and Janie, the family we would build . . . I wanted them all *now*.

Merrimac, which had been a quiet, pleasant little town, suddenly became a town in a fairy tale. The windows sparkled in sunlight, were jewel-spangled when it rained; the grass was unbelievably green; the air was full of music which only I could hear. Everybody beamed at me—that much was the literal truth. So many people seemed to know my name now, greeting me when I walked swiftly to and from the laboratory. After all, as the wife of Dr. Brent I'd be one of the pillars of the town, practically an elder. I wondered once if I ought to begin to wear a hat more often; it was unfitting perhaps for the wife of Wheelock's Chief of Staff to stride about the streets in flat-heeled shoes, her hair flying backward in a breeze created by her own speed.

Away at the back of my mind was the problem of where we were going to live, but I didn't know what to do about it so I left it there. Things were going so well, it was foolish to worry. Someone would come along with an answer, and even if nobody did we'd find one for ourselves.

It sounded as though Francie were the someone, when she called me at the lab the following afternoon. "Can you get off for a while? Something I want to show you. I'm afraid if we wait it might get snapped up—"

"Francie! A house?"

"Ssh! Not so loud. There's always someone around who hasn't got a place to live. Listen. Meet me on the corner of Spruce and Vermont in half an hour, and I'll show you." She started to hang up, and added as an afterthought, "Don't tell Jim what you're coming out for." Then she was gone before I could object to her restriction. I don't know what made me obey it. Maybe the fact that Jim and I had never talked about a house, and it seemed so abrupt to say "I'm going out to look at one." Maybe premonition. But I don't believe in them.

The house Francie had found belonged to a small, white-haired lady

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named Mrs. Lewis, who had been ordered South for her health. She was a perfect little miniature, with a beautiful profile and a delicate kind of old-world charm that captivated me completely. I knew when I saw her that I would love her home and I found myself a little sorry she didn't go with it. She went so well with the French blue of her living room, looked so right against the pale brown tiles that faced the big square fireplace.

There wasn't a thing wrong with that house. It was ideal. My only regret was that I hadn't told Jim where I was going, and brought him with me. Then we could have settled with Mrs. Lewis on the spot. I could scarcely spare time for politeness when we had seen it all, I was so anxious to rush out and tell him about it. But as we stood in the doorway Mrs. Lewis held me back for an instant, one small hand resting lightly on my arm. She looked very serious.

"I like people, so I haven't minded showing them over my home," she said. "I've shown it to at least fifteen couples . . . But it is my home, and I love it dearly. I'd like you to have it, somehow. I'd like to think of you living in it, where my husband and I raised such a wonderful family."

I stood poised there, arrested by the sudden sharp conviction that she was trying to tell me something. I didn't know what it was; perhaps she didn't either . . . for a moment we stood frozen, staring into one another's eyes. I almost said it—"What are you trying to tell me? Oh, what is it?" But the moment slid past with Francie's impatient call from the gate, which she was already opening. I squeezed Mrs. Lewis's hand and went down the steps.

It was too late to go back to the lab. I phoned Jim from a drug store, making a great mystery out of where I'd been and how I was going to tell him about it at night. Then, since I had a luxurious half hour to spare, Francie and I went over to talk to Mrs. Collins about my wedding dress. Then Francie had the wonderful idea of picking up Tommy, and taking him home to eat at the Brent house with herself and Janie, so I phoned Jim again and asked him to meet me downtown for dinner. I was sorry to see that Jim was preoccupied, when he came—ten minutes late—to the lobby. He didn't even smile when I waved to show where I was; he came toward me, looking grave. I decided to save my surprise, and serve it up with the dessert. Then if it wasn't too late we could phone Mrs. Lewis, and go right out there.

It wasn't difficult to keep from talking about it, because Jim was full of shop talk. "That Number Nine count—the one you were taking—simply isn't right," he grumbled as we ate.

"You're not supposed to talk about it here, are you?" I reminded him. His voice had been low, as always, but caution had become instinctive with all of us who were working on the project. Besides, I didn't want to talk about the work just now . . .

"You're right," Jim said. He reached across and took my hand, somewhat absent-mindedly. "Well, what's your big news that you can't mention on the phone—which was just as well because I was rushed to death."

"It's a house! A house for us, for Tommy, for Janie—" A man at the next table looked over at us alertly, and I dropped my voice at once. What Francie had said was true—everybody was looking for a place to live. But nobody else could have this one! At great length, with gestures and extravagant, elaborate details, I told Jim all about it. I talked so long and so fast that I didn't take time to look at Jim's expression until I had to stop for breath. Then the breath caught in my throat. He didn't look the way he was supposed to. He looked—he looked—

"I don't get it," he said. "Why a house? What's wrong with mine?"

Well, that was quite a question. What was wrong with it? It wasn't too small; it wasn't old or ugly. It was simply as far from being our house as I was far from flying to the moon. Jim had lived there, however briefly and unhappily, with Carol. I tried to phrase some objection that would hold water, and that could be spoken aloud. "It's right on the hospital grounds. It wouldn't be like—like going home at all, at night."

"I've got to be on the hospital grounds Maggie. I may be called any hour of the day or night. You know that—"

"That's partly it—you shouldn't be. Even an ordinary doctor has the right to some private life. And when one works as hard in the lab as you do—"

"That's nonsense," Jim said almost roughly. "It's my work. I don't look on it as drudgery. I can't afford to go off the grounds and neither can you. You'd have that much further to travel twice a day."

I sat back then, and waited until I was certain of the meaning of what he had said. I couldn't take any chances on misunderstanding. We'd already spoken more sharply to one another than ever before. But this—this was incredible. Jim hadn't planned on my staying home. He thought I would continue working with him at Wheelock, just as I'd been doing. Was that it? I put the question to him very carefully.

"But of course," he answered, with a bewildered look. "How else, Maggie? You know how vital it is that the work we've been doing gets pushed ahead—and that the number of those who know about it remains as small as humanly possible—"



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Suddenly I was angry, furiously angry. I said through clenched teeth, "I don't care about the work. Can't you forget it for a minute? I'm talking about you and me, about our marriage. I thought you wanted what I want, a home, a family, a wife."

"We'll have all that. All that and more, Maggie. Later, when this thing is finished."

"Later?" I shivered a little. "Maybe you won't like my saying this, Jim, but it's what I've come to believe. I don't think anyone alive can afford to wait until later for anything. You may have to wait through circumstances you can't control, or you may have to give up wanting whatever it is you want. But if there's something you want and you can have it—have it *now*—you dare not wait."

Jim looked at me gravely. "Have you been brooding about this, Maggie? Are you frightened, worried about something? Because if you have been, and you haven't said anything—"

"Of course I haven't been brooding! I didn't know there was anything to worry about. I took it for granted we hadn't talked about a house because—well, we've both been so busy."

"I can bear anything, even quarreling, but I cannot bear it if you keep things to yourself," Jim said doggedly. "Letting a trivial grievance fester in silence, instead of dragging it out into the light and going at it until it's settled. Bringing it out years later to use as a weapon—I've had too much of that sort of thing. I can't face any more—"

The remnants of my anger were swept away on a tide of compassion and love so fierce that I had to wait, before I spoke, to steady my voice. I couldn't recall Jim ever before making so revealing a reference to his life with Carol. I must be careful, be sure that what I said was what I really felt. I mustn't fight Jim just for the triumph of winning. Carol had done that; so many women, I knew, did that, and thought themselves successful wives because they found that after a few years of such contests their husbands gave up arguing. That was not for Jim and me, not now or ever. For us I wanted a hand-in-hand approach to any problems that came up, and the understanding that we would be strong enough to bring to these problems only if we learned the trick of meeting them as one person.

This wasn't the time to put my thoughts into words, and yet I think something of what was going on in my mind got through to Jim even without words. All I said was, "I want your happiness, Jim. I will have no grievances whether we live in your way or in my way, so long as it's the right way for you. If we can't have a real home right now, I don't deny that I'll still want one—and if you think it best that I don't stop working, I can't pretend I'll be perfectly content. But the one important thing will be that we're living in the way that's best for you. I trust you, and I love you."

Without warning, I felt the hot sting of tears behind my eyes. Quickly I put my hand over them. I couldn't break down till I finished what I had to say. "I'm not a managing woman, Jim. I don't want to be. I want you to make the decisions and sort of—sort of do the steering. I'll go along."

"Maggie," Jim said. He reached over and started to take the hand that was covering my eyes, but apparently he realized then that it was there for a

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reason. Tactfully, he just patted it, and withdrew his own. "Oh, dearest," he said. "I don't know what to say. I'd rather cut my hand off than have you even a little dissatisfied, but I don't see how . . . I just didn't plan on moving, or doing without you in the lab."

It was almost as if he'd said *I didn't plan on making so drastic a change in my life. I only planned to marry you, and go on as before.* I fought down a sudden, unreasonable pang. Jim didn't mean that, I knew. He was only shaken by his first deep cleavage we had discovered—as I was. Upset by the revelation that in spite of our closeness we could be so very far apart on so very important a question . . .

It was our first important difference; it could be settled, one way or another. But I felt as though a shadow had fallen on my heart. When I woke up next morning Merrimac wasn't singing anymore. It was a pleasant, quiet town, where I hoped to live happily for many years, but the fairy-tale glow had been turned off. My mood, skittish and unreliable, was turning downward after its weeks of playing around in the stratosphere.

"It's healthier this way," I kept telling myself as I checked off Saturday chores on a list I carried from room to room. "Feet on the ground. Quarreling—everybody does it. You're only human, better face it." After several cups of coffee I felt better, and when I had phoned Mrs. Collins and told her to go ahead on one of the dresses Francie and I had seen the day before, I felt almost normal again. At the back of my mind was a dim, sore feeling, but it was very dim indeed. It would go away if I ignored it. And if I never again reached the peak of elation on which I'd been living—well, it would be better for a doctor's wife to be a more sober-seeming individual anyway.

Nonetheless, when the phone rang that afternoon my heart zoomed wildly as I ran for it. It was Jim.

"Maggie? Listen—I've only got a minute. I wanted to tell you—wait a minute." There was an indistinct murmur; then his voice returned. "Francie wants me to tell you it's a surprise. Would you rather have it that way?"

"Oh, bother Francie," I muttered. "Tell me now!"

Jim laughed. "I'll give her your message. Oh, Maggie, I feel ten years younger than I did last night! By the way—how are you?"

I gritted my teeth in exasperation. "Jim—will you tell me?"

"Okay. All right. I've got it for you, Maggie. The key. The house. Your heart's desire."

"Jim . . . ?"

"I mean it. I did my thinking, and the end result was that I got all the dope from Francie this morning and went over and settled with your little lady. She's a wonder, by the way. And so's the house, darling. Just right."

"Do you mean it? You really liked it as much as I did?"

"Loved it. Oh, and Maggie—something else." He was interrupted by a scuffling noise, and then Francie's voice came over the phone, breathless and laughing, saying, "No—this I will tell her myself. Maggie? What—what do you think—Butch is coming home!"

"Francie, that's wonderful. When dear?"

"In about four and a half minutes, judging from this cable. Well, actually what he says is he wants to get back for the baby—you know, when it comes—



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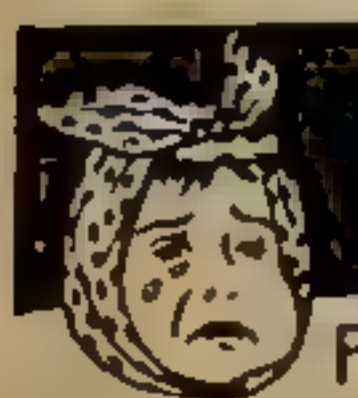
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and he wants to get back for the wedding, and he sort of hints that he's asked for a leave of absence so he can stay in town a while. I'm breathless. I'm so excited! Oh, talk to Jim; he's poking me. See you later!"

Between the two of them I was getting breathless myself. Also a little bit tearful. I brushed the tears away with the back of my hand and tried to disguise from Jim's ear the fact that I was sniffing. When we hung up I sat down at the telephone table and cried out loud, like a child.

We didn't, Jim and I, quite succeed in bringing back our mood—my mood—of golden expectation. In the days that followed, each carrying us closer to our wedding day, I chided myself many times for the immature way in which I let my emotions get out of hand. Up one minute, down the next... Fortunately I was too busy to sit around worrying about my mental condition. Especially busy after Jim told me what Butch's return could mean to us if Butch agreed to a plan Jim was formulating. It was beautifully simple and logical. It consisted of asking Butch, who was not only a doctor but an expert technician, if he would consider taking my place with Jim at Wheelock! Of course eventually he would be far more help than I could ever be. And Butch was as ardent a researcher as his foster father. I prayed that the idea would seem as perfect to him as it did to us and took comfort from Francie's assurance that it couldn't miss. "I won't let it," she said grimly. "I'll make him take over. I want you where I can get you on the other end of a phone if the baby kicks up a fuss. If you have nothing to do but be a housewife you'll be a lot more use to me."

"Nothing but cooking and cleaning and decorating and taking care of two rowdy children and backing up Jim's position as one of the pillars of town." I sighed happily. "Oh, Francie, it'll be dreadful! I can hardly wait!"

"Is it still a secret where you're going on your honeymoon?"

"It's no secret. We don't know ourselves, that's all. We're just going to get into the car and drive, this way, that way, any way."

Francie came to the door with me, and with a warmth she was too brisk, usually, to show, she put her round cheek against mine. "It's only two days now, Maggie. Oh, Maggie, you'll be kind to Jim, won't you? If he's ever impatient or—or stubborn—you'll remember that he's out of practice in the kind of giving and taking you have to do. He had to learn to be stiff and to fight all the time, for every inch of independence he had..."

I nodded and pressed her hand. I had made that vow already, to myself.

Two days... one day... one night. It was like a special-delivery good omen when Butch got back, right on the edge of the time limit. Jim was jubilant; he'd had a strong, sentimental wish that went very deep to have Butch beside him, as Francie would be beside me. Now the picture would be perfect.

The sky was gray when I opened my eyes on my wedding morning. Ruefully I realized that I had broken very thoroughly with tradition by having closed them the previous night. I should have been strained, unable to sleep, a-twitter with nerves. I moved over in my bed so that I could stare up at the sky, grateful that for once in my life my unreliable nerves were under good control. I felt calm and oddly composed. It wasn't a bride-like sensation, but it was a pretty good way to feel considering that there were still plenty of things to take care of before the few people we'd invited began to arrive for the ceremony at eleven. I rolled over and lay on my face, and said one of the shortest, most fervent prayers of my life. A one-sentence prayer... a plea that we might be helped to make ourselves and our children a happy, useful family. When I looked up again the sky had cleared. It was going to be a brilliant day, after all.

By the time Francie came, I was showered and dressed except for my gown. I had forced a bit of breakfast down Tommy's reluctant throat, made a good show of swallowing some myself, and had supervised the unusual ritual of dressing which I had convinced him he simply had to put up with this one morning if he really wanted to act as door usher and show the guests into the living room. Then, at my wits end to keep him busy and out of my way, I had sent him into the living room to arrange the chairs the way he liked them best. I knew he would end up making a tunnel through their legs, and have a wonderful time crawling around until it was time to take up his post at the door.

Francie outshone me, with her red hair in its lovely coronet emphasizing the snapping blue of her eyes. Butch's homecoming had made her more vivid than ever; she fairly sparked with happiness. "Well, you're a calm one," she greeted me. "Why have you still got all your fingernails? Do you know what time it is? Get hopping, bride—your guests are due to start arriving in half an hour." She brushed her hand affectionately over my hair and began to bustle about, undoing things I had already done and peering into my suitcase to make sure I'd used every available corner. Finally there was absolutely nothing to do but get me into my gown.

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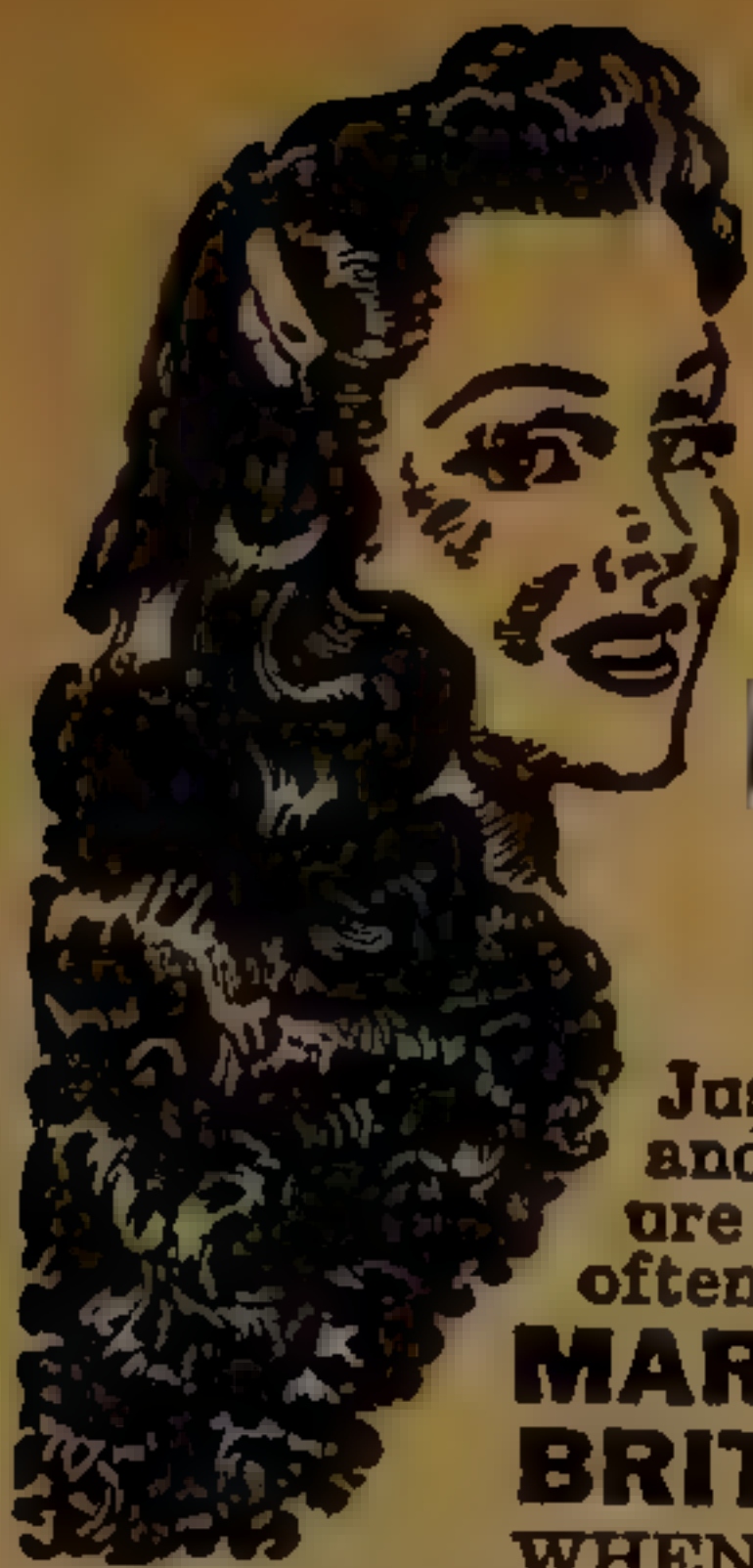
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Reverently, she lifted the frothy blue stuff from the bed and slipped it over my head, and zipped it up the back. The pale chiffon fell softly about me, clinging in pleats that would sway when I walked. Below it my feet looked slim and small in shell-like slippers of tinted satin. Francie stood back and rolled her eyes. "With that hat, Maggie, it's just—I have never seen anything like it. You see how right I was about that extra spray of flowers coming down over your ears—it makes you look like something out of the Middle Ages, I swear!"

"A knight in full armor, perhaps?" I murmured, but my flippancy was extinguished by the frightening clamor of the front door bell. I heard Tommy treading heavily toward it, full of purposeful responsibility. Then I relaxed. It was the Reverend DeWitt, and his wife, who had promised to come early to give me a few moments of calming talk if I needed them. Amelia DeWitt came to the foot of the stairs and called. "Good wedding morn, Margaret . . . Frances. Can I do anything at all?"

I shook my head at Francie, and then I added quickly—"Tell her to brush Tommy's knees off if they need it, will you?" My hands had suddenly begun to shake. "Oh Francie," I wailed softly. "I'm scared!"

Francie threw me a satisfied look. "That's more like it," she said. "You were giving me the creeps before with all that level-headedness. Gosh, I hope Butch gets Jim ready and out on time." The bell pealed again, and she listened at the bedroom door. "Carson," she said, "it's quarter of. Sit still—no, walk around if you want to, I guess that's more relaxing."

She went to the window and leaned out of it as far as she could. I knew what she was doing, because it was something I had been restraining myself from doing ever since I'd awakened. If you look out that window in just the right way, and hang out far enough, and know where to look, you can see across the row of houses that separates us from the Wheelock grounds, and off in one corner if your eyesight is very good you can see a corner of Jim's house. It was the corner around which Jim and Butch would have to come to get to my house.

Francie's voice came back to me. "Can't see a thing. Maybe better give them a call and see if Butch—" She tensed. "Here they come! Both of them, thank goodness, and Jim's walking under his own steam. I guess he's really willing after all, Maggie, you can quit worrying. Gee, they both look so beautiful! Butch is so big and Jim is so distinguished!"

I swallowed over an annoying dryness in my throat. "You can't really see a thing at this distance."

Francie pulled her head in to grin at me. "No, but I know them both by heart anyway." She stuck it out again. "Oh-oh. What's up? They both stopped and looked at each other. Now Butch is going back. Jim's waiting—no, now he's turned around and going back inside." She came all the way into the room again and turned her back on the window. "I won't look again. It's bad luck or something. I guess they invented a tradition and forgot the ring . . ."

I had listened with a sensation of unreality to her description of Butch and Jim stopping—going back. The sensation began to intensify now, until I was wrapped in a soundless, sightless

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hush that fended off the physical world. How can I explain it? It wasn't premonition. Everything she had said could have happened on anybody's wedding day, and was in fact a part of the sentimentally comic side of getting married—the pretense that the groom was unwilling, the expectation that he would forget the ring and have to go back for it—everything fit the pattern. There was nothing to warn me that the pattern had been irrevocably destroyed. Nothing to warn me . . . and yet I was warned.

I sat there, waiting . . . it might have been an hour. I know now, of course, that it was a much shorter time than that. Then down below there was a rough knock, and the door was opened without Tommy's offices. I heard Amelia DeWitt's startled cry, "Dr. Brent!—He mustn't see the bride now, it's . . ." Her voice was muffled by the closing of the living room door, and Jim's step came on up the stairs.

Francie, tight-lipped, said, "I'll go. Something's wrong—" I wondered fleetingly if I were as white as she was; then Jim's bulk filled the doorway. I heard him say, "I must speak to Maggie, please, Francie." He closed the door behind her and came toward me.

I knew, when Jim took me in his arms and kissed me, that it was for the last time. He had never kissed me so before, his arms like steel bands pressing me to him, his lips almost fierce against mine. When he let me go I saw that my shoulder had crushed the white flower in his buttonhole.

He said unsteadily, "All the way over I've been hoping words would come to me from somewhere, but they haven't. There's no help. I can just tell you what's happened. I don't ask you to believe it, I can't myself. We're in a nightmare. Just as we left the house the phone rang. Butch went back, called me. It was an overseas call. From Paris. When I put the receiver to my ear I heard . . . Carol's voice."

The room swayed gently around me. But Carol was dead . . . !

"I told you it was a nightmare!" Jim cried. I must have spoken aloud. "She's dead . . . but she spoke to me. She . . . was rescued, she told me. I didn't hear much. I was . . . She's coming back to Merrimac." His voice flattened out in the way it did when he was fighting for control. "I can't think, Maggie, I don't want to talk about it. I don't know what to say or think till I know more. Then we'll do something, something."

He came close again, but not close enough to touch me. I was grateful for

that. "One thing I do say. I'll say it now, and for ever. I'll never love anyone but you till the day I die. I won't speak or think or dream of giving you up. This horror will pass. I swear it, Maggie. We'll be together . . ."

We'll be together—never, never, never, my heart echoed mockingly.

How or when Jim left me I didn't know. I was vaguely aware of stirring down below—the door opening and closing, quiet movement. Once there was a tap on my door, a timid one, not repeated. "Francie," I thought without emotion. "Butch. They'll clean it all up. They'll wrap up the wedding." After a long time I went to the closet and took off my blue chiffon gown, covering it carefully as though it were the dead face of someone I loved.

I didn't even see it; I saw stars instead, the stars that had wheeled overhead that last time Jim and I had been together on our hilltop. Our voices came thinly back to me. "Don't teach me astronomy," I'd said. "I've got my own version of what goes on up there."

Jim's laugh . . . "I could have guessed it. There's a Maggie version of everything in the world, I've found. What's your story?"

I had told him, gesturing airily, about the houses I saw. A castle, with spires and turrets . . . a cottage, off to the left. He had squinted upward, and shaken his head with a laugh.

"You have to be more than willing, I guess. I don't see a thing except stars . . . but I'll put a fence around your cottage, dearest." His arm made an arc. "From there—to there."

And both of us had laughed at the idea of putting a fence around the stars. I smiled bitterly at the echo of that happy laughter. For it was all we had now, Jim and I . . . the handful of stars around which he had traced a fence for me one night.

I couldn't think yet about the future. Truth and unreality seemed to have traded places; there was no point in trying to discover which was which.

I was in no hurry, anyway. Jim's words had carried such conviction . . . "We'll be together," he had said. But conviction, and love, and rightness for one another . . . what good were they when things like these could happen? When Carol Brent could come back from the grave to turn our lives head over heels?

No . . . I was in no hurry to stand up to what was coming. For if things like this could happen . . . then that fence around the stars was the only home Jim and I would ever have, together . . .

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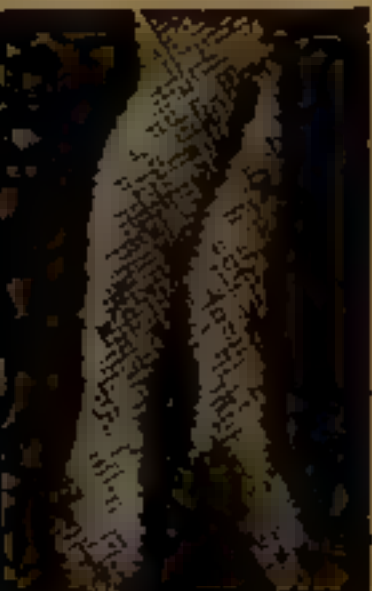
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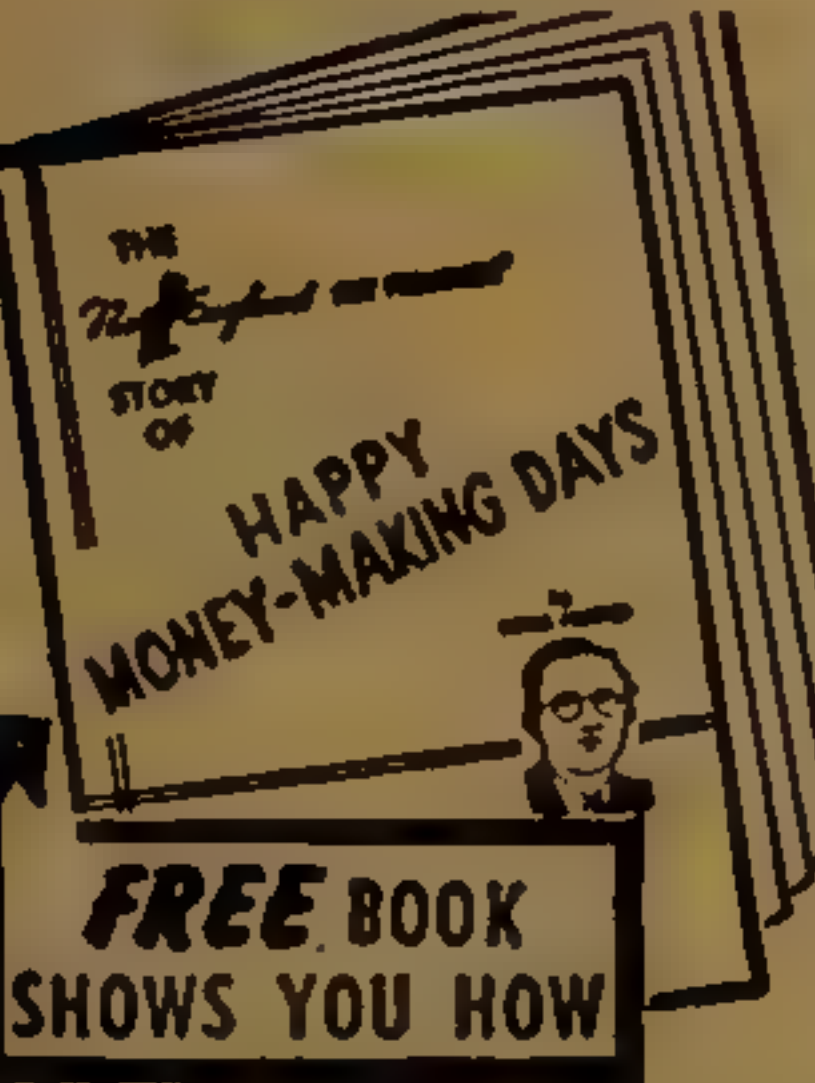


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Look at Me Now!

(Continued from page 29)

I shared an apartment, and their dates, and George and I.

We had had a busy day, played tennis in the afternoon, gone out to dinner, and danced for hours.

We were all feeling footsore and deliciously weary, and we took off our shoes and wriggled our toes.

"Hey," George said suddenly, noticing the unusually high arch in my right foot, "did you ever break that foot?"

"Yeah," I said after a moment. "Yeah. That was it. I broke my foot."

I felt sick and queer. He had noticed. Noticed that I was "different." And I had told a lie—a white lie, I told myself, a necessary lie. George mustn't know that I was "a cripple."

But I couldn't stick with it. I had to tell him. You don't hide the truth from the man you're going to marry.

We had a few minutes alone, later, and I blurted out with it.

I had had polio, when I was a baby, I explained. That mismatched foot was the only remaining evidence of it.

"Well, for heavens sake, why didn't you tell me?" George asked, in that direct way of his.

And I told him that I was afraid to, I was afraid that he couldn't love "a cripple."

He looked at me for a minute, and a smile was lurking in the back of his eyes.

"Sure, I see," he drawled, "You knew that back where I come from we shoot our cripples."

And then he laughed. And, to my own amazement, I laughed too.

Nobody before had ever been able to kid me—about that.

And then he did something even better.

"Why," he said, "I should think you'd shout it from the rooftops. A girl who can dance like you, play tennis the way you do—keep on the go all day and all night, and never a whimper—and who's had polio!"

"Why, honey, you're remarkable!"

It was a whole new point of view on my life long fight against the crippling effects of infantile paralysis, and in a way it made me a whole new woman.

I told him about it, after that, all about it, and bringing my grim secret out into the open was one of the most liberating experiences of my life.

There were five or six cases of polio in Winchester, Tennessee, the summer that I was stricken. It was a small town, and I suppose for us, it was an epidemic.

But in those days, except for a few specialists in big city clinics, the doctors knew so little about infantile that it was almost impossible to get an accurate diagnosis.

At eighteen months, I had just learned to walk. When I refused my supper one night, and mother discovered that I was running a high temperature, she put me to bed. Our family doctor prescribed the usual medicines for a fever, and after a few days my temperature was normal again.

But I wasn't really better. I remained in bed without complaint—I don't remember any pain, but of course there must have been some. When I did get up finally, I refused—or so my mother must have thought—to walk. She carried me around in her arms, and she was worried. I was so white and drawn. She told a neighbor I was

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"fading away in front of her eyes."

The neighbor came in the house and into my room. She knelt down by my bed and felt the back of my neck, and pulled at the tendons in my legs. They were quite stiff.

"I'll bet you anything," she said, "that this child has had infantile paralysis."

Mother hurried me to the doctor then, and our neighbor's guess was confirmed.

But there was very little he could do now. I had had polio. It was all over. There was an operation some doctors were recommending—to cut the paralyzed tendons. My father put his foot down at this. No surgery.

So they took me home and hoped for the best. When it was clear that I must learn all over again to walk, they bought me a tiny wheel chair.

When I was three, my father heard of a famous Austrian physician, Dr. Lorenz, a specialist in infantile paralysis, who had just arrived in New York. As fast as the first train out could carry us we were in Dr. Lorenz's office in New York.

I was one of the lucky ones. Surgery would have only made my problem worse. My parents were intelligent enough to know that. And they were intelligent enough, and fortunately for me, well-to-do enough to take me to the best doctors for treatment.

The treatment Dr. Lorenz recommended—and which I suffered through until I was twelve years old—was the most modern approach to polio, very much the same sort of treatment that is used in the advanced hospitals and clinics today. I would never have forgiven Dr. Lorenz, I suppose, except that it worked, except that I am so nearly normal physically today.

I still find it hard to forgive Miss Fitzpatrick, the masseuse, who came to our house every day for five years and exercised my right foot and leg, revolving my stiff foot, pushing it up and back farther than it would go—to loosen those back tendons so I could get my heel to the floor—and then pulling at my leg, until I screamed in pain. Who made me play hopscotch on my right leg, and not for fun. It was painful, and it was tedious.

But of course I forgive her. I'm grown up enough now to forgive and forget, and be grateful. And I'm well.

When I was six—along with all the other little girls in my crowd—I began to take ballet lessons. It was impossible to point my toe—but I pointed it.

I learned to swim, and to dance, to play tennis. Not just as well as everybody else, but better.

It wasn't that I wanted to win—except over myself. What I wanted was to be like everybody else, to be normal.

When I went to high school, I played baseball—like a boy—and I was one of the stars of the track team. And nobody knew that my whole right leg had been paralyzed. The psychologists could explain it: because I felt inferior, I was driven, compelled, to excel at everything.

As George has said since, without my handicap, I probably wouldn't have turned out Dinah Shore.

I still remember the Girl Scout hikes I used to take as a girl, over hill and dale, until I could barely lift that poor little old right foot.

When I reached adolescence, and like all my friends, was vanity consumed, I took up my exercises where Miss Fitzpatrick had left off, and worked over that right leg of mine until nobody, except me, could know that it was different from the other one.

Hard work is the one thing I associate with those years, more than the discomfort, more even than the fun that I had dancing, swimming, playing games after I had finally mastered them, and myself. And hard work was a habit which I found very useful later when I began to sing, and wanted—as always—to do it better, better, best. I think George is right—I could, without polio, have been a very lazy girl.

My story is not unusual.

I know a boy, Jim Patterson, who had polio when he was a child, who is the best swimmer I know. And my friend, Dave Alber, was terribly crippled as a child and now runs a very successful business. Polio didn't stop Ida Lupino and everybody knows the part infantile paralysis played in the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I have a wonderful husband, and a wonderful daughter—and I intend to have three more. And I have my work and I love it. I have everything. Thanks to polio?

I have to admit that, like all mothers, I live in constant terror during "polio season" that our Missy will be stricken. I watch out for fatigue as for the Black Plague, and will let nothing—but nothing—interfere with her daily naps or her early bedtime.

Polio, as I have indicated, may have been the turning point in my life.

Just the same, please God, let Missy be spared it.

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PERMABOOKS

My Son, Mel Allen

(Continued from page 58)

"You don't have to worry, mother," he would tell me. "I do my lessons and my studying in school." But I still wasn't satisfied.

Then one morning, a little after ten, I looked out the front window and saw Mel coming home with a big pile of schoolbooks. I ran to the door and without waiting for any explanation, I said, "It happened, didn't it?"

"But, mother," he began. I was too upset to let him go on. "Don't 'mother' me," I told him. "You had better not come in because I am very angry."

He put his books down on the steps and ran down to his father's store. I knew where he would go, so I telephoned. "Mel just came home with all his books," I told my husband, "just like I was afraid it would happen." I started to cry and hung up.

Then I saw a man and two women coming to the door. They told me they were from the school and I got excited and started to apologize for Mel.

The man tried to calm me. "We came to congratulate you," he said. "Melvin won the highest average in his classes and he is being sent to the capital, Raleigh, to act as lieutenant governor for a day. At the time we were living in Greensboro, North Carolina."

Mel had never told me he was getting honors because he was a modest boy who didn't like to talk about himself.

I remember the first money he earned, when he was thirteen. We had moved from Birmingham, Alabama, where he was born on Valentine's Day, 1913, to Greensboro, N. C. He was in second year high and he wanted to have some money of his own, so he got a Saturday job in a drygoods store. The first thing we knew, he came home and told us he was making change at the cash register. I didn't approve of that, so I spoke to the owner, who answered, "I trust him more than I would a lot of the older clerks in my store."

I should never have worried about either of my boys, because they never gave me a day's trouble, but I would hear about some young boy from a nice family getting into scrapes and it would bother me. I knew Mel was hanging around the ball park and meeting the players, which was all right, but when he came home one afternoon with a brand-new bat I asked him where he got it. "They gave it to me at the ball park," he explained.

Next day he came home with a baseball. After a while he had more baseballs and several bats.

Then one afternoon I got a fright when I saw Mel and a policeman coming up the walk. The policeman had his arm around my son's shoulders. My knees shook as I opened the door. Mel just stood there, waiting for the officer to speak, but I didn't wait. "It isn't my boy's fault," I told him. "He says you policemen take those bats, too, so what do you expect of a little boy?"

The man stopped me. "It's all right," he said. "Mel told you the truth. The players do give us the bats. I came today because Mel and I are friends and I told him the next time I was up this way I wanted to meet the mother of a boy that everybody likes so much."

When Mel entered the University of Alabama, at Tuscaloosa, we moved there. My husband was traveling then and I thought I should make a home for

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the children where they would be going to school. We stayed in Tuscaloosa eleven years until all the children got through college.

Mel was one of the busiest students you ever saw. He was in college dramatics, he wrote and edited for the school paper, he was on the debating team. He managed the University baseball team and both he and Larry played intramural sports.

All these things were incidental to his study of law, for which he won his degree and his membership in the Alabama bar. But he never practised law because a whole chain of things happened to alter the things he planned. If they had not happened, we might never have lived in New York and he might be a successful lawyer in his home state. But I'm satisfied just the way things are, because he is happy and a success in what he is doing.

I think the first time Mel ever broadcast was in 1935, when Alabama was playing the Kentucky basketball team. It wasn't a real broadcast, but the coach's wife couldn't make the trip to the game and she and the students wanted to follow it. She asked why someone couldn't get wire reports and re-create the game play by play, as if it were being announced on radio.

They thought of Mel because he had been doing things like that on the campus. Everyone gathered in the gym and Mel took over. They liked it so well that they encouraged him to go to Birmingham and audition as a sports announcer. But it was through his staunch friend Frank Thomas, great football coach at Alabama, that Mel started in radio. In response to a query from a Birmingham station—WAPI—Coach Thomas recommended that they try Mel as a football announcer.

They did and liked him too and after that he handled two winters of football broadcasts and a summer of news.

While he was still an undergraduate Mel temporarily replaced an instructor who was ill and he did so well that they kept using him. After he got his degree he was made a full time speech instructor and debating coach.

One of the men at the radio station thought he ought to go to New York and get a radio job but he wanted Mel to sign a contract to give him half his earnings if he helped Mel get started. I told Mel if he was as good as all that he was good enough to get by on his own. I said, "You're the one who is going to do the earning of the money."

My husband wanted him to forget radio, but I thought Mel should have a chance, if he wanted it. "You have your degree and you have the law at your fingertips," I told him. "If you want to try something else for a while, I think that's all right."

Well, Mel really went to New York as a vacation and a lark, over the Christmas holidays. There were some radio shows he wanted to see and because he had been doing football broadcasts for the CBS affiliate in Birmingham—WBRC—he went to the CBS station in New York to ask for some broadcast tickets. They thought Mel had come to audition for a job that was open and for which about sixty announcers had come in from key cities.

"I'm not ready for a New York job," Mel told the supervisor. The man said he was foolish not to try out. "They won't hold it against you if you don't win and the experience will be good. You can try out again next year, if you lose."

The upshot of the matter was that Mel took the audition and won. He still had his teaching contract and didn't feel he could leave suddenly because the head of his department was away. The station said they would hold the job until he could report, so he went back and finished out the school year.

Mel tackled his job in New York just like he did everything else. When he had to announce the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, one of the first big sports assignments they gave him, he didn't know a thing about ski-jumping. After all, we don't have winter sports in Alabama and the only skiing he ever saw was in the newsreels. He spent the week before the broadcast at the public library reading everything he could get hold of on skiing and making notes. When he got to the inn at Dartmouth he cornered a former Olympic ski champion and drew him out for almost four hours, so he learned everything else he needed, including the technical terms to describe the events.

Everybody knows how he had to substitute for Ted Husing in a broadcast from an airplane to cover an auto race, and when it was almost an hour late in starting he had to ad lib about a subject on which he knew very little. They said he did a wonderful job, especially for such a young and inexperienced announcer.

I have heard that some people accuse Mel of being partial to the Yankees, but I have never heard about the other clubs complaining. Maybe he

wishes in his heart that his team would win but he is always fair. According to what he tells me, he lets the tempo of the game dictate the amount of excitement he gives to his report. For his local DuMont telecast, such as the Yankee games, he can let more of his own feeling get into it. For the World Series and All-Star game, he tries to do the straightest fastest reporting job he possibly can and keep his personal feelings out of it. He gets very excited because he loves the game so much.

For recreation Mel plays golf and swims, but he really has very little time off from his broadcasts and the Fox Movietone newsreels he does twice a week, and the charity benefits. He likes variety shows on television and of course he watches the fights and sports events and listens to the other commentators. When he goes on the road he catches up on movies. He likes double features and doesn't care whether he sees musicals, comedies or dramas—as long as they're good pictures and he can relax. When he has time for it at home he takes me along. He likes me to dress up and go out with him.

Larry keeps his scrapbooks, and we haven't room on our walls for all the citations Mel has received and his wonderful trophies, especially the Sporting News trophies he has won for four successive years. Our television set was presented to me at Birmingham by Tuscaloosa friends on Mel Allen Day. Birmingham showered many honors on Mel. Every mother who reads this will know I am not bragging when I say that these were among the proudest days of my life, to see my boy honored by the dignitaries of cities where he grew up with only the average opportunities and advantages that every American boy has. If I had never known before what a wonderful land of opportunity America is, I did then.

The fans have been wonderful to Mel. When he was sick they sent so many flowers that we had to give them to hospitals. Children make him little gifts and women send presents for me as well as for Mel.

During the World Series, bags and bags of mail arrived at our apartment in the Riverdale section of New York. We try to keep our number a secret, much as we don't like to act that way, for there are so many letters that we can't handle them from the house and so many telephone calls that we can't answer them all. Of course there are cranks, the people who write to any well-known person. And women who send expensive gifts that my son cannot possibly accept. There is even one girl who sends him a pressed rose every day. Many of these things come anonymously, or without any clue to return addresses.

I don't blame these women, because my son is a good-looking six-footer with dark hair and fine gray eyes, who hasn't yet found the girl he wants to marry. But like every man, he wants to do the courting.

The letters that interest Mel most are the ones from the real fans, of any age. He wants to hear their criticism, and of course he loves their praise, as who wouldn't?

I think his greatest joy right now is playing with my daughter Esther's children. Esther married a doctor and they live on nearby Long Island. Risa Pearl Kaufman, who is four, and baby William Joel are the apple of their Uncle Mel's eye. And I'm sure that he can hardly wait to be able to teach them baseball!

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